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Christianity and Modern Civilization

Christianity and Modern Civilization

Being
Some Chapters in European History
with
an Introductory Dialogue on the
Philosophy of History

By
William Samuel Lilly
Honorary Fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge

> "In Lebensfluthen, im Thatensturm
> Wall' ich auf und ab,
> Webe hin und her!
> Geburt und Grab,
> Ein ewiges Meer,
> Ein wechselnd Weben,
> Ein glühend Leben,
> So schaff' ich am sausenden Webstuhl der Zeit,
> Und wirke der Gottheit lebendiges Kleid."
>
> GOETHE.

London: Chapman & Hall, Ld.
1903

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IN 1886 the Author published a work in two volumes entitled *Chapters in European History.* It has long been out of print, and, for several reasons, he has not seen well to republish it in its original form. In this book a considerable portion of it finds place: viz. the Chapters on *The Christian Revolution*, *The Turning-point of the Middle Ages*, and *The Age of Faith*—all being more or less rewritten—as well as the Introductory Dialogue on the Philosophy of History. The Chapters on *The Nascent Church*, *The Inquisition*, and *Holy Matrimony* have been reclaimed, by the kind permission of Mr. James Knowles, from the *Nineteenth Century*, where they originally appeared, and have received various alterations and additions. The Chapter on *The Age of the Martyrs*, with the exception of a few pages, is now published for the first time. The Dedicatory Letter prefixed to the original work is retained, in an abridged form, as a tribute of gratitude and affection to a friend now no more.

January 1, 1903.

TO

THE REV. JAMES PORTER, D.D.,

MASTER OF PETERHOUSE, CAMBRIDGE.

MY DEAR MASTER,

IN asking permission to inscribe this book to you, I desire to pay a tribute to a friendship extending from the days when, as a Scholar of Peterhouse, I enjoyed the advantage of your tuition. I desired also to associate a work, the fruit of studies then begun, with the "dear and dedicated name" of the College which, besides much else, owes chiefly to your unflagging energy and unwearied zeal, the architectural restorations so admirably conceived and so effectively carried out.

I could wish, indeed, that these *Chapters in European History* were less unworthy of Peterhouse and of you. I am well aware that each of them, for the adequate treatment of its subject, should be expanded into a volume. But I think that readers who bestow upon them a more than superficial examination, will find that they are informed by a real unity of thought. The well-known dictum of Hegel—profoundly true, it seems to me—that the philosophy of history is the supreme end of philosophy, may serve to indicate the spirit in which I have written. And while I must not anticipate your agreement with all that is said in these pages, I am assured, from experience, of finding in you a critic like the counsellor of his youthful Muse commemorated by Pope—a

> ". . . judge and friend,
> Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
> To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
> The clearest head, and the sincerest heart."

I am, my dear Master,

Most truly yours,

W. S. LILLY.

Jan. 1, 1886.

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Grimston. Proof-sheets again, I see. *Some Chapters in European History.* "Of making many books there is no end." And, I suppose, as long as the public will buy, authors will write. But, of all subjects that can occupy the mind of man, this of human history seems to me to be one of the vainest. You remember Goethe's saying: "The history of the world in the eyes of the thinker is nothing but a tissue of absurdities, a mass of madness and wickedness: nothing can be made of it."

Luxmoore. I yield to no one in admiration of Goethe's greatness. But it had its limits. His judgments are sometimes narrow, as this seems to me to be. His methodic spirit was not at home in history. I recognize the madness and the wickedness in the annals of the world as fully as any one can. But I certainly think that some further facts may be drawn from them. Here comes our friend Temperley. I wonder what he would have to say about it?

Temperley. About what? You know I am one of Shakespeare's "dumb wise men."

Grimston. "Seul le silence est grand." But Your Grandeur must know that Luxmoore has written a book of history, and I am telling him, upon the authority of Goethe, that it is but lost labour.

LUXMOORE. The truth is our too candid friend and I are both blessed—cursed, he would say—with the taste for great questions. And what a great question is that of the moral significance of history!

TEMPERLEY. Well, I should like very much to hear what you and Grimston have to say about it. I am an excellent listener, as you know; and, having no opinions in particular of my own on the subject, I can promise benevolent neutrality to both of you. You meet on the common ground that history discloses a vast number of facts about the past career of humanity. The point at issue is, I suppose, Can we learn anything from those facts regarding the great enigma of human existence? or can they even yield us any practical lessons for the guidance of life?

GRIMSTON. Yes; we meet on the common ground of facts—the *débris* of the past. But remember, that those facts are confined to a very limited period of the existence of our race, that they are most fragmentary and imperfect, and that no man living, however encyclopedic his knowledge, can be acquainted with more than a few of them. Not very promising materials for a philosophy of history!

LUXMOORE. True, the historic period of humanity goes back but a little way, and, of course, much of the record of human action during that time is lost. But much remains. A vast number of details are enwrapped in hopeless obscurity. They would not add much to our real information if we knew them.

The general facts stand out with sufficient clearness in the life of the race—a vast series, throwing abundant light upon man and his environment and development during three or four thousand years.

Grimston. Three or four thousand years! Make it five thousand, as you certainly may. But what is this but a mere fragment of the ages during which our race has existed and has had a history? However, I will be generous, and will let you throw in the prehistoric period too. I am far from undervaluing the marvellous display of scientific induction by which our knowledge of the past has been extended beyond any historical monuments. Indeed, I confess that this unconscious history seems to me to be of much more value than what I read in the professed historians whose narrative, I strongly suspect, is mainly what Napoleon called it, "a fable agreed upon." Myths are truer than literature; language does not lie. Comparative mythology reveals to us the condition of our race in remote ages, when no historian existed or could exist; comparative philology discloses to us archaic facts, which are, even now, the most important factors in our every-day life: the filiation of races, nascent religions, aboriginal laws, the fundamental constitution of human speech, when, as our friend Sayce conjectures, vocal signs superseded pictorial as vehicles of man's thought. But our geologists go back further, and show us the River Drift and Cave men of their Tertiary period and the strange forms of earlier animate existence in the two periods which preceded it: while our astronomers and chemists, lifting the veil of ages higher still, reveal epochs well ascertained, though incalculable, before the earth could have become the seat of life. Think of the planetary period, the solar period, the molecular period, nay, the atomic period, containing the promise and potentiality of all that was to come after. Remember what you no more doubt than I do—that the whole solar system is but a point in the vast order of the universe. And then consider what man really is, what the importance of the individual or the race can possibly be, in the sum of things. A mere parasite of the earth, crawling on this planet for some brief hour of its brief existence—while the earth again is a mere satellite of a star, one of the countless myriads of the like conglomerations of nebulous atoms peopling space—man is a very nothing: his supposed royalty is the emptiest of illusions. We are such stuff as dreams are made of; and yet you talk of a science or philosophy of human action, and seek in that, I suppose, the key to the great enigma. "Oh, Madness! Pride, Impiety"!

TEMPERLEY. You too, Luxmoore, might quote the *Essay on Man*—

> "All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
> Whose body nature is, and God the soul:"

but, probably you won't answer our friend so.

LUXMOORE. No. I would rather follow Grimston just now to the limits of our knowledge. Time is no more. Space ceases. If you like to put it so, Kant's antinomies warn us, Thus far shalt thou go, and no further. We are brought face to face with the Infinite. And in the presence of the Infinite, small and great, past and present, are words quite devoid of meaning. Can we shut up the Absolute within the region of the Relative? bound It by the Forms and Categories and what they reveal? The philosophy of history, like all philosophy, brings us at length to the noumenal. Follow it far enough, and the science of history, if there be such science, leads to that which transcends phenomena. The nothingness of man! Most true.

> "We feel that we are nothing: for all is Thou and in Thee.
> We feel that we are something: that also has come from Thee."

TEMPERLEY. Well, don't let us become dithyrambic and lose ourselves in "Infinite Idealities, Immeasurable Realities." Let us avoid Cloud Cuckoo Town, and keep on *terra firma*. Grimston's point, I take it, is, that in the face of what we now know of the great world order, we must all admit that, as the earth is not the centre of the Universe, so it is not the special scene or stage on which the drama of divine justice is played before the assembled angels of heaven. I am repeating the words of some one else, I believe, but I don't remember who, nor does it matter. I think we must agree with Grimston that the view of our race, and of its importance in the sum of things, taken by those who saw in the sun only a great light to rule the day, in the stars merely "blessed candles of the night," is not possible to us.

Luxmoore. We must speak cautiously, and according to our knowledge, and that is confined to our planet. Of the modes and vicissitudes of existence in other worlds we know nothing whatever. And so we have no means of comparison: no data from which to construct a theory of the Universe. What is my soul in the measureless creation?—ἐν ἀμετρήτῳ κτίσει—asked the wise man two thousand years ago. And we can only echo the What? Still the highest fact in the order of existence of which we have knowledge—after the Absolute and Eternal—is Man. And, as Temperley suggests, we shall do well to confine ourselves strictly to our proper theme, which is whether what we know of man's past career can teach us any moral lesson, and, if so, what.

Grimston. You glide skilfully away from thin ice, my dear Luxmoore. But you are right. What can history teach us? is our subject. Well, let us suppose that you have collected your facts, religious, commercial, physiological, industrial, literary, artistic, political, and military, and have operated upon them according to the most approved modern methods: analyzing and classifying them, exhibiting their relations and interdependence, seizing the general ideas which underlie them, and deducing the laws which complete and prove them; let us suppose you have accomplished this laborious task with that passion for exactness, patience in research, judicial appreciation of authorities, which it demands: then comes the question, What philosophy is to be the outcome of it? Shall we say with Taine, that in the vast battle-field of human existence, with all its confusion and tumult, everything obeys the command of Necessity, and moves towards an inevitable end? or with Littré, that history is a natural phenomenon explicable by the theory of physiological determinism? or with Bunsen, that it is mainly the growth of the religious conscience of mankind? or with Hegel, that it is the development of spirit—the essence of which is freedom—in an unbroken continuity of cause and effect, and that all its phenomena are reasonable and intelligible? or with Schiller, that it is a long contest between self-will and the universal will? or with Buckle, that the great motive force in it is intellect manifested in physical science? or with Renan, that time and a tendency to progress explain everything? Shall we adopt Comte's law of the three states? or subscribe to the nine propositions in which Kant sets forth his cosmopolitical idea? Shall we agree with Schelling, that history is the evolution of the Absolute, a gradual self-manifestation of God? or shall we go back to St. Augustine and his two cities, or to Bossuet's variation on the same theme? or adopt Schlegel's later attempt to solve the enigma by the creed of Catholicism? I might continue my catalogue of philosophies of history almost indefinitely. But our dumb wise man yonder will perhaps prefer "not to die a listener." Don't you think, however, when we consider the conflict of authority between historical philosophers, that history had better let philosophy alone, and confine itself to narrative, as Thiers did? "L'histoire c'est le portrait," was a *dictum* of his, I remember.

Luxmoore. Well, but even Thiers had his philosophy of history, such as it was: a philosophy of materialistic fatalism which may be formulated in his hero's famous phrase, that God is on the side of the heaviest battalions. Indeed, every historian above the rank of a chronicler or annalist must be more or less of a philosopher. Man is so made that he seeks himself everywhere: in the story of the past, as in the physical world.

"Borné dans sa nature, infini dans ses vœux
Imparfait ou déchu, l'homme est le grand mystère."

For the rest, I think there is much to be learned from all the writers on the philosophy of history whom you have mentioned, and from many more whom you spared us. Perhaps Buckle is the least instructive of them, belonging as he did to the "most straitest sect" of Determinism. Besides, with all his energy and perseverance, he was unfortunately quite unable to distinguish a good book from a bad one.

Temperley. Well, but what we want to know is your own view of the philosophy of history. The question asked long ago by the Latin poet goes to the heart of the matter—

"Curarent Superi terras, an nullus inesset
Rector, et incerto fluerent mortalia casu."

Do you hold that history is, in any sense, a revelation? Can we find in it God? Providence? a divine government of the world?

Luxmoore. Yes, and No. Here too it is true that the eye sees what it brings with it to see. Religious faith is spoken of by theologians as an illumination—a spiritual sight. History is a looking-glass. The man whose eyes have been opened, will assuredly see God there, for he sees Him everywhere. And as assuredly the man whose eyes are holden, will not see Him there, for he sees Him nowhere. "Quid cæco cum speculo?"

GRIMSTON. That seems like a variation on the old tune, "Sapientes qui sentiunt mecum."

LUXMOORE. I know it must sound so. And, in a sense, you are right. Cardinal Newman has said, "It is a great question whether Atheism is not as philosophically consistent with the phenomena of the physical world taken by themselves—that is, apart from psychological phenomena, apart from moral considerations, apart from the moral principles by which they must be interpreted, apart from that idea of God which wakes up in the mind under the stimulus of intellectual training—as the doctrine of a creative and governing Power." And whether this be so or not as regards the material world, it certainly seems to me to hold good as to human history.

GRIMSTON. Newman has always appeared to me one of those men whose doubts are a good deal better than their certainties. There is a saying of Renan's, which I dare say you remember, about the Great Unconscious Artist who seems to preside over the apparent caprices of history. Well, I account that —I am speaking in sober sadness—to be a most religious and reverent saying. When we consider what the annals of the world really are, the sadness, the hopelessness, the aimlessness, the desolation, written upon every page of them—I say that the conception of an Unconscious First Cause is most reverent and religious, for the best excuse for such a creation is that the Creator did not know what He was doing.

LUXMOORE. I do not deny that you may read Hartmann's Unconscious or Schopenhauer's Will into history. I do not deny that the facts lend themselves to many interpretations. Change the lights, and you change the landscape. The question is, I suppose, whether it is possible to view the facts in Bacon's "lumen siccum," and to let them speak for themselves. I do not pretend to be able to deduce from history, to your satisfaction, the doctrine of an All-Holy, All-Wise, and All-Loving Father of all. I admit that the phenomena, *taken by themselves*, if they point to any Deity at all, indicate rather Siva, the Destroyer, than Vishnu, the Preserver. But if you look at the macrocosm without, in the light shed by the microcosm within, if you call to your aid what, as I judge, is the most certain of all our knowledge, I mean those primary ethical truths which rest upon the intuitions of the practical reason, I think that history does witness for the Living and True God, and that it is a Preacher of great moral verities.

TEMPERLEY. You admit, at all events, if I apprehend you rightly, that the old ecclesiastical way of writing history is no longer possible: that St. Augustine's historical philosophy or Bossuet's is out of date. And indeed I suppose that no man outside a Catholic Seminary would now maintain that the

Church is a sufficient answer to the enigma of the World.

LUXMOORE. St. Augustine and Bossuet are right, in my judgment, as to their fundamental thought. Their synthesis is imperfect. How could it help being so? It is impossible to read the *City of God*, or the *Discourse on Universal History*, without falling under the spell of those mighty masters. The majestic march of their narrative, their pictorial phrases, the wealth of meaning which they often concentrate into a single word, the loftiness of their ethical tone, and that indescribable something of the prophet which we find in them—especially in St. Augustine—take us captive. But if we weigh the matter coldly and critically, we must allow that their vision was limited; that the pictures which they have drawn, however finely conceived, are wanting in historical perspective; that their philosophy to a large extent—Bossuet's almost entirely—depends upon an arbitrary arrangement of a narrowly restricted collection of facts fitting in with their theories. The beauty and sublimity of ancient Hellas, the majesty and wisdom of the great Roman Commonwealth, made no adequate impression upon them. Of the vast civilizations of Asia, which carried commerce, physics, philosophy, theosophy, so far, while Europe lay still in its primeval forests, they had no knowledge. And of those conquests of the modern mind over the physical world which have so altered our ways of thought and action, they did not even dream.

GRIMSTON. Yes: they would have found it difficult to dovetail Buddhism or the Newtonian astronomy into their scheme of things: while as to Darwin's discoveries—but I spare you. I admit with you that their great literary gifts impose on one. But their dominant idea—is it not that until the age of Augustus the whole world was given over to decadence and corruption, with the doubtful exception of a small Semitic tribe, well described by Buckle as "an obstinate and ignorant race, which owed to other peoples any scanty knowledge they ever attained"?

Luxmoore. No. I do not find that their dominant thought. It seems to me that the great, the most true, idea which informs their pages is the idea of Evolution, which I take to be the irrefutable lesson of human history, and the real basis of historical philosophy.

Temperley. This *is* interesting. If you are not playing with the word—which I do not suppose—and can establish your position, you will be binding old and new together to some purpose.

Luxmoore. It is clear to me that in the moral as in the physical world, Evolution, Progress, Development, is the universal law. Everywhere there is expansion and concentration: advance from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous, from the less to the more determined, by a gradual explication of latent force; while, on the other hand, there is a process of differentiation from simplicity to complexity, as the multiplicity of parts becomes co-ordinated and subordinated, in order to the preservation and expansion of the whole.

Temperley. Well, I suppose that one of the most definitive conquests of the modern mind is the establishment of the unity of all natural forces and operations. Do many thinkers of account now doubt the identity of universal being? All the sciences are drawing together, and everywhere there is solidarity and development. Laws apparently the most diverse are but variations on this eternal theme. I think there can be no doubt—Luxmoore, I feel sure, won't doubt it—that social and moral problems, I may say religious problems too, assume quite a new aspect in the light cast upon them by the physical sciences.

LUXMOORE. No, I do not question it. Solidarity or the vital unity of things, their necessary subjection to one law, and consequent adaptation each to each, is undeniable, if we would not stultify science. The spectroscope shows it as regards matter: the microscope as regards bodily organisms: the recurrences, averages, seeming fatalities of history as regards man—the spirit robed in flesh. If all things are *ex uno*, there must be solidarity. And it is an article of the universal creed that all things are *ex uno*. Are they also *in unum?* tending towards a centre, which is at the same time an apex, drawing them not only onwards, but also upwards? Surely they are, and there is the law of evolution, the existence of which, as it seems to me, no one capable of forming a sane opinion on the matter can now question. The controversy begins when we ask whether that law is subordinate or supreme. Let us pass it by, for the time at all events. It would take us too far. I hold that all our knowledge radiates from one centre, and that it all points to one truth. Leibnitz says that a single monad, an imperceptible atom, is a mirror of the universal order. Much more so is man, the sum of so many and so diverse monads. In him all the powers of nature meet. The infinitely complex phenomena which unite in him are all reducible to one law. And by a necessity of our nature we seek that law, in history as in physics.

GRIMSTON. I like this. But explain further, please. Although, indeed, I am afraid that it will be as Talleyrand said: "Si nous nous expliquons, nous cesserons de nous entendre."

LUXMOORE. To come, then, to our proper theme. If we take the whole career of man on this planet, so far as we know it, and the human race as a whole, surely the fact is beyond dispute that, materially, socially, ethically, there has been vast progress. Of the subjugation of the external world I need hardly speak. From the day that the first skin was made into a garment, the first flint rudely shaped into an arrow-head, the first crooked stick used to scratch the ground, to this age of broadcloth, breech-loaders, and steam ploughs, the victory of mind over matter has gone on progressing; for on that day the law of natural selection was vanquished: man burst the bonds in which nature was bound, and asserted his freedom. Again, look at the social order. The unit of archaic society is the family. The individual does not exist. Gradually he is evolved with his attributes of personal liberty and private property, and we can trace the steps of the process, from the cumbrous legal fictions by which the *filius familias* acquired his freedom, and the right of testamentary disposition was established, down to the latest effort of contemporary jurisprudence for the emancipation of women. And so in ethics, the notion of obligation —τὸ δέον—which is the root of the moral idea, no doubt exists in our nature. It is a form of the mind: an attribute of human personality, conscious of self and non-self. "Justice," said the ancient jurists, "is the constant and perpetual will to render to each his due"—"constans et perpetua voluntas jus suum cuique tribuendi." The whole history of ethics is the history of the development of that idea. Even in our poor relations, the lower animals, respect for one another's rights is the best test of their progress.

TEMPERLEY. I don't know why you should say "even." Surely ethical phenomena, like physical and intellectual, may be generalized. The difference is vast between the various scales of being; but it is a difference of degree, not of kind. There is really only one animal. But, don't let me break in upon your argument.

LUXMOORE. Well, it will be better perhaps that I should not venture upon an excursion into the subject to which your words point, though the temptation is strong. I was saying that the moral progress of mankind, viewed as a whole, seems to me a palpable fact. It may be said that the great principles of ethics were as well known in the days of Moses, of Gotama, of Socrates, as in the days of Kant; that no real development of them is possible. But I say No; ethical ideas, like all others, have grown in the human mind. Think of the views held by Cato—that fine type of Roman excellence—regarding slavery. And then compare them with those of Wilberforce. Is there no growth there? I cite the first instance that occurs to me. I might give a hundred others. But I go on to say that side by side with this unquestionable fact of moral progress there is another to me no less unquestionable. The religious idea is the indispensable guardian of the ethical, and the only source of its authority.

TEMPERLEY. Surely that is a strong statement.

GRIMSTON. And surely an untenable one. Were the antique cults—for example, the worship of Aphrodite and Priapus—guardians of any ethical idea? Mr. Swinburne, I remember, finds in the fact that they were not, a reason for judging them superior to the "creeds that refuse and restrain" in the modern world.

LUXMOORE. You mistake me. I am by no means asserting that particular cults are essential to morality. I distinguish between religion and religions. I know well that there are ages of the world in which religion must be sought by the wise outside the popular worship: in which the devout soul may say, with Schiller—

"Welche Religion ich bekenne? Keine von allen
Die Du mir nennst. Und warum keine? aus Religion."

But my contention is that morality, in its highest and truest sense, is not merely a correct ethical taste, not even a passion for right, nor an enthusiasm of humanity: still less is it a calculation of self-interest. A sanction is essential to it. The idea of obligation underlies it. Experience amply verifies the *dictum* of Kant: "Without a God, and without a world invisible to us now but hoped for, the glorious ideas of morality are, indeed, objects of admiration, but cannot be the springs of purpose and action." It seems to me to be clear from history that the moral idea has ever been most closely connected with the religious idea, which has vivified it and made it operative: more, that the two have been evolved together. The names which mark epochs for us in the annals of religions are those of men to whom the great families of the human race have owed ethical conceptions at once enlarged and more imperative. Confucius, Gotama, Socrates, Mohammed, are all apostles of the moral law: and all insist upon its supersensible foundations. While, to come to a greater name still, if we consider the work of Christianity in the sphere of ethics, what is it, in its essence, but this: that it has proclaimed the indefeasible supremacy of conscience as the voice of God within? that it has indoctrinated the mind of the races of mankind that have received it with a belief that the highest good is to follow the monitions of this internal guide? the supreme loss to disobey them?

TEMPERLEY. I am quite with you, as I suppose ninety-nine sensible men out of a hundred would be, in admitting the fact of progress. And I am much pleased, if you will let me say so, with your tolerant tone about non-Christian religions. It reminds me of a remark made to me the other day by an excellent French Catholic—somewhat to my surprise: "Notre religion," the good man said, "est sans doute la seule bonne: mais nous avons fait tant de mal par son moyen que quand nous parlons des autres il faut être modeste." I could wish, indeed, that you had dwelt a little more upon the progress which has been made in the religious sphere. For example, consider the idea of Deity. Take the conception of God now generally prevalent in this country. Doubtless it leaves much to be desired: it represents the Infinite and Eternal as "the head of the clerical interest: as a sort of clergyman: a sort of schoolmaster: a sort of philanthropist," Mathew Arnold objected. Well, but that is a great advance upon the fetish of savage tribes, or upon the Hebrew Jehovah, before whom Samuel hewed Agag in pieces, or upon the Deity honoured by the fiery rites of the Inquisition. I was reading the other day, in an old ecclesiastical history, how at the sack of Toulouse, during the crusade against the Albigenses, most of the inhabitants of the city having been put to the sword, a few hundreds were preserved from the common fate, in order that they might be burned alive to satisfy the piety of the pilgrims, who beheld the spectacle with huge delight—"cum ingenti gaudio"—the devout chronicler says. I take it that the religious instinct has now been educated to such a point throughout the civilized world, as to make a return to such peculiar expressions of piety impossible. Even in Spain, the stronghold of sanguinary superstition, there has not been an *auto da fè* for more than a century.

Grimston. And to whom do we owe this curbing of fanaticism? To Voltaire more than to any one else.

Luxmoore. "Messieurs, vous sortez de la question." I am not going to defend the Inquisition, or the civil legislation which gave such terrible effect to its judgments. A formal apology for both, logically sufficient, would be easy. But I prefer to say frankly, that I believe a return to penal laws as the guardian of religious uniformity impossible: and one reason why it is impossible is because we have advanced to a juster conception, in this respect, of the spirit of Christ than was possessed by our fathers. Voltaire, again, profoundly irreligious and inhuman as he was—I say inhuman, because of his tone about the common people—I quite allow to have been, in some respects, a minister of true progress. He exploded some lies: gave the death-blow to some cruelties: and opened fields of thought—as in history—which sounder thinkers have since fruitfully cultivated. And now, after this digression, shall we go back to our proper theme?

Grimston. You trump our best cards. But to proceed. History, you contend, reveals a clear advance of our race in physical science, in social organization, in ethical and religious conceptions. But has this advance added to the greatest happiness of the greatest number? "Happiness," you will object, is a vague word. Take it how you will. Say, if you like, "Virtue alone is happiness below." Do you think that there is more virtue in the world now than there was a century, ten centuries, two thousand centuries, ago? I much doubt it. I incline to think the sum total of virtue and vice always pretty much the same. Or take happiness in the Benthamite sense of plenty of pig's wash. There is more pig's wash in the world, you say: much of it very savoury, and the average quality of the whole better. But what advantageth it to the rank-and-file of the herd? Progress? Yes: and, as Henry George has reminded us, Poverty. Think of the antinomies of civilization and industry. Consider the condition of the great majority of the populations of our large cities, aggravated, as it is, by the spectacle of senseless profusion daintily flaunted in their faces. It has been said, and with simple truth, that our present state of society is in many respects one of the most horrible the world has ever known: boundless luxury and self-indulgence at one end of the scale: and at the other a condition of life as cruel as that of a Roman slave, and more degraded than that of a South Sea Islander. Contemporary history, like past history, if we take any but the most superficial view of it, is essentially tragedy,—as individual life is. Schopenhauer asks with great force, "Whence did Dante take the materials for his *Inferno* but from this actual world of ours? And yet he made a very proper hell of it." Optimism, when not mere thoughtless babble, is a wicked way of thinking: for it is a bitter mockery of the unspeakable suffering of humanity.

Temperley. Ohe jam satis! my dear Grimston. Don't give us any more Schopenhauer, please. The dark side of life, individual and collective, is only too evident. Who can doubt that there is a rift in the constitution of things? There is a terrible passage in De Maistre where he speaks of the earth as an immense altar, ever crying for the blood of man and beast. It is a probable hypothesis enough that history should be viewed as a vast expiation of some aboriginal fault. Plausible too is that other theory that Siva and Vishnu are merely different energies of the same power.

Luxmoore. If any fact is unquestionable, it is this of the abounding misery in the world. The creature is subject to vanity: is in the bondage of corruption. The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain together. Everywhere, in every age, there is evil: within and without. The waste and ruin in history have their counterpart in the physical world and in the heart of man. The phenomenal is a vast outrage on the ideal. But in spite of immense drawbacks I think that the progress of our race, on the whole, is unquestionable; that the gradual evolution of humanity is a patent fact. Well, then, has this fact any meaning? Is there a normal working of things in the moral world as in the physical? Surely there is. I agree with Mr. Spencer—and it is always a pleasure to me to find myself in accord with so clear a thinker—"that good and bad results cannot be accidental, but must be the necessary consequences of the constitution of things," and that "it is the business of moral science to deduce from the laws of life and the conditions of existence what kinds of actions tend to produce happiness, and what kinds to produce unhappiness." It seems to me that history teaches a moral lesson of the most tremendous kind: and that here its teaching is in unison with the teaching of the physical world.

TEMPERLEY. And so we get back to St. Augustine and his "two cities," I suppose.

LUXMOORE. We get back to the great thought which dominated the mind of St. Augustine, and which the whole advance of the human intellect from his day to our own has brought into clearer relief: the thought of the universal reign of law. As Music, Geometry, the movement of the stars, the necessary relations of numbers, speak to him of a universal order, and of One who has established it, so does the course of human history reveal One "qui profert numerose sæculum," One who rules the "fluxum sæculorum ordinate turbulentum." It seemed to him impossible—he has unfolded the argument with singular beauty and skill in a well-known chapter of the *De Civitate*—that while order and design and harmony are impressed upon every minutest feature of the physical world, the course of human events, the vicissitudes of commonwealths, the rise and fall of empires, should have been left to irrational chance or blind fate. In the manifold striving and endeavour, travail and sorrow, of mankind, he delighted to see "toil co-operant to an end." "Deus ordinem sæculorum tanquam pulcherrimum carmen ex quibusdam quasi antithetis honestavit," he finely says. And here, let me note in passing, he is the mouthpiece of an aspiration common to the race: the interpreter to itself of "the prophetic soul of the wide world dreaming on things to come." What is the magnificent myth of Prometheus, the great founder of civilization, who taught the Cave men the use of fire, numbers, and writing, nay, astronomy, medicine, navigation, divination, and who, bound to the rock and gnawed by the vulture, predicts the eventual fall of tyrannous Zeus and the triumph of justice—what is it but the embodiment of the thought of progress? What is that most beautiful eclogue of Virgil—the sweetest strain of the sweetest of singers—but a *fantasia* upon the same theme? The doctrine of Zoroaster—whatever may be obscure in it—clearly points to the ultimate triumph of light and truth, when, as we read in the *Zamyâd Yast*, the victorious Saoshyant and his helpers shall restore the world, which will thenceforth never grow old and never die, when life and immortality shall come and the Evil Principle shall perish. Even in India, dominated as it was by its fatalistic philosophy, there was the ideal, due, as Rhys Davids thinks, to reminiscences of Vedic thought, of the perfectly wise Man, the Buddha, who, when all flesh has corrupted its way upon earth, appears and founds a Kingdom of Righteousness.

TEMPERLEY. But Christianity?

LUXMOORE. I am coming to that. Christianity, unfolding a divine purpose which runs through the ages and culminates beyond time—Christianity, which has been truly called a transcendent theory of progress, has cast this ideal into the mould in which it has most potently affected mankind; how potently, who can say? Is not the belief in progress at this very time at the root of all that is most hopeful in the world? Catholics and Protestants, Jews and Freethinkers, Pantheists and Positivists, Mystics and Materialists —all acknowledge the influence of this idea. Even Cobden confessed its sway, and interpreted it of "a calico millennium." It is the source of all that is most excellent in all. If you could destroy it—but you cannot, for it is rooted in human nature—you would smite the earth with a curse far more terrible and appalling than any mankind has ever known. You ask me what history can teach us. Well, here is one lesson. History exhibits this thirst for perfection, this gradual moving upwards towards the attainment of it, as a chief note of the career of our race. Here, as in the rest of the universe, there is a never-ceasing process of evolution, a perpetual becoming. The plant, the animal, the man, the social order issuing from man—all display a progressive metamorphosis. In the physical world this striving after perfection seems to be blind, unintelligent: whether it is really so or not, I do not undertake to say. But in man it is certainly conscious: and the highest form of it is the religious sentiment which is a feeling after the Infinite. Supreme truth alone can satisfy the intellect: supreme love alone can fill the heart: supreme righteousness alone can content the conscience. But when we say Supreme Truth, Supreme Love, Supreme Righteousness, we say GOD. It is under the influence of this transcendent ideal that the human soul reaches its amplest development, its highest elevation in the scale of being: and Jesus Christ has given us its noblest and simplest expression, "Be ye perfect, even as your Father in heaven is perfect." The first great lesson that history teaches us, from the collected experiences of our race, is that man lives under the law of progress which is the striving after perfection, and of which the highest expression is the quest of the All-Perfect. "Fecisti nos ad Te," says St. Augustine. And history justifies his saying.

Grimston. Well, Hartmann, you know, considers this notion of progress an illusion, and he has formulated its three stages. In the antique world it took the shape of happiness for the individual in the present scene: in the Middle Ages, of a vague beatitude in an imaginary heaven: the modern version of it is, apparently, the perfection of the species in an indefinite future.

Temperley. I incline to think the ancient conception is still pretty largely held. Certainly most of my acquaintances, whatever their professions, resemble in their practice that dear old French lady,

> "qui pour plus de sureté
> Fit son paradis dans ce monde."

But we check our friend's eloquence. His exposition is by no means done. Pray forgive us, my dear Luxmoore, and proceed, please.

Luxmoore. I would say that as St. Augustine has discerned, however dimly and imperfectly, this great fact of progress and the main lesson which it teaches, so he has rightly apprehended its condition—obedience to law, the innermost essence of things, which, in Hooker's fine phrase, is "the very voice of God." Man may obey or disobey this law—that is his awful and mysterious prerogative. But to follow it is the only condition of advance, of freedom: "Summa Deo servitus, summa libertas." It is by conformity to the laws of the external world that the human race has so wonderfully subdued physical forces, and made them our servants. It is by obedience to the laws of the human organism that man has ameliorated his hygienic condition. His ethical advance is due to his following the law within.

TEMPERLEY. Yes; that "civilization is nothing else but the knowledge and observance of natural laws," has always seemed to me the stupidest of sophisms.

LUXMOORE. The elements of civilization are chiefly moral. Intellect is but its instrument. I know well that this truth has been for a season obscured by the school, or rather schools, of writers who set aside virtue, benevolence, love of God, of country, and hold out physical science as the sole factor of human progress. But it is true all the same—the first of truths: and I have no fear but that it will be so recognized when the brief hour of materialistic tyranny is overpast, for the world cannot live without it. I hold with Butler that "the law of virtue, written on our hearts, is the law we are born under," and that in obedience to it is the condition of all well-being, as for individuals so for nations.

Grimston. I remember a dictum of Machiavelli, that the Roman Commonwealth was built up rather by virtue than by arms.

Luxmoore. It is true. So were the words spoken by the wise Duke of Weimar, when the First Napoleon was at the height of his success—"It is unjust: it cannot last." What is commonly called the force of circumstances is only another name for eternal law: for that adamantine chain of moral gravitation which we cannot formulate—ἄγραφος the Greeks well termed it—but from which we can no more escape than from its counterpart in the physical world. As in the history of the individual, so in the history of nations, God is primarily revealed under the attribute of Retributive Justice. The first fact about man is his concept of duty: "Thou Oughtest: it is thy supreme good to follow that Categorical Imperative: thy supreme loss to disobey it." And this is the first fact, too, about the aggregation of men which we call a people. In loyalty to truth, to right, to justice—all summed up in the old phrase of "fearing God"—is the highest law of collective human life, and it is fenced round with terrible penalties which are the natural sequence of its violation. The root of all greatness, national or individual, is a great thought: or a great deed, which is merely a great thought actualized. The ideal is the moral life of the world. But the highest of all ideas is the Divine. And it is precisely as that idea has lived in the minds of peoples, that they have been truly great. Piety towards the gods was the very root of Roman greatness: read Fustel de Coulanges' chapter *Le Romain*. Consider the medieval period, rude in physical comfort and the mechanic arts, but how great in individualities, in men! Think of its monuments which still remain to us: cathedrals, such as those of Siena, Amiens, Canterbury; the pictures of Giotto, Orcagna, Fra Angelico; the song of Dante; the philosophy of Aquinas. All that was great in those ages sprang from their faith: from the divine ideal on which they lived. Or look at England or the United States in this twentieth century. In the old Puritan beliefs which still maintain their hold over the popular mind is the salt which keeps society from dissolution. And then turn your eyes on France, solemnly installing concupiscence—aptly typified by the Goddess of Reason—in the place of conscience, and elevating the dumb buzzard idol, Man in the abstract, and his fictitious rights, in the place of the living God, and the duties binding upon us because He is what He is: look at France, I say, if you would see an example of the hell which a people prepares for itself when it maketh and loveth a lie. I know the country well: and every time I visit it I discern terrible evidence of ever-increasing degeneracy. The man seems to be disappearing. There is a return to the simious type. The eye speaks of nothing but dull esuriency. The whole face is prurient. The voice has lost the virile ring, and has become shrill, gibberish, baboon-like. Go into the Chamber of Deputies, the chosen and too true representatives of the people. The looks, the gestures, the cries, remind you irresistibly of the monkey-house in Regent's Park. The nation—for it must be judged by its public acts—has for a hundred years been trying to rid itself of the perception which is the proper attribute of man: to cast out the idea of God, which Michelet has well called the progressive and conservative principle of civilization: to live on a philosophy of animalism: and it is rapidly losing all that is distinctively human, and is sinking below the level of the animals.

GRIMSTON. I confess France seems to me to be going back to a state of nature, not as that delirious charlatan Rousseau deemed of it—"ce polisson de Jean-Jacques," Voltaire called him: for my own part, I think it a nice point whether he was more blackguard or madman—but as it really existed when men first crawled forth on the earth, "mutum et turpe pecus," and fought, tooth and nail, for acorns and sleeping-places, and other things that shall be nameless. You may read it all in Horace, who has anticipated the very latest scientific views of human origin. But to keep to our theme, you say that history reveals God primarily to you as an Avenger wroth with the work of His own hands. But why have called the human race into existence, with all its errors and crimes, only to punish it?

LUXMOORE. Not "only." To reward and to punish. As for your Why, it is the idlest of questions. What is clear to me, as it was to Schiller, is that the history of the world is the judgment of the world. Before nations, as before individuals, are set life and death, blessing and cursing. Their well-being depends upon their choice—

> "Our acts our angels are, or good or ill,
> Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

We are thrown back upon free-will. You shake your head; you call it a *non ens*. To me it is the first of facts, and rests upon the strongest of evidence, the testimony of consciousness which, if it tells me anything, tells me that. I say that this is to me the first fact of individual life: and a nation is primarily an aggregation of individuals. I do not say that it is merely that. It is an organism, a corporate entity, all its parts interdependently bound, and with powers, attributes, characteristics, of its own. Still Mr. Spencer speaks most truly when he tells us that the welfare of a society and the justice of its arrangements are, at bottom, dependent upon the character of its members. I must agree with him—it is self-evident—that social phenomena have their roots in the phenomena of individual life, and those again in general vital phenomena. National spirit is, in the last resort, the spirit of the individuals composing the nations. The development of mankind is the development of the men who make up mankind. The qualities which are distinctive of any people, which inform its laws and determine its policy, and are reflected in its institutions and are expressed in its manners, are the qualities of the persons who compose the people. Here too the last word is "personality."

GRIMSTON. It is a good mouth-filling word. But what do you mean by it?

LUXMOORE. Well, I have no pocket definition to offer you. Indeed, in strictness, I do not think personality can be defined: by its very nature it seems to me to be incapable of expression in phenomenal symbols. Personality is the human thing-in-itself: it is in its essence transcendental. I can no more define it for you than I can define reason or beauty or God. But we may know, feel, and believe what we cannot shut up in a formula. Comprehension is one thing. Apprehension, another.

GRIMSTON. But before we rest upon personality we ought to be quite sure that it is something more than an empty word. I came upon an argument the other day, in a book of Mr. Samuel Butler's, which struck me as very ingenious, and which I will present to you, but in language more decorous than his, for he uses great plainness of speech. It is this: The man of eighty is held to be personally identical with the new-born infant, out of whom he has been developed. But the new-born infant is certainly identical with the infant before birth, and this too must be thought identically the same in all stages of its embryonic existence, till we arrive at the elementary living cell to which science traces the húman and every other organism. For "omne vivum ex ovo." But that bioplasm or protoplasm has itself a history: it is not one element, but two, which are at first severally identical with the individual organisms whence they were derived: in other words, with the distinct personalities of which their child is the offspring. Thus may he claim a personal identity with both his parents: nor can it be denied, without violating first principles, that he is, physically and organically, as much a part of them as the apple blossom is of the apple tree. If ever he *was* one with them, it follows that he *is* one with them. In like manner, by an easy chain of reasoning, we reach the conclusion that he is personally identical with all his ancestors: and finally with the individual bioplastic cell in which the whole race was summed up and lay hidden, and out of which all its innumerable representatives have been unfolded. All the blossoms are one with and in the apple tree: so are all men identified with the one human race, which is nothing but a long-lived individual. And those marvellous instances of heredity which we see in man, but still more clearly in the lower animals, he explains, reasonably enough, as mere manifestations of unconscious memory. A duck hatched by the hen makes straight for the water. Why? Because it remembers what it did when it was one individuality with its parents, and when it was a duckling before. An old piece of wolf-skin is set before a little dog who has never seen a wolf, and he is thrown into convulsions of fear by the slight smell attaching to it. Why? Because the skin brings up the ideas with which it had been associated in the dog's mind during his previous existences, so that on smelling it he remembers all about wolves perfectly well.

TEMPERLEY. I am not acquainted with Mr. Samuel Butler's writings, but his doctrine seems to present some analogy to that of Schopenhauer, who holds that the begotten and the begetter, though phenomenally different, are in themselves—according to the idea—identical; that the true person is the species, not the individual. But what does our friend Luxmoore say to this?

Luxmoore. I incline to say to Mr. Samuel Butler, with Sganarelle: "Je ne sais que dire, car vous tournez les choses d'une manière qu'il me semble que vous avez raison: et cependant il est vrai que vous ne l'avez pas." The ultimate appeal is to consciousness, which testifies to the distinction between self and non-self: which declares to me that in some wonderful sense I stand alone: weighted with duties, fenced round with responsibilities, endowed with choice. Mr. Butler's ingenious theory no doubt has a true side; it points to facts inconsistent with what, to use a Buddhist phrase, I may call "the heresy of individuality," the political embodiment of which is the Jacobin doctrine of the sovereignty of the individual: a doctrine pungently and truly described by Renan as applicable only to a state of society in which men should be born foundlings and die bachelors. No: the individual does not stand alone: the solidarity of races, of nations, of families, is a great truth.

Grimston. But how reconcile it with that other doctrine of individual responsibility?

Luxmoore. Frankly, I do not know; but my inability to reconcile two truths is no reason for my denying either or both. The proverb concerning the land of Israel, "The fathers have eaten sour grapes, and the children's teeth are set on edge," was true; and the Divine word which came by the prophet, "I will judge every one according to his ways," is true also. Unquestionably a nation's wrong-doing is visited on the third and fourth generations. What man whose moral sense is not hopelessly blunted can doubt the heavy penalty which has still to be paid by England for her centuries of tyrannous oppression and senseless cruelty in Ireland? It is with collective as with single human life. The offspring of the just man reaps the reward, both in his physical and moral constitution, of his father's virtue: "fortes creantur fortibus." Gout, consumption, scrofula, are among the penalties we pay for our ancestors' contempt of the laws of right living. Quinet has well remarked that adulterine children usually manifest in their lives the fraud and dishonour in which they are engendered: "Delicta majorum immeritus lues." The parallelism between the individual and the corporate organism which might be established in so many other ways holds good in this also, that both are under the moral law. Progress, advance towards perfection, is the reward of obedience to it: degradation, retrogression in the scale of being, the penalty of resistance.

TEMPERLEY. I suppose we must all agree that the question, What is the significance of history? depends upon another, What is the significance of human life?

LUXMOORE. Unquestionably. I think that history may be truly described as the simultaneous evolution of the individual and of the social order in which is the individual's normal place. But I will go on still further, if you will let me. I said just now that the root of all greatness, national or individual, seemed to me to be a great thought or a great action, which is a great thought actualized. But of these great thoughts, great men are the founts. I fully agree with Carlyle—it seems to me the most valuable lesson he taught—that "universal history, the history of what man has accomplished in this world, is, at the bottom, the history of the great men who have worked here:" that all "things which we see standing in this world are, properly, the outward material result, the practical realization and embodiment of thoughts that dwelt in the great men sent into the world." But more. I find, as I investigate the annals of our race, that from time to time Saints, Sages, and Heroes have risen up to place before men ideals; and that men, drawn by the instinct which leads us to recognize something divine in greatness, have more or less followed those ideals, and by that following have been elevated in the scale of being. Yes: the history of the world is the judgment of the world, as Schiller said. The trial of men lies, for the most part, in the readiness with which they receive, and the loyalty with which they follow, the ideals set before them; or, if I may so express it, the Revelations made at sundry times and in divers manners by the Prophets of the Most High. That man, by a necessity of his nature, strives after perfection, that obedience to law, universal and divine, is the condition of perfection, that the great men sent into the world from time to time are the preachers of that law—these are the three great facts which seem to me to be writ large in history. And the third, like the other two, witnesses for God. Consider the ordinary human biped as he lives and moves and has his being in London, in Bagdad, in Pekin, in Rangoon. Follow him through his twenty-four hours of work or amusement, of eating, digestion, and sleep. What is it that makes him something more than matter in movement? The influence of some great idea, some true thought, coming to him from Jesus Christ, from Mohammed, from Confucius, from Gotama, that has mainly formed the spiritual atmosphere which he breathes, and by which, unconsciously, his moral being lives. And this holds good of the freest freethinker as of the most ardent believer. Renan speaks the simple truth when he says, "Chacun de nous doit à Jésus ce qu'il y a de meilleur en lui." His confession, "Au fond je sens que ma vie est gouvernée par une foi que je n'ai plus," applies as much to Modern Civilization as it did to his individual self. What fact is more extraordinary, more miraculous in the true sense of the word, than this: that three short years of one human life, led, two thousand years ago, in an obscure corner of Asia, should have sent forth an influence which has changed the face of the Western world, and which is still as strong as ever—as strong, or stronger? The personality of Jesus Christ, a poor despised peasant, whose dolorous career was cut short by a cruel and infamous death, is at this moment the most potent force in the world.

TEMPERLEY. Yes. "Ça donne à penser."

GRIMSTON. And so we end in the great-man theory. You have parted company with Mr. Herbert Spencer.

LUXMOORE. Unfortunately, Mr. Spencer subordinates mind to matter, character to environment: hence he is necessarily led to the extremest sensationalism. His doctrine, as I understand it, is, that it was not the great men sent into the world who moulded circumstances, but circumstances which made and fashioned them: that their thoughts were nothing but the result of structure: their minds a mere attribute of their material substance: that to the philosophic eye they are nothing but an aggregate of conditions. I do not know anything which more forcibly illustrates the truth of Lord Bacon's admirable *dictum*: "Qui Deos esse negant, nobilitatem generis humani destruunt."

TEMPERLEY. Mr. Spencer would not consider that a fatal objection, probably.

LUXMOORE. I dare say he would deny that it is in logic a sound argument. But, in truth, it is an appeal to the final Court of the scientific, as of the unscientific, judgment: to consciousness which declares that man is something more than an automaton. Let us, however, look at Mr. Spencer's view a little more closely. Upon what is it really founded? Does it not rest upon the abstract and quite fallacious assumption, so potent in the minds of men since Rousseau gave it such wide currency, that the world is peopled by an infinity of units, alike not merely in their nature, which I am far from denying, but in their individual share of the gifts of Nature: equal in degree, because resembling one another in kind: all in their origin equally endowed and starting fair in the race for pre-eminence? Surely this cannot be granted by the latest philosophy any more than by the oldest: nay, not so much, for the survival of the fittest implies that all do not start equal. Let us keep to the facts. The commonest experience of actual life is enough to show us that, given the same aggregate of conditions, we cannot be confident, whether as regards the individual or society, that the same results will follow. The science of sociology has by no means got so far as this. It cannot show us even that twins will be marked by the same spiritual characteristics, or will be alike in mind, because subject to "the same aggregate of conditions" in their origin. I quite admit that the conceptions by which any historical personality becomes conscious of the facts of its own times, are those in which the thought of the age in general finds expression. But it is quite another thing to say that in the antecedents and environment of such a personality we have a *complete* explanation of it. Is it possible, if we weigh the matter well, to refer "the vision and the faculty divine" of a great poet to merely external causes? or to account for it by talking of inherited predispositions, when, from the millions of past generations, there arises one Virgil, one Dante, one Goethe? Take, again, that great stream of enthusiasm which, ever and anon, we see welling up from a single man, and bearing, irresistibly, before it whole generations until its force is spent. Can we believe that it arose, as from its fountain-head, from any "aggregate of conditions," and was logically and mathematically deducible from a state of society which, instead of continuing, it ended?

Temperley. I remember a passage of your friend Carlyle which may be worth quoting, perhaps. "The great man was the 'creature of the Time,' they say: the Time called him forth: the Time did everything: he nothing, but what we, the little critic, could have done too! This seems to me but melancholy work. The Time call forth? Alas, we have known Times *call* loudly enough for their great man; but not find him when they called! He was not there. Providence had not sent him: the Time *calling* its loudest had to go down to confusion and wreck, because he would not come when called."

Luxmoore. Carlyle never said anything better: and he said many things excellently well. For my part—to sum up my argument—I hold that there are in man "abysmal depths of personality," which no plummet of physical science has ever sounded, or ever will sound: that it is the perception of the ideal and the power to express it, rooted in the very essence of our nature, which makes us self-conscious and self-determined: and that great men are the source and fount of ideas, the figures which alone give historic meaning and value to the ciphers—"numeri, fruges consumere nati"—as which we must account the vast majority of mankind. Those mighty spirits who rule us from their urns were, indeed, as other men, subject to the laws of time and matter: but not wholly subject: their thought, their energy, their action, their suffering, have wrought wonders beyond time and matter, and the effects of mechanical force, how subtle soever; and their lives, taken simply as evidence, might furnish foundations for grander spiritual philosophies—transcending, not denying, the truths of the physical universe—than the world has yet dared to formulate. But that is too large a subject.

GRIMSTON. Let us go back to Mr. Spencer, please. He writes: "If, not stopping at the explanation of social problems, as due to the great man, we go a step further, and ask, Whence comes the great man? the question has two conceivable answers: his origin is supernatural, or it is natural. Is his origin supernatural? then he is a demigod: and we have theocracy once removed, or rather not removed at all."

LUXMOORE. Well, what is the harm of that? Why should we not have theocracy if we can get it? The word "demigod" is out of fashion. I have no wish to bring it back. Still, it might serve, for want of a better, to characterize one who is marked off from his fellows of the race of men by what Cicero terms "magna et divina bona:" great and divine endowments: which are distinct from temperament, from environment, from evolution, from heredity: which you cannot tie up in a formula nor explain by analysis: and as the highest and rarest of which we must reckon a true, an original thought, well denominated by Krause *Schauen*—vision. But vision of what? Of Him who is the Truth, of whom all truth is part.

Temperley. Mr. Spencer is right then. And you land us in full supernaturalism.

Luxmoore. The words "Natural" and "Supernatural" have an invariable meaning in scientific theology, where they are employed to distinguish the "Order of Nature" from the "Order of Grace," and are antithetical, though not incompatible in the same act or faculty. Modern literature and metaphysics, overlooking or not knowing this distinction, identify the Natural, now with the Material, and now with the Orderly. From which it follows that the Supernatural sometimes signifies no more than the Hyperphysical, and sometimes, as I suspect in the passage which our friend has quoted from Mr. Spencer, no less than the Irrational. Its meaning should never be taken on trust. If by "Natural" Mr. Spencer means subject simply to the laws of matter, and resulting merely from material antecedents, then I deny that the origin of the great man is natural, for the origin of no man is: "Est Deus in nobis; agitante calescimus illo." "We also are His offspring." But if by "Natural" he means what Butler—wrongly, as I think—accounts its only meaning, namely, "stated, fixed, or settled," then, since the great man appears according to a fixed plan of Divine Providence, his origin may, in this sense, be deemed natural. All is upon this supposition natural, if history, notwithstanding the abounding sin of man, which is to me one of the most palpable facts in it, be a drama, wherein all the movement is done in fulfilment of the will of the Highest: Διὸς δ' *ἐτελείετο βουλή*. All is supernatural if, by a perversion of terms, the presence and action of the Creator in His creation be called supernatural. "Of Him, and through Him, and to Him are all things," and in all things is He revealed: in the external world by the beauty which is the dim adumbration of His perfect loveliness; in the heart of man by the voice of conscience, His perpetual witness and indefeasible priest; in history by those great souls who from time to time light up the world's dreary and ignoble *fasti*, and whom our forefathers by a true instinct—let us not hesitate to say it—called Divine men.

GRIMSTON. Your doctrine seems to have much in common with Bunsen's: that personality, which he regards as divine self-manifestation, is "the lever of the world's history." Well, Christian Charles Josiah von Bunsen was a good man.

TEMPERLEY. Don't call him "a good man." He was better than that. Whatever we may think of his philosophy of history, we must allow that his was a singularly comprehensive and well-disciplined intellect, loyally devoted to the service of truth. His breadth of thought stands out conspicuously if you compare him with the two writers of whom we have just been talking—Carlyle and Herbert Spencer.

GRIMSTON. Carlyle and Herbert Spencer! You remind me of a good story, which has not yet found its way into print, I think. A man who numbered among his acquaintance those two eminent persons was anxious that his son, an undergraduate at Oxford, should be introduced to them. So one day he took the youth to call on Mr. Spencer, and as they were departing he said, "We are going on to see Mr. Carlyle." "Ah, Mr. Carlyle!" Mr. Spencer is reported to have replied: "I am afraid he has done more to propagate error than any other writer of the age." Nothing daunted, they made their pilgrimage to Chelsea, and when their interview with the sage of Cheyne Row came to an end, the father observed: "This will be a day for my boy to look back upon, Mr. Carlyle; for in it he has been introduced to two eminent men—yourself and Mr. Herbert Spencer." "Herbert Spencer, Herbert Spencer! an im-mea-surable ass!" was the response of the oracle.

LUXMOORE. "Immeasurable!" Carlyle had a *curiosa felicitas* in his epithets. Still, he might have learnt a great deal from Mr. Spencer.

TEMPERLEY. But not about his great-man theory, you think?

LUXMOORE. No; that theory seems to me to be defective: but to complete it Carlyle should have gone to quite another school than Mr. Spencer's. It is true as to its foundation, but it wants to be moralized.

TEMPERLEY. How "moralized"? Carlyle certainly had an intensely strong feeling of ethical law. He conceived of God, so far as I can understand, as the personification of that law.

LUXMOORE. That is so. But his doctrine of great men I think defective, in that it fails to inculcate this verity—that they are authoritative teachers only so far as they follow the divine illumination in them: in other words, so far as they are ethical: so far as they correspond with the truth of things: so far and no further. You know the saying of Butler: "If conscience had power as it has authority, it would govern the world." It is the supreme authority—for it is divine—which ought to govern, and which, in effect, does in the long run govern. Great men interpret the law of the universe, which is the law of God and therefore the perfection of ethics, more clearly than others, because they discern it, in one province or another, by the intuition of genius, which is inspiration. All truth is part of God: all knowledge is knowledge of God: and He alone is the light which illumines our minds. A man is great so far as he walks in that light. Hence you may truly call a great man the Categorical Imperative individualized.

GRIMSTON. Most edifying: although, perhaps, merely a copy-book maxim in fine words. But is it true? Do you call Goethe the Categorical Imperative individualized?

LUXMOORE. You could not have chosen a better example to illustrate my meaning. Goethe's great endowment was his marvellous vision in certain intellectual provinces, and his absolute veracity. He sees things as they are, and he paints them as they are. Carlyle well says, "The word that will describe the thing follows of itself from such clear, intense insight of the thing." He had, in a supreme degree, the morality of the intellect. And his power lies there. Outside that sphere who looks up to him as a teacher? You ask a great man, "What do you see?" And he tells you. He may say—as the Greatest said—"I bear testimony of myself, and my testimony is true." It is of no use to consult him about matters which he does *not* see. You would not go to St. John Baptist for a theory of *Bildung*, or to Goethe for the doctrine of sexual purity.

TEMPERLEY. Your general conclusion, then—for I must go—would seem to be a kind of union of idealistic optimism and realistic pessimism. You too have your Utopia: and the way to it for the race, as for the individual, you declare to be the way of Virtue. Kant's Categorical Imperative, on which you insist so much, may, I take it, be considered as a rough wooden signpost announcing so much to a belated twentieth century—To Eldorado. And shrivelled-up, staring-eyed old Kant is the last of the Prophets! I always think of him as a kind of ghost with a cold in his head.

LUXMOORE. That is your light way of putting it. But it is true. "Adveniat regnum tuum," the Great Master has taught us to say: "Thy kingdom come." The first law of that interior kingdom is righteousness. And the great lesson deducible from history seems to me to enforce it: "Discite justitiam moniti."

GRIMSTON. It will be much if that law will stand in the breaking up of religious beliefs and "universal exodus from Houndsditch"—what a grand phrase!—which is just now taking place. But will it? I am afraid, my dear Luxmoore, that you will be "vox clamantis in deserto"—like your St. John Baptist.

Temperley. But happily with this difference: that our milder-mannered Herods and Herodiases won't cut off your head. The extremest penalty with which they will visit you will be—not to buy your book. "Absit omen!"

Christianity and Modern Civilization

CHAPTER I

THE NASCENT CHURCH

I

I PROPOSE, in this volume, to consider some of the relations between Christianity and Modern Civilization. I shall begin by stating, as precisely as I can, what I understand by the words "Modern Civilization." By "modern" I mean conterminous with the Christian era. I mean by "civilization" that ordered social state which rests upon the exercise of the faculty proper to man, and which is man's *natural* state. For man is what Aristotle called him two thousand years ago, "a political animal." He is found only in civil society. The extra-social man of Rousseau's speculations is fabulous. Such a being—to quote Aristotle again—would be either a wild beast or a god. The phrase "civilized man" is just as much a pleonasm as the phrase "free will." The endowment of will implies some amount of freedom, however limited and conditioned. And man, as we know him in the present, and as history reveals him in the past, is found only in civil society, which implies some degree—a very low degree, it may be—of civilization. Man is a gregarious animal. In living in community we merely obey a law of our being, just as bees and ants do. Human society is marked off from the societies of bees and ants by this—that it always is, and must be, civilized, and that they never are or can be.

That is the impassable gulf between aggregations of human and of other animals. What is the cause of it? The cause resides in the essential difference between man and other animals. Which difference I hold to be that while other animals possess, in common with us, sensuous experience, and a power of associating that experience by an exercise of memory and of expectant imagination, they do not attain to intellection, and are still further removed from the apprehension of general concepts, abstract ideas, universals, which is the special characteristic of reason and the distinctive attribute of man. Man, and man alone, is *animal rationale*.[1] Here, risking the reproach of dogmatism, I must confine myself to stating what I hold on this subject. But I may be permitted to refer any of my readers desirous to know the grounds upon which I hold it, to the Second Chapter of my *First Principles in Politics*. My point is that, as a matter of fact, the lower animals live under the law of instinct only, and exhibit no capacity for a higher law;

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[1] "Is." Whether our race has always *exercised* the faculty of reason is a large question, which I do not here discuss. Kant thought not. He was of opinion that "man was not always *animal rationale*, but was once merely *animal rationabile*, possessing the germ whence reason developed."

while men live not only under the law of instinct, but also under the law of reason, which means civilization. It is on rational thought, represented by verbal language, that civilization rests.

And therefore, as it appears to me, there are no human communities, however simple their polity, however rude their industrial arts, however inchoate their ethics, which can properly be described as uncivilized.

There are, of course, almost endless types of civilization. In this volume I am concerned with only one type: with that order of society which arose as the Christian Church developed, and captured the Roman Empire, and drew into her fold the new nationalities; that Modern Civilization which has expanded during well-nigh two thousand years, and into which we have been born. To say that this civilization has been made and moulded by Christianity would be to say too much. But, unquestionably, its relations with Christianity have been very close and very momentous. In the following Seven Chapters I shall endeavour to exhibit some of the most noteworthy of them.

In the First Chapter of this work I shall inquire what Christianity was in its earliest epoch—Nascent Christianity, we may call it—when the world knew it, and despised it, as a petty Jewish sect: an epoch which we may take to close with the Fall of Jerusalem in the year 70. In the Second, I shall trace its growth through the Age of the Martyrs, till we find it revealed to the world, at the Council of Nicæa, in the year 325, as an organized polity, a spiritual kingdom, conterminous with the Roman Empire. In the Third Chapter we will glance at the revolution wrought by it, both on the individual man and on society—that transformation by the renewing of the mind, of which one of its earliest teachers speaks. The Fourth will be devoted to its remodelling of the European order by the formation of Christendom—a process culminating in the great struggle against principalities and powers for the freedom of the Church, which fills the Pontificate of the Seventh Gregory, and which is, assuredly, a Turning-point in European history. The Fifth Chapter will exhibit its life-philosophy when it reigned, unquestioned, over the general mind in what is termed the Age of Faith. The Sixth will deal with the penal procedure employed by it to protect the Faith, when it had obtained the power of the civil sword. In the Seventh Chapter I shall speak of its work for the family which it may be said to have re-created, as it re-created the individual.

II

First, then, what was Christianity in its earliest epoch—the period of the Nascent Church? In this epoch we may distinguish three successive phases: the first is confined to the three years of its Divine Founder's preaching and teaching; the second extends from the Crucifixion to the year 43, when the disciples of Christ were first distinguished from their fellow-

Jews by the name of Christian; the third is marked by what is sometimes called "the Pauline transformation" of the new religion from a Jewish sect into an autonomous Church, and may, with sufficient accuracy for our present purpose, be regarded as beginning in 43 and ending in 70, when, with the Fall of Jerusalem, most Judaic fetters fell away from the Christian community. We will, in this Chapter, glance at each of these successive phases.

Now, whatever view we may take as to the date, authorship, or authority of the documents which make up the New Testament—a question upon which I shall have to touch presently—it is incontestable that nineteen hundred years ago a Teacher lived among the green hills and clear streams of Galilee, and gathered around Him a little band of disciples, for the most part humble and unlettered men, who gained their bread by daily toil: that His life of poverty, humility, and detachment from family ties, was spent in inculcating religious and ethical doctrine, and was crowned by an ignominious death: that His influence did not die with Him; nay, that it was vastly enhanced after His departure from the scene of His ministry, so that, according to His own word, His followers did greater works than himself; works which are not bygone, but are with us, fruitfully operant unto this day. What, then, was His teaching?

There are three sources of evidence, differing in value, according to their acknowledged nearness to the time of Christ's ministry. These are the Church, the Gospels, the Epistles. What is their relative worth?

The Church, represented by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Tertullian, Hippolytus, and in some degree by Origen and Clement of Alexandria, gives us the view of His doctrine which was accepted by the great body of His followers about the year 200. The Gospels, even if we take our stand with the most extreme criticism, show what was held between the years 150 and 100. But the letters of St. Paul to the Thessalonians, Galatians, Romans, and Corinthians, the *First Epistle of St. Peter*, the *Epistle of St. James*, and the *Apocalypse*—all authentic beyond reasonable doubt—enable us to get back within a short generation from Christ's death: certainly as far back as the year 60. As much must be said of the *Acts of the Apostles*, so far as they are contemporary with St. Paul. Again: it cannot be doubted that not only the λόγια, but the main incidents of the Divine Life, were, at the earliest date, embodied in fixed oral traditions, or catecheses, with which our present Gospels stand in the closest connection; so that we are not reduced to the study of such fragmentary documents as are left when criticism has done its worst upon the Gospels. We are still in possession of St. Paul's unquestioned writings; we still have the *Apocalypse*, the *First Epistle of St. Peter*, and the *Epistle of St. James*. Out of these, and even out of the two Epistles last mentioned, it is easy to construct a doctrine which the Gospels only enlarge, and do not in any degree modify. St. Paul is not, indeed, a direct witness for Christ, and, as I shall shortly have occasion to remark, he remained a Jewish Rabbi, even when he was commenting on the

Sermon on the Mount; nevertheless, we can trace in him the Christian teaching, though dealt with in a subtle spirit, and from an axiomatic mysticism become a theology. Thus we may view the Gospel at a distance of twenty years, instead of a hundred or a hundred and fifty, from the events which it relates. This has been completely forgotten by modern critics. It follows, of course, that when we have gained such a near standpoint, we can argue not only for the Gospel, but the *Gospels;* since their incomparable freshness and fulness are strong evidence that what they incorporate is not a somewhat worn tradition, but the very speech of Christ upon the lips of His first disciples.

Now, the three sources of evidence at which we have just glanced, agree as to the main lines of Christ's teaching. There can be no doubt at all about its essential character. Thus it is clear that the Fatherhood of God—not the God merely of the Hebrews, but of all the families of the earth, unto whom all live—was the first and dominant thought that breathed through His discourses. This doctrine, indeed, of the filial relationship of man to God, of the affinity of the better side of human nature with the Divine, was the fount from which His moral and religious precepts flowed. Injuries are to be forgiven. Why? Because, "if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your heavenly Father forgive your trespasses." Enemies are to be loved; those who curse are to be blessed; those who hate, to be benefited; those who persecute, to be prayed for. Why? "That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven, for He maketh His sun to shine on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust." Perfection is to be aimed at. Why? Because "your Father which is in heaven is perfect." Solicitude about the necessities of life is condemned. Why? Because "your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. He feedeth the fowls of the air; are ye not much better than they? He arrayeth the lilies of the field, as Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed; shall He not much more clothe you?" Continuance in prayer is enjoined. Why? Because "if ye being evil know how to give good gifts unto your children, how much more shall your Father which is in heaven give good things to them that ask Him?" Purity of intention is prescribed. Why? Because "your Father seeth in secret." This is the first great note of the teaching of Jesus Christ. The ethical precepts delivered by Him contain little or nothing that was novel in the world, or to which the unassisted reason of mankind might not attain. It has been said, and I believe truly, that there is not one of them which might not be paralleled from the maxims of the earlier Rabbis. But what is new in the Evangelical teaching is the sanction on which it rests those precepts, the supernatural motive which it imparts for right action. I do not, of course, mean that the conception of the Fatherhood of God was new.[1] What I mean is, that it was presented by

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[1] But the term "Father" is seldom applied to God in the *Old Testament*. St. Augustine observes, "Nusquam invenitur preceptum populo Israel ut diceret Pater noster, aut ut oraret Patrem Deum."—*De Serm. Dom. in Mon.*, ii. 4.

Jesus Christ in, if I may so speak, a new light, and from a mere abstract doctrine was changed into a living and life-giving principle of conduct.

For the second great note of the teaching of Christ is no less clear and unmistakable than the first. He exhibited the Divine Paternity as a vital reality, and the first of realities. He exhibited himself as the Way to God, by virtue of a Divine Sonship and the indwelling in himself of the Divinity;[1] as the Deliverer of men from the tyranny of that lower self, whereby they were held back from the Divine Father who had sent Him. The claims which He made for himself not only transcend in degree those of any other prophet, of any other founder of a religion, but are different in kind. And unquestionably those claims were both the grounds of His condemnation and execution, and the cause of the marvellous triumphs of His Faith. Here we are in the region, not of conjecture, but of fact. What was it which, so to speak, *made* the Christian Church? It was assuredly no system or theory, most assuredly no exhibition of thaumaturgic power, which attracted men to Jesus Christ, but the irresistible influence of soul upon soul. And to those who forsook all, and took up their cross, and followed Him—such renunciation, such self-devotion, He warned them, were the very conditions of His discipleship—He exhibited no set of doctrines, no code of laws, but himself, as being, in very deed, that Truth which is the supreme desire of the soul. Daily to converse with the Master, ever to ponder His words and His deeds, gradually to drink into His mind, to wean the heart from all earthly affection, even the tenderest and the purest, until it could be said, "I live, and yet not I, but Christ liveth in me"—this was the spiritual discipline undergone by His scholars in the desert, or on the mountain, or by the lake. And when the Cross had taught the supreme lesson of sacrifice, of humiliation, of self-consuming charity, and the disciples went everywhere preaching the word, the lesson which they taught was precisely that which they had learnt. "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord," is the testimony of one of them: and it is applicable to all. The Gospel which, as St. Paul reminds the Corinthians, he delivered to them, which they also received, and wherein they stood, and by which they were saved, was no catalogue of dogmas, but the manifestation of a Person, in whom the eternally ideal had become the historically real, and who claimed for himself the heart of man, to reign there as in His proper throne.[1]

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[1] M. Renan has pointed out, truly enough, that the popular mind in Judæa was prepared for such a declaration, and was not likely to be shocked by it. "La croyance que certains hommes sont des incarnations de facultés ou de puissances divines, était répandue; les Samaritains possédaient vers le même temps un thaumaturge nommé Simon qu'on identifait avec la grande vertu de Dieu. Depuis près de deux siècles les esprits speculatifs du judaïsme se laisaient aller au penchant de faire des personnes distinctes avec les attributs divins ou avec certaines expressions qu'on rapportait à la divinité."—*Vie de Jésus*, p. 248.

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[1] "Dilectus tuus talis est naturæ ut alienum non velit admittere, sed solus vult cor tuum habere, et tanquam rex in proprio throno sedere."—*De Imitatione Christi*, l. ii. c. 7.

III.

Such was Primitive Christianity in its earliest phase, when its Divine Founder taught and preached. Let us now go on to glance at it in what we may account its second phase, the period extending from the Crucifixion to the year 43, when the new religious community received the name of Christians—a period especially associated with the city of Jerusalem, the cradle of the infant and still innominate Church. For a knowledge of it we are entirely dependent upon the first eleven chapters of the book known as the *Acts of the Apostles*—a work by no means fulfilling the promise of that title, for which its author is not responsible. Of the lives, labours, and deaths of most of the Apostles, it tells us hardly anything. Even of St. Paul, to whom more than half of it is devoted, its account, though of incomparable value, is incomplete. But assuredly any reader who has eyes to see, will find in it a singularly vivid picture of the disciples in the second phase of the Nascent Church—if Church we may call them. They were, rather, a Jewish sect, practising all the requirements of the Jewish Law, and nourishing their religious life from the Jewish Sacred Books. Their attitude towards the Jewish Church was singularly like the attitude towards the Church of England of "the people called Methodists" during the life—especially the earlier portion of the life—of John Wesley. They by no means dissented from it. On the contrary, they gladly used its ministrations, merely adding thereto certain peculiar religious observances of their own. They were Jews in their worship, Jews in their beliefs. All their distinctive rites were of Jewish origin. Baptism was an ordinary Hebrew ceremony of the initiation of proselytes. The laying on of hands was a Hebrew mode of dedication to an office. The Eucharist, "breaking of bread" they called it, which wore the aspect of a social meal—the Agape or Love Feast not having as yet been separated from "the mystery of faith"—unquestionably sprang from the Hebrew Passover. The Messianic doctrine, which was their distinctive tenet, was an expression of a Hebrew idea. There is no trace of metaphysics in those small and scanty rudiments, that embryonic beginning, of a Church. "The community rested on the belief," Pfleiderer correctly observes, "in the miracle of the Resurrection of Jesus . . . and on the hope of the miracle of His speedy return to judge the world." The hope, or rather the confident expectation. And here lay the secret of their detachment, their self-denial. The familiar and beautiful lines of a poet of our own day admirably express their attitude of mind—

"Poor is our sacrifice, whose souls
Are lighted from above;
We offer what we cannot keep,
What we have ceased to love."

Hence it was that "as many as were possessors of lands or houses sold them, and brought the prices of the things that were sold, and laid them down at the Apostles' feet; and distribution was made unto every man according as he had need: neither said any of them that ought of the things which he possessed was his own, but they had all things common." It was the translation into fact of the maxim, "De chacun selon son habilité; à chacun selon ses besoins." But it was the Socialism, not of selfishness, but of self-sacrifice. Though in the world, they were not of the world. Their lives were led in a supernatural element. Visions and revelations of the Lord were habitual to them, and supplied the guidance for the regulation of the community and of individual life. They dwelt in dreamland, those first Saints and Martyrs of the new faith.

Thus did they lead, in the world, that life angelical which later ages sought in the cloister, meeting day after day, in Solomon's Porch, for religious meditation and musing, and drawing to themselves pious souls—to quote the saying concerning St. Philip Neri—"as the magnet draws iron." Conspicuous among those who were added to them were St. Barnabas, St. Mark, St. Philip the Deacon, all three destined to serve the new religion effectively as zealous preachers and indefatigable missioners; and St. Stephen, destined to serve it more effectively in the conversion of that "soul of fire" who has been called, by a too bold hyperbole, its second founder. They lived under the guidance of the Twelve, among whom, as Renan[1] points out, "St. Peter had a certain primacy and most authority in general affairs;" but the ethos of the community was—so to speak—democratic. It is notable that in the election to the Apostolic College to fill the vacancy caused by the apostasy of Judas, all the disciples took part. In some respects, indeed, they resembled a modern friendly society more than a modern Church. And it was the difficulty arising from the administration of their funds that led to an event the importance of which they could not possibly have divined: the institution of deacons, the first step, as it proved, in the constitution of the ecclesiastical hierarchy still in the womb of the future.

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[1] "Pierre avait parmi les apôtres une certaine primauté" (*Les Apôtres*, p. 90). "Pierre . . . avait dans les affaires générales le plus d'autorité" (*ibid.*, p. 279).

But the importance of the creation of the diaconate does not lie only in this. It is notable as the outcome of the first dissension in the Nascent Church: of a "rift within the lute" which was to widen swiftly, and well-nigh to make mute the music of the celestial song, "Pax hominibus bonæ voluntatis." The disciples were composed of two different classes of Jews. There were Jews of Palestine—"Hebrews" they are called in the *Acts of the Apostles*—whose language was Aramaic, and there were the "Grecians," as the same document terms them, Hellenized Jews who spoke, as a rule with no great purity, the tongue of Hellas, and who came chiefly from Syria, Asia Minor, Egypt, and the parts of Libya about Cyrene. It was the complaint of these latter that their widows were neglected in the daily ministration, which led the Apostles to suggest the choosing by universal suffrage of "seven men of honest report, full of the Holy Ghost and wisdom," to attend to that business—a suggestion which pleased the multitude, and which, when carried out, stilled for a time the incipient strife. But for a time only. The opposition between the ethos of the "Hebrews" and the "Grecians" was soon to break out again concerning a much graver matter than the daily ministration. Here it may be noted that all the seven deacons would appear from their names to have been Hellenistic Jews, and that the foremost of them, St. Stephen, undoubtedly struck the note of opposition to the Mosaic Law which, in the mouth of St. Paul, was to become a trumpet-blast, potent to cast down the walls of that spiritual Jericho. The accusation against him was that he ceased not to speak against the temple and the Law. And although the witnesses who supported it are characterized as "false," his own declaration, in his discourse before the Sanhedrim, that "the Most High dwelleth not in temples made with hands," was a hardy defiance of masterful Hebrew prejudice, and an assertion of a universal truth irreconcilable with Jewish particularism. The devout men who carried him to his burial, and made great lamentation over him, little dreamed that his death rendered far nobler service to their cause than could possibly have been rendered by his life, however full of successful activity, and however prolonged.

For, as we all know, the sequel of the martyrdom of St. Stephen was the conversion of the young man whose name was Saul, at whose feet the witnesses of that act of savage fanaticism laid down their clothes, and who was consenting unto his death. It is an event of capital importance in the history of Christianity. For speaking *ex humano die*—and it is solely from that point of view that I am writing here—St. Paul it was who transformed the new faith from a Jewish sect into a universal religion, who sent it upon its career of ecumenical conquest, and who furnished it with the weapons wherewith its victory was won. The merely secular historian may, perhaps, be well warranted in saying, "If Christianity had remained in the hands of those good men at Jerusalem, shut up in a conventicle of *illuminati*, leading a community life, it would have gone out like the Essenes, and have left no trace behind."

It is worth while to dwell a little upon St. Paul's singular qualifications for his destined task. Sprung from Hebrew parents at Tarsus, a Greek city of Cilicia, he possessed Roman citizenship in virtue of the place of his nativity. A Jew by religion, a Greek Roman by birth, he stood on the confines of two worlds, speaking the language and quoting from the literature of both, but especially versed in the Rabbinical lore which he had learnt at the feet of Gamaliel. As for his spiritual character, it is summed up in the words which I have already applied to him: he was, verily and indeed, "a soul of fire." And the circumstances of his conversion from a persecutor to a preacher of the new faith, were such as to inflame him to the highest degree. In his mystic transports, his missionary labours, his militant ardour, he reminds us now of St. Theresa, now of St. Francis Xavier, now of St. Dominic. All that was greatest in those great souls was in him, in far ampler measure. Like his brethren in the faith, he lived in an atmosphere of apparitions and inspirations. And the abundance of the revelations with which he was favoured kept him in a perpetual state of spiritual exaltation. Nor was the fact that he had not known the Divine Founder of Christianity "after the flesh," by any means a disqualification for the work, which, little as he knew it, was before him, as the founder of Christian dogmatic theology. For the Being whom his eyes were opened to see on the road to Damascus was not merely "the Man Christ Jesus," in whom Messianic prophecies had their fulfilment; and with whom the Twelve had walked and talked, and eaten and drunk, but "the Lord from heaven," risen and glorified, the Object as well as the Author of Faith, the archetypal spiritual Man, in whom all shall be made alive, even as in the first man, of the earth, earthy, all died: at whose Name "every knee shall bow, of things in heaven, and things in earth, and things under the earth; and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

I shall have to touch again on this topic. Here let me say a few words in passing upon the sources of our knowledge of St. Paul and his work. They are three: the fragment of his biography in the *Acts of the Apostles*; such of his letters as remain to us; and ecclesiastical tradition. The precise date at which the book known as the *Acts of the Apostles* was written, is a question of extreme difficulty. It breaks off abruptly with a picture of St. Paul at Rome, dwelling in his own hired house for two years, and there receiving all who came to him. It says no word of his martyrdom—an omission which may well seem inexplicable, and which, in my judgment, has certainly received no satisfactory explanation, if the book was written subsequently to that event. It takes us up to the year 63, and there it leaves us. The natural inference clearly is—and until the rise of the higher criticism this inference was universally drawn—that it was written in the year 63, or at all events before the year 66, if indeed that was the year when St. Paul sealed his testimony with his blood. On the other hand, there is no reasonable ground for doubting that the *Acts of the Apostles* and the Third Gospel proceeded from the same pen, and that the Third Gospel was written first: "The former treatise have I made, O Theophilus." But hitherto the chief doctors of the higher criticism have referred that Gospel, as well as the Gospels bearing the names of St. Matthew and St. Mark, to the second century, or, at the earliest, to the end of the first—and with it, of course, the *Acts of the Apostles.* This view, however, appears to be dissolving. An earlier date is now very generally allowed for all the synoptic Gospels. And Harnack, in his monumental work, *The Chronology of Early Christian Literature*, expresses the opinion that the *Acts of the Apostles* was written before the Fall of Jerusalem in the year 70. "Beyond that," he thinks, "we cannot go one single step." Who knows? At all events, from the year 70 to the year 63 is not a very long step. And no one who has watched the divagations of the higher criticism for the last half-century or more, would be very much surprised, I suppose, should it end—if, indeed, it ever does end—in allowing the old traditional view of the date of the *Acts of the Apostles.* Of course this would imply an earlier date than that generally admitted for "the former treatise," at all events in its original shape, which is not necessarily its present shape.

But, however this may be, no one—as it appears to me—can reasonably doubt that in the latter portion of the *Acts of the Apostles*, which chronicles the doings of St. Paul, we have a historical document of the highest possible value: the direct testimony of a candid, cautious, and clear-headed eye-witness to the events which he describes. So much as to our first source of information concerning St. Paul. Our second is to be found in such of his letters—certainly a small proportion of what he wrote—as have come down to us. Not until early in the second century was any collection of them made. It is certain that the temper of those times was absolutely uncritical. The best minds had neither ability nor inclination for an analytical examination into the authenticity and genuineness of a document purporting to be of Apostolic authorship. If what it contained appeared a wholesome doctrine and necessary for the times, that was enough. Feeling, not judgment, decided in favour of it. The present canon of the *New Testament* contains fourteen letters attributed to St. Paul. The higher criticism, speaking through the mouth of Baur, in the first flush of its too facile triumphs, would admit only four of them as genuine: the one to the Galatians, the two to the Corinthians, and the one to the Romans. But this view gradually fell into discredit. And now the reaction against it, and against that curious amalgam of doubt and dogmatism which characterized the earlier writers of the Tübingen school generally, has gone far indeed.[1] The most careful of recent investigators in this field are chary of rejecting altogether any of the writings claiming to be Pauline, with one exception. Even the Epistles to SS. Timothy and Titus, once so unhesitatingly pronounced spurious, and so confidently relegated to the middle of the second century, are beginning to recover credit. Although not actually written by St. Paul, they are generally admitted, Harnack tells us, to be founded (*aufgebaut*) upon real letters of his. The *Epistle to the Hebrews* is, I suppose, the only one of the documents bearing his name the authorship of which is hopelessly dark. "God only knows who wrote it," Origen observes. And notwithstanding a library of guesses, more or less ingenious, we must say the same. But I need dwell no longer upon these critical difficulties. The four great Epistles of St. Paul which even Baur admitted, and the Epistles to the Thessalonians and Philippians, the authenticity of which no sane critic contests, are documents of the highest historical value as to what Christianity in St. Paul's time was: and the rest of the letters attributed to him add comparatively little to their testimony.

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[1] Thus Harnack writes, in the preface to his *Chronologie der altchristlichen Literatur bis Eusebius:* "The oldest literature of the Church is, in essentials and in most particulars, considered from the literary-historical point of view, genuine and trustworthy. In the whole *New Testament* there is probably only one document which can be described as pseudonymous, in the strongest sense of the word, viz. the *Second Epistle of Peter*"; and Professor Ramsay, in the preface to his *The Church and the Roman Empire before* A.D. 170, expresses his opinion that, in "the case of almost all the books of the *New Testament* it is as grave an outrage on criticism to hold them for second-century forgeries as it would be to class the works of Horace and Virgil as forgeries of the time of Nero."

Before I quit this topic, I should like to make two remarks. In no Christian community, so far as I am aware, is it held by theologians to be "of faith" that any writing now included in the Old or New Testament canon, was written at any specified date, or by the person whose name has been prefixed to it—when or by whom, in most cases, we know not. The intrinsic worth of a Biblical document does not wholly depend upon its authorship. Even if that be doubtful or unknown, it may be of highest value, not only theologically—which is not my present concern—but historically. The *Epistle to the Hebrews*, for example, whatever its date—which, indeed, cannot well be later than the year 70—is of the greatest authority as evidence of that development of the doctrine of the *Epistle to the Romans* which has received the name of Deutero-Pauline. My second remark is that we should be on our guard against harsh views of the pious writers who fathered their own compositions upon Apostles. We must not judge them by our rules of literary ethics. We might as well judge the

Hebrew patriarchs, or the Hebrew monarchs, by our rules of sexual ethics. The modern standard of literary probity did not prevail in the early ages of the Church, or, indeed, until long after those ages had passed away. Here, as in other segments of life, we find "with the process of the suns" an ever-increasing appreciation of the dictates of righteousness, an ever-increasing tenderness of conscience.

It remains to speak of the third source of information about St. Paul: ecclesiastical tradition. Originally, tradition was the only history. That is certain. Equally certain is it that now much history is only written tradition. Such, for example, is the history of the Nascent Church related in the earlier chapters of the *Acts of the Apostles.* Criticism is sometimes called the enemy of tradition. And so it is, in a sense. It is the business of criticism to sift, test, and judge traditions, and to seek to appreciate them at their true value. There are traditions possessing the highest authority. A conspicuous instance of these is the tradition that St. Peter laboured in Rome, which Döllinger does not hesitate to term "a fact abundantly proved and deeply imbedded in the earliest Christian history," "a universally admitted fact." But even the rankest growth of tradition must have sprung from some root of fact. Criticism should, if possible, find that root. So much may suffice concerning tradition in general. As concerning St. Paul, it is chiefly to tradition that we must go for information regarding his labours when the testimony of the *Acts of the Apostles* ends.

To sketch his career during the quarter of a century from his conversion to his martyrdom, even in the briefest outline, would be beside my present purpose. An astonishing career it is: one of the most astonishing, surely, in human history. Think of those three missionary journeys of his, so graphically narrated in the *Acts of the Apostles*, in which he published his gospel in Asia Minor, in Macedonia and Achaia. Think of his captivity in Rome, and of his testimony there. What a life-work, even if we reject the tradition of his preaching in Spain, and of his final visit to the Asiatic Churches. "Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?" is the reflection which might well have occurred to him when his course was finished, and the axe of the lictor was uplifted to confer on him the final victory in the good fight which he had so strenuously fought. And then recall the conditions under which his work was done; his own hand supporting him as he went from region to region, to be scourged in one place, imprisoned in another, and stoned in a third: "In journeyings oft, in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils by mine own countrymen, in perils by the heathen, in perils in the city, in perils in the wilderness, in perils among false brethren, in weariness and painfulness, in watchings often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often, in cold and nakedness." The number of converts made by him we have no means of estimating.[1] But each became in his turn a propagator of the new faith. Every Church founded by him, however small, was a nucleus whence his gospel spread far and wide.

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[1] An ingenious guess of Renan's places them at about a thousand. (See his *St. Paul*, p. 562.)

I am, however, concerned here with his work *on* rather than for Christianity. The exponents of the higher criticism are wont to speak of the Pauline transformation of that religion. The phrase is strictly accurate. St. Paul's special mission was to free the nascent faith from the fetters of Hebraism, and to equip it with the dogmatic teaching necessary for its world-wide mission—in other words, to convert it from a Jewish sect into a Church. That was the work for which, as he was convinced—so he expresses himself in his letter to the Galatians—he was set apart from his mother's womb, and divinely called. It is notable that this conviction came to him gradually. The three years immediately succeeding his conversion he spent in preaching to the Jews the faith which he had embraced. Then he went to Jerusalem, "to see Peter,"[1] in whose house he abode during his fortnight's visit to the Holy City. It was the beginning of the close bond between the two Apostles to which their martyrdom a quarter of a century afterwards set the final seal: for in their death they were not divided. During this brief visit to Jerusalem began his friendship with St. Barnabas, which was soon to shape his Apostolic career. Of the other Apostles saw he none but St. James, who, too, was largely to influence his subsequent life. From Jerusalem he returned to Syria, to continue his preaching to his fellow-countrymen, Tarsus being his head-quarters. Meanwhile the great controversy in which he was to play so memorable a part had begun. The brethren who had fled from Jerusalem upon the marytrdom of St. Stephen, "when they were come to Antioch, spake unto the Gentiles, preaching the Lord Jesus," and made many converts. The Church at Jerusalem was startled by tidings of these things. The principle of the evangelization of the heathen had, in some sort, been conceded by St. Peter's baptism of Cornelius. But the admission to the fold of a man of exceptionally good dispositions, upon his own application, seemed a very different thing from throwing open its gates to the world at large, and inviting all who would to enter. St. Barnabas was sent as Apostolic Delegate to Antioch. He approved of what had been done, and determined to invite the co-operation of St. Paul to carry on the work. He himself went to Tarsus to seek his fellow-labourer, who returned with him to Antioch. This was in the year 43, a date for ever memorable in the *fasti* of the world. It was in that year that "the disciples were first called Christians," and Antioch was the place where the name was given to them. If Jerusalem was the birthplace of Christianity, Antioch was the place of its baptism. The Nascent Church now enters upon a third phase.

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[1] *Kephas* is the right reading: ἱστορῆσαι Κηφᾶν: "to visit Kephas." Ἱστορῆσαι, as Lightfoot notes, is somewhat emphatic: "a word used," says St. Chrysostom, "by those who go to see great and famous cities."

IV.

Antioch was the greatest city in the empire after Rome and Alexandria. It possessed, as was computed, some half a million of inhabitants; it was a vast emporium of trade and commerce; it ranked, practically, as the metropolis of the East. A widespread tradition, which there is no sufficient reason for doubting, specially associates St. Peter with the Church planted there by the refugees from Jerusalem. The Feast of his Chair at Antioch, which witnesses to it, is of extreme antiquity. But, unquestionably, for the fourteen years immediately following St. Paul's arrival, it was the head-quarters from which that Apostle's work was done and the centre of activity and progress. Jerusalem, indeed, was the seat of the Apostolic College, and might have claimed the proud title afterwards inscribed on the Lateran Basilica, of "Mother and Head of all the Churches." But it was destined that Antioch should increase, and that Jerusalem should decrease. Of this one sign, and a significant sign, was the adoption of Greek, the tongue most commonly spoken there, and the *lingua franca* of the Roman Empire, as the first language of the new Church.

From the very beginning of his work among the heathen, St. Paul was brought face to face with the question of their relation to the Mosaic Law. Judaism was monotheism equipped with certain distinctive practices, designed to mark the Jews off from the rest of the world as "a chosen nation, a peculiar people." Of these the chief were circumcision, the prohibition of mixed marriages, which the Rabbis regarded as no better than fornication, and certain dietary and hygienic prescriptions. To the converts from heathenism these practices were extremely inconvenient and distasteful. St. Paul found that they hindered and compromised his work. He was led to consider, in the light of first principles, whether in truth they were binding upon Gentile proselytes. He determined that they were not. Certain members of the Church of Jerusalem who came to Antioch were scandalized by his liberality. There arose "no small dissension and disputation." And SS. Paul and Barnabas were deputed to go to the Holy City in order that the question might be decided there by the mother Church. It was a most momentous crisis in the history of Christianity. Party spirit ran high among the Christians of Jerusalem. They were, for the most part, strict Jews, "zealous for the Law." They never dreamed that the Messianic kingdom, which they expected soon to be set up, could rest upon any other foundation than the Jewish theocracy; they never doubted the permanent validity of the Mosaic code. Such were the faithful at Jerusalem, as a body. Even some of the Apostles, nurtured in Jewish prejudices and traditions, viewed unfavourably the revolutionary proceedings of St. Paul. The action of St. Peter saved the future of Christianity. The decree agreed upon at his suggestion was drawn up, through the influence of St. James, in narrower terms than St. Paul would perhaps have desired. Certainly, the rule subsequently laid down by him touching meats offered to idols, went beyond the text of the letter containing the decision of the Church of Jerusalem. Still, the victory remained to him in this first battle of the lifelong war which he waged with the Judaizing party, to whom his success rendered him, as Bishop Hinds expresses it, "particularly odious." It was, however, not till the destruction of the temple, in 70, when the rod of ecclesiastical power passed from Mount Sion to the Vatican Mount, that the emancipation of Christianity from Judaism was effectively wrought out. Up to that time the Mosaic rites were considered obligatory upon Jewish Christians.

But the question at issue really went beyond that raised in Jerusalem. "The Law" was regarded by the Rabbis as one and indivisible. And so St. Paul regarded it. For him it meant not only the ceremonial observances, but the whole code, religious and ethical, referred to Moses. And he soon came to conceive of that code as abrogated by Christ. What was to take the place of it? The great desire of a good Jew was for justice or righteousness. That is evident from every page of the Old Testament, and especially of the Psalms. The question which St. Paul, like Luther, asked himself, before all others, was: How can a man be justified, or made just, before God? His answer to that question is given, at greatest length, in the *Epistle to the Romans*. In his creative mind the Messianism of the earliest disciples was developed into a system of religious philosophy. He saw in Christ something more than the Jewish Messiah. He discerned in Him the Second Adam, who paid for all the penalty of the broken Law incurred by the First Adam; satisfying it, dying to it, and by His death becoming the end of it. The Hebrew Rabbis knew that, in the nature of things, sin involves punishment—that is, suffering of some sort. But they held that the suffering might be vicarious: that the innocent might make atonement for the guilty. This, of course, is the root-idea of all sacrifice. In general, too, they maintained that the unmerited sufferings of a just man possessed an expiatory character—that they availed in satisfaction for the transgressions of his brethren, nay, of his nation. St. Paul carried the conception further, and applied it to the whole human race, whose moral unity he clearly discerned, as is evident from a famous passage in his sermon on Areopagus. And Christ he regarded as the representative of the race. It is on the personality of Christ that he raises his whole dogmatic edifice. "Other foundation can no man lay," he declares. Upon the details of the Divine Life he does not dwell. Whence some have been led to conclude that he was not intimately acquainted with them. He lays especial, we may say unique, stress upon the Crucifixion and Resurrection. In these supreme events, he held, the work of Christ finds its temporal culmination. There are a dozen words in his *Epistle to the Romans* in which this doctrine is summed up: "He was delivered for our offences and raised again for our justification." And in His Crucifixion and

Resurrection the faithful are mystically united with him. They are buried with Him by Baptism into death. They are to live with Him in newness of life—a life which is not to be their own, but His in them. They are delivered from the curse of the Law through Him who was made a curse for them. And the instrument of their deliverance, and of their mystical union with their Deliverer, is faith. It is through faith that they obtain the righteousness, or justice, which is of God. This mysticism is the end and crown of the Pauline theology, which is essentially "heart religion." It is with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness and is justified without the works of the Law. Nay, he affirms that it ever was so: that Abraham, the father of the faithful, "believed God, and it was accounted unto him for righteousness."

Such, in brief outline, is the root-idea of the Pauline theology: a doctrine subtle, obscure, abstract, and presenting a most interesting analogy with those legal fictions which play so great a part in archaic jurisprudence: a doctrine which, although obviously resting upon man's free will, is set forth side by side with a doctrine of predestination hard to reconcile with it; indeed, St. Paul does not attempt the reconciliation. And the difficulty of the doctrine itself is indefinitely enhanced by the way in which it is presented. Not only St. Paul's cast of thought, but his method of ratiocination, is rabbinical. It does not conform to the canons of ordinary logic. Nothing is more curious than the way in which, after the manner of the Rabbis, he presses into the service of his argument the most unlikely fragments of the Old Testament Scriptures, as, for example, in his exposition of the veil of Moses, or in his interpretation of the precept against muzzling the ox that treadeth out the corn—an interpretation enforced by the question, "Doth God take care for oxen?" which so jars upon ears attuned to the more compassionate teaching—

> "He prayeth best who loveth best
> All things both great and small:
> For the dear God who loveth us,
> He made and loveth all."

Again. The peculiarities of his style, abrupt, vehement, parenthetical, sometimes render it extremely difficult really to grasp his meaning. This is so even in the most carefully composed of his writings, his Encyclical Letter—it is really that—which bears the address of the Romans. His other Epistles—Briefs, not Encyclicals—are evidently occasional compositions dictated in hot haste amid the overwhelming pressure of "the care of all the Churches." Assuredly no writer ever stood in greater need of editing[1] in order to render him even intelligible to modern readers—the sort of editing which Carlyle has performed for the letters and speeches of Cromwell, whose style presents a notable analogy with his.

Once more. Certain it is that the Pauline doctrine, nakedly stated, runs the greatest risk of misinterpretation in a sense which the Apostle would have been the first to repudiate with horror. Centuries afterwards, it was thus misinterpreted by the powerful but coarse mind of Martin Luther, into that system of unconscious Antinomianism which still constitutes popular Protestantism. And what happened in the sixteenth century happened in the first. Critics, early and late, have indeed failed to recognize the Petrine authorship of the Second Epistle bearing St. Peter's name. But there can be no question that the writer of it expressed the view of St. Peter, and of the Apostolic College generally, when he spoke of St. Paul's letters as containing "things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest to their own destruction." I, for my part, do not doubt that as the *Epistle to the Romans* became known—it was written in 58—these considerations led St. James to indite the Encyclical which bears his name, a short time before his martyrdom in 62.[1] A most beautiful composition it is, one of the finest pieces of the first Christian literature, Renan well judges, recalling now the Gospel, now the sweet and restful wisdom of *Ecclesiastes*, impregnated with a sort of Apostolic perfume, coming to us as the direct echo of the words of the Divine Master, breathing most vividly the life and sentiment of Galilee. And, as he points out, it is perfectly in keeping with the character ascribed to St. James by tradition,—a spirit ecclesiastical, extremely mortified in life, observing religious celibacy, spending long hours in prayer and meditation in the temple, and possessing, in ample measure, the gift of tears. Nor—to come to our immediate point—does it seem open to reasonable doubt that the paragraph in which St. James insists upon the necessity and value of good works, must have been written with a well-known passage of the *Epistle to the Romans* before him. He deals there, as will be remembered, with the very case of Abraham cited by St. Paul, and draws from it quite another lesson than the Pauline. It was reserved for the large and ruling mind of St. Peter to conciliate the differing views contained in these two documents. The teaching of the first of his Epistles, of which the date is probably 64, has become the accepted Catholic doctrine: a doctrine in which the Pauline and Jacobean pronouncements are unobtrusively blended, in which two tendencies or schools of thought are reconciled by being raised to a higher level.

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[1] Renan's rendering of the *Epistle to the Galatians* in his *St. Paul* is an admirable specimen of such editing.

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[1] I am aware that very considerable critical authority, including that of Harnack, is against me as to the date and authorship of this Epistle and the First of St. Peter. Still, the view which I take of these documents, and which has been very ably maintained by Renan in the Introduction to his *Antichrist*, appears to me by far the most probable.

The most remarkable fact in this third phase of Primitive Christianity is the germination of the ideas latent in it from the first; the swift development of dogma; the more tardy and gradual evolution of polity. Singularly interesting would it be to trace in detail the growth of Christian doctrine in this period, culminating, as it does, in the conceptions set forth in the Johannine writings—conceptions which were certainly current during the later portion of it, whatever the real date of the several documents wherein they are embodied. Perhaps all history offers no more conspicuous example of the fulness of fruitful ideas, the felicitous union of ancient speculations with recent facts, the bold amplitude of theories embracing the origin and career of humanity, the genesis of evil, the final destiny of man. But to dwell upon this, even in the barest outline, would take me too far. It must suffice here to point out some of the more salient characteristics of Primitive Christianity in this its third phase.

We find, then, that the first great note of the new-born Christian Community, as of the Jewish Church from which it sprang, was separation from the world around it. "A chosen race (*γένος*), a royal priesthood, an holy nation, a peculiar people," St. Peter calls them. And the word *ecclesia* implies all this. They were called out of the world. This is the very meaning of the term "elect." And their constant endeavour was to keep themselves "unspotted by the world." And so they were led "to shun man's common lure, life's pleasant things." There can be no question that the Gospel, whether as preached by St. Peter, St. Paul, or St. James, whether as received and practised by Judaic or Gentile converts, was a doctrine of renunciation, a severely ascetic doctrine. The very things which made up life[1] for the world around, the baths—and all that the baths meant—were regarded as "matter of concupiscence." I need not dwell upon this; it must be patent to any one who has eyes to see what is written plainly upon every page of St.

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[1] It is hardly necessary to refer to the well-known lines—

"Balnea, vina, Venus corrumpunt corpora nostra,
Sed vitam faciunt balnea, vina, Venus."

Paul. It is written equally plainly upon the scanty notices of early Christianity which we find in heathen authors, and is the reason—and in a sense the justification—of the conception of Christians as morose, unsocial, void of public spirit.

One special manifestation of the ascetic character of Apostolic Christianity is presented by its high estimate of religious celibacy. The monastic institute, in which that estimate was formally embodied, is of course the creation of a later age. No doubt St. Paul's teaching on this matter was influenced by his undoubting belief in the *parousia.* "The time is short," he tells the Corinthians. "The world will endure but little longer. Its course is well-nigh run. Christ will soon return. And in view of His appearing, what does celibacy or marriage matter?" But apart from that thought, which was habitual with him, it is evident that he distinctly held voluntary chastity a higher condition than wedlock. Mgr. Duchesne does not think that the germ of Christian asceticism is to be found in this doctrine of St. Paul:[1] and perhaps he is right. Certainly he is right when he observes that ascetism is anterior to Christianity, and is by no means peculiar to it. Nor was the practice of asceticism originally associated in the Church with deeds of charity. The holy women who, when the semi-communism of the first years of spiritual exaltation had disappeared, were specially charged with the corporal works of mercy, the deaconesses, were widows, and are mentioned by that name in the *First Epistle*

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[1] *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, p. 405.

to St. Timothy: it is, indeed, their most common designation; but they do not appear to have lived a life of special austerity. I may remark, in passing, that they became, all unconsciously, the true emancipators of womanhood. Renan finely and truly observes, "It was they who created the dignity of their sex, precisely because they spoke no word of its rights; they accomplished more than men, while seeming to restrict themselves to men's service."

We have no reason to suppose that these holy women were dedicated to their work by any ceremony, or that they bound themselves by any formal vows. The ecclesiastical organization of those times was of the simplest, and yet it was strong enough to bear the rudest shock of Jewish attacks and of internal controversy; it was rooted and grounded in charity. All was spontaneous, unconstrained, self-devoted, in those spiritual democracies. Their assemblies had more in common with the modern Catholic Confraternity and the modern Methodist Class Meeting—there are points of resemblance with both—than with the modern Church. They met for mutual help, mutual edification, mutual consolation, mutual gladness. Nothing could be more erroneous than the supposition that the extreme purity of their lives was accompanied by Puritanical sourness. Morose and unsocial they seemed to the outside world, when they ran not to the same excess of riot as the Gentiles who knew not God. But among themselves they were bright and happy in the possession of "peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." And "the melody in their hearts" found expression in their assemblies through improvised psalms, hymns and spiritual songs. Glossolaly, or speaking with tongues, still lingered among them—indeed, we find traces of it as late as the third century. But St. Paul, though claiming that peculiar gift for himself in amplest measure, evidently thought slightingly of it in comparison with the more practical powers of edification and consolation manifested by their prophets, or preachers. They were not persons of high intellectual endowments, those Apostolic Christians, or of great social position. They were of the poor of this world. Their only wealth was the Faith. That treasure they guarded with godly jealousy. The standard of orthodoxy was most rigidly enforced. It is a vast error to suppose that St. Paul the Apostle was one whit more tolerant than Saul the Pharisee. It is, indeed, a gross anachronism to import the essentially modern notion of toleration into those times. The Apostolic teaching as to faith and morals was binding under anathema. He who deviated from it was accursed; nor was the curse regarded as merely an empty fulmination, devoid of penal sanction. The secular arm was not, as yet, available to enforce ecclesiastical censures. But the diabolical arm, as the faithful undoubtingly believed, was. A sentence of excommunication was—the phrase is St. Paul's—a sentence of delivery unto Satan for the destruction of the flesh, by the process of physical disease, then commonly attributed to the agency of demons. The end proposed was of course remedial, just as in the subsequent ages the severities of the Holy Office were directed *ad salutem animæ.*

What did the destruction of the flesh matter, provided the spirit was saved in the day of the Lord? It is not too much to say that here we have the Inquisition in germ. To quote an admirable sentence of Bishop Creighton's: "The step from St. Paul's denunciations of false teaching to the practice of the Inquisition, is one which can be filled in by a series of small gradations."[1]

We should not fail here to note how, in this third phase of the Nascent Church, the two chief distinctive rites of the new faith have grown in the consciousness of the faithful. Baptism, as St. Paul brings out with singular fulness and directness, was apprehended as the mystic participation in the great act of redemption—the death of Christ. And the touching practice which had grown up of vicariously administering the regenerating rite to those who had passed away without receiving it, sufficiently testifies to the current belief in its high efficacy. The Eucharist was now definitively separated from the Agape, and St. Paul's exhortations to the Corinthian Christians concerning it, abundantly prove with what deep veneration and religious awe it was regarded. Specially significant is the comparison which he draws between it and the sacrifices of the Jews and the heathen, although we do not find the word "altar" applied to it in any of the New Testament writings, unless perhaps[2] in one well-known passage of the *Epistle to the Hebrews.* Those Apostolic Christians were not versed in the philosophy which led the Western Church, in the Middle Ages, to formulate the doctrine of transubstantiation. But it may safely be affirmed that, like the Easterns, they held the doctrine, though without the formula. They unquestionably regarded the Eucharist as pre-eminently "the mystery of faith:" an effective commemoration, or showing forth, of the death of Christ, in which the sacramental elements, no untrue figure of a thing absent, became verily and indeed, though in some way transcending sense, His body and blood, and the merits of His Passion were realized. Their Eucharistic Offices were scanty and simple, and doubtless varied in the different Churches; but all certainly included that portion of the canon which contains the words of institution. What other portions, if any, of the liturgies we now possess were then employed, there are no means for determining, for it was not until long after that any liturgy was reduced to writing. Apparently a weekly celebration had now taken the place of the daily celebration of the first Church in Jerusalem, and it was held in the evening.

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[1] *Persecution and Tolerance*, p. 60. These words must not be taken as expressing the Bishop's own opinion. They set forth a view which he sought to combat. I may be permitted to express my high appreciation of the whole of my lamented friend's argument in the Lecture where they occur, as an admirable specimen of special pleading.

[2] I say "perhaps" in deference to numerous critics of name who

As regards the polity of the Nascent Church, in that third phase with which we are at present concerned, its distinctive note is the evolution, vague and inchoate indeed, of what is now accounted the second

explain otherwise the word "altar" in Heb. xiii. 10 (ἔχομεν θυσιαστήριον). The passage is doubtless obscure; but the most natural explanation seems to be that the writer is setting the Christian altar against the Jewish altar. See some very judicious remarks in Döllinger's *Christenthum und Kirche in der Zeit der Grundlegung*, Bk. iii. c. 3.

of the Sacred Orders. Elders, probably in most cases popularly chosen, were ordained by the Apostles in every city. The office was doubtless borrowed from the Jewish polity. Every synagogue was administered by a body of officials known by that name. There was nothing in the dress or manner of life of these primitive elders to distinguish them from their brethren. They were grave, earnest men, no longer young, in many respects resembling the worthy functionaries now bearing the same designation in the Scottish Kirk. The word "bishop," when it occurs in the *Acts of the Apostles* or the *Epistles*, merely means "overseer." It is often a synonym for "presbyter." But it is sometimes used in a more general sense, as indeed are the terms "elder" and "deacon." Döllinger is well warranted when he says, "There are no fixed names of [ecclesiastical offices] in the New Testament." Diocesan episcopacy had not then come into definite form, although there is no reason for doubting the extremely ancient and general tradition which attributes to St. Peter a special presidency of the Church at Rome, and to St. James the like pastoral care at Jerusalem. To quote Döllinger again, "The office afterwards called 'episcopal' was not yet marked off; the episcopate slept in the Apostolate." It is in St. Clement's Epistle—which Harnack dates between 93 and 95—that we first find three degrees of Sacred Orders clearly indicated: the Apostolate as exercised by the Apostles themselves, and by "approved men after their death;" the presbyterate; and the diaconate. It is notable that St. Clement himself, whom we are accustomed to speak of, and rightly, as one of the early Bishops of Rome, is called by Irenæus—writing in the middle of the second century—an Apostle.

So much as to Primitive Christianity, the Christianity of the Nascent Church. I suppose one reflection which will occur to the judicious reader is that it differs vastly from any Christianity now discoverable in the world. No doubt it does. But, as La Mennais has admirably observed, "Did any one believe that Christianity has always been what it is to-day, the thing believed in would not be Christianity." Indeed, here the paradox holds good: "Plus ça change et plus c'est la même chose."[1]

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[1] Among the modern books which I have especially kept before me in writing this Chapter, I may here mention the following:—Döllinger's *Christenthum und Kirche in der Zeit der Grundlegung;* Renan's *Les Origines du Christianisme;* Ritschl's *Die Entstehung der altkatholischen Kirche;* Lightfoot's *The Epistles of St. Paul;* Pfleiderer's *Das Urchristenthum;* Ramsay's *The Church in the Roman Empire before* 170, and *St. Paul the Traveller and the Roman Citizen;* Mgr. Duchesne's *Les Origines du Culte Chrétien;* and Harnack's *Die Chronologie der altchristlichen Litteratur bis Eusebius.*

CHAPTER II

THE AGE OF THE MARTYRS

I

CHRONOLOGICAL divisions in history are always more or less arbitrary. The epochs, periods, ages, into which, for the sake of convenience, we parcel out the annals of the world, constantly overlap. The year 70 is a convenient date for marking the close of the first Christian era, because the Fall of Jerusalem, which occurred in that year, freed the new religion from most of the elements of Judaism still adhering to it. But the Age of the Martyrs, regarding which I am now to say something, and which I shall take as extending to the Council of Nicæa in 325, began six years before the Fall of Jerusalem. It was initiated by Nero's persecution in 64. And it may, in strictness, be regarded as closed by the Edict of Toleration published in 313. We must remember that history is living, complex, and contingent: we must be content, in writing it, with approximately correct categories of time.

The development of Christianity from what has been called—I know not whether very happily—the undefined mysticism of its first era, to the Creed formulated at Nicæa, the transformation of its teachers from the itinerant handicraftsmen, who were its earliest ministers, into the organized hierarchy there assembled, is one of the most interesting chapters in the career of our race. But it is a chapter which can never be adequately written. The arrival of St. Paul in Rome marks the beginning of a thick darkness which covers the new Church—a bewildering obscurity as of a London fog, soon to be fitfully illuminated by the lurid glare of the ghastly festivals devised by Nero's fiendish ingenuity for his great persecution. Among the victims of that persecution, according to very ancient tradition, were the Apostles SS. Peter and Paul—the fisherman and the tentmaker, and the future spiritual sovereigns of the Western world. And, as St. Clement writes in his *Epistle*, "Unto these men of holy lives was gathered a vast multitude of the elect." But the achievements and fate of the rest of the Apostolic College—what they did, where they went, how they died—are veiled in impenetrable night. As the second century draws to its close, we find the Christian Church definitely constituted—this is not too much to say—as the greatest moral power the world has ever seen, and as a social power strong enough to disquiet the rulers of Imperial Rome. But how, in that short space of time, its organization grew and its doctrine developed; how the grain of mustard seed, planted by the Galilæan Prophet, sprang up into that great tree, whose leaves were for the healing of the nations, "we know not, and no search will make us know." We are left to a few vague indications and to many uncertain conjectures. As Professor Ramsey observes, "History begins for the Christians late in the second century."

Christianity was probably introduced into Rome about the year 50 by certain disciples from Syria. No doubt the tradition usually followed by Catholic writers, that St. Peter arrived in that city in the year 42, is ancient; and it is supported by the authority of St. Jerome and Eusebius. But there is a strong case against it. It must be erroneous if, as seems most likely, Herod Agrippa's persecution, of which St. Peter was the object, took place in 44. And the silence concerning him in St. Paul's *Epistle to the Romans*, the date of which is almost certainly about the year 58, and in the last Chapter of the *Acts of the Apostles*, relating St. Paul's arrival in Rome in the year 61, strongly militates against it. Mgr. Duchesne appears therefore to speak judiciously when he expresses the opinion that "the twenty-five years of the Roman Pontificate of St. Peter come into contact with rather serious difficulties."[1] But whatever may have been the date of that Apostle's arrival in Rome, it is open to no reasonable doubt, as was observed in the preceding Chapter, that he *did* come there, and teach there, and suffer there. Apart from other evidence—and it is considerable and cogent—the testimony of St. Clement and St. Ignatius—both authorities of the very first order—seems decisive.

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[1] *Les Origines Chrétiennes*, vol. i. p. 73.

It is incredible that St. Clement should have mentioned the martyrdom of SS. Peter and Paul in Rome, unless the fact really happened. It is incredible that St. Ignatius should have spoken of them as the teachers of the Christians at Rome,[1] unless they really were such.

The ecclesiastical historians reckon ten General Persecutions—general, or rather ecumenical, as extending through the *οἰκουμένη*, or Roman Empire, the first of these being Nero's, which began in 64. The reckoning is out of date. Some of these Persecutions were very far from being so widespread as to be rightly called ecumenical. Indeed, it would seem that only to two of them—the Persecution under Decius (249–251), called the Seventh, and to the Persecution under Diocletian and Maximian (303–305, continued by Galerius and Maximin to 311) which is called the Tenth,—can the term be rightly applied.

There appears to be no sufficient reason for questioning the very ancient tradition above spoken of, that SS. Peter and Paul obtained the crown of martyrdom in Nero's Persecution, the occasion of which was supplied by the great fire which burst out in Rome on the 19th of July, 64. Public opinion regarded the Emperor Nero himself as the author of the conflagration. "In order to put down the rumour," writes Tacitus, "he set up as objects of accusation and punishment those whom, already hated for their wickedness, the people called Christians." The sentiment of horror with which Christians regarded the Roman worship and the most venerable fanes devoted to it, their separation from the interests and pleasures of the Pagan population—"the world," which their religion commanded them not to love—still more their expectation of the speedy destruction of the visible frame of things by fire, lent colour to Nero's accusation. But its flimsiness soon became apparent, and the unexpectedly great number of the Christians in Rome having become apparent also, he fell back upon another charge—the charge of "hostility to the human race:" the human race meaning the Roman world; men living according to the Roman manner and customs. The frightful details of his Persecution are given in the well-known passage just quoted from, of Tacitus, who, though writing fifty years after the event, appears entitled to full credit. The Emperor selected his own gardens on the Vatican as the scene of the entertainment, wherewith he ministered to his own savagery and the Roman people's by a spectacle of blood and fire such as the world had never before witnessed. The very spot where now stands the vast basilica of the Prince of the Apostles, and the palace of his successor, served as the arena, with its vast arcades, spina, and obelisk—the very obelisk from Heliopolis, now in the centre of the Piazza of St. Peter's. There, amid "the transports of a fierce and monstrous gladness," Nero drove in his chariot, surveying the tortures of his victims, some burning as torches, some clad in beasts' skins and torn to pieces by dogs, some suffering death in dramas borrowed from the tragedies of ancient Hellas.

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[1] *Οὐχ ὡς Πέτρος καὶ Παῦλος διατᾶσσομαι ὑμῖν.*

The day of this festival was probably the 1st of August, 64, and Renan well remarks, "It was the most solemn day in the history of Christianity since the day on which Jesus expired on Golgotha. The orgy of Nero was the great baptism of blood which marked out Rome as the City of the Martyrs, to play a new part in the history of Christianity, and to be its second Holy City."[1]

II

It is not necessary for my present purpose that I should follow in detail the course of the conflict between the new faith and the Roman Empire. But a few words should here be said as to the cause of it. First we must remember how close was the connection between the Roman ordering of society and the Roman religion. The well-known lines of Horace are literally true—

> "Dis te minorem quod geris imperas :
> Hinc omne principium, huc refer exitum."

Mr. Ramsey does but expand the poet's words when he observes, "The Roman religion was the expression of Roman patriotism, the bond of Roman unity, the pledge of Roman prosperity." To that religion Christianity was utterly opposed. No reconciliation, no compromise, between the two was possible. And this fact soon became apparent to the rulers of

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[1] *Conférences d'Angleterre*, p. 93.

Rome: how soon, indeed, is matter of controversy. Mr. Ramsey thinks that the Christians who suffered under Nero were not martyrs in the strict sense of the word: that their "religion was not in itself a crime." It was later, he observes, that "refusal to comply with the established and official worship of the Emperors" became "a standing charge and the regular test and touchstone of persecution." No doubt that is so. But we may demur when he proceeds to add, "This marks the stage when they suffered for the Name, and when their death constitutes them witnesses (μάρτυρες) to the Name:" a stage which he takes to have begun under the Flavian Emperors. In the *First Epistle of St. Peter*—the genuineness of which no sober critic doubts, and the date of which, *pace* Mr. Ramsey, cannot well be other than 64—reproach for the Name of Christ, in the fiery trial which is to try the faithful, is expressly mentioned as a ground for happiness: suffering as a Christian is accounted a reason for glorifying God. And as Mr. Pullan well argues, in his interesting *History of Early Christianity*, "Tacitus (*Ann.*, xv. 44) says, concerning the Christians who suffered under Nero, *igitur primum correpti qui fatebantur.* What did they confess? Obviously not the charge of incendiarism. For Tacitus believes that the charge was false, and that the populace ultimately regarded it as false. The populace would have changed its opinion if Christians had confessed the crime. The only alternative is to believe that they confessed that they were Christians. Nero took advantage of the confession, and punished them for their religion." "The charge of incendiarism brought against the Christians was altered into the wider and safer accusation of *odium humani generis*. To save his own reputation, Nero was obliged to treat the burning of Rome as a comparatively incidental expression of a general hostility to civilization. He was thus able to incriminate men whose only crime was their religion. He assumed that their religion was a crime." "Persecution for the Name—or what amounted to persecution for the Name—might have happened at any time since A.D. 64. The Christian might be liable to capital punishment either for disobedience to the State, involved in the refusal to worship the public gods, or for legal atheism—a charge from which they could not shelter themselves by a profession of the Jewish religion.[1] They might also be treated as guilty of high treason for refusal to worship the Emperor."

It is easy to understand why the Imperial Power regarded Christianity as an irreconcilable foe. The very fundamental principle upon which the Empire rested was that no organization distinct from its own could exist side by side with it. The Church, upon the other hand, claims to be a kingdom, spiritual, it is true, but visible, with a right to rule, direct, condemn, or absolve her subjects, in complete independence of other authority. Internal organic unity is one of her main notes, marking her off from the other two great religions, Buddhism and Islām, which, like her, profess universality. It was the most striking difference between her and the cults and philosophies which surrounded her in the Roman Empire; the difference, I mean, which would most forcibly strike the Imperial authorities, and which, as a matter of fact, was the very gist of their accusations of her. True was the instinct which prompted the unbelieving Jews of Thessalonica to raise against St. Paul and St. Silas the cry of contravening the decrees of Cæsar by saying, "There is another King, one Jesus." It was a charge of *læsa majestas;* the charge that, of all others, would appeal strongly to the rulers of the Roman State, and most strongly to the best among them—to men like Trajan, Antoninus, Marcus Aurelius, and Hadrian, who believed the cause of civilization to be bound up with the Empire, which, as the Greek rhetorician said, with the picturesque exaggeration of his profession, had made of the world one city; for which the great geographer of antiquity claimed that "it had taught humanity to man." Well might those politic princes, as they surveyed from their high place their ecumenical domain, and considered the splendour of the literary and philosophical achievements, the sagacity of the jurisprudence, the stability of the organization, guarded by "the immense majesty of the Roman peace"—well might they be led to safeguard all this greatness by every means in their power; well might they resolve to put down, by the severest penalties, a revolutionary sect that counted it all as dross in comparison of a visionary life to come, preached by One who was dead, but whom His fanatical followers affirmed to be alive, and shortly to return, to judge the world by fire. If ever *Kulturkampf* was set on foot with a specious air of justification, it was this. It failed. The victory remained with the spiritual order. Paganism may be said to have been conquered with its own weapon. It recognized no law but the right of the strongest. And love is stronger than death. Of what avail to slay those who counted not their lives dear in the service of their invisible King—nay, who judged that by losing life for Him they, in the truest sense, found it?

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[1] A *religio licita*, which Christianity was not.

I do not understand how any one who knows the records of those times can shut his eyes to a plain fact of history. It was from the Person of Jesus Christ appealing to them as at once human and Divine, when they gazed upon it, uplifted on the cross, that the strength of the martyrs came. The aged Bishop, journeying to the place where the lions awaited him, "still alive, but longing to die," writes to his flock, "Now do I begin to be Christ's disciple." The tender Sicilian maiden looks calmly upon her bleeding bosom, mutilated by the persecutor's knife, as she reflects, "I shall not be less beautiful in the eyes of my heavenly Bridegroom." Sanctus the deacon, his limbs covered with plates of burning brass, so that his body was one entire wound, and deprived of the form of man, would but say to all the questions of his tormentors, "I am a Christian," and, as those who stood by testified, remained upright and unshrinking, "bathed and strengthened in the heavenly fount of living water which flowed from the Heart of Christ." Eusebius speaks of the crowds whom he beheld in

Egypt offering themselves to death. "Scarcely was sentence pronounced against the first company, before a second presented themselves at the tribunal to profess themselves Christians, with joy and gladness receiving the capital sentence, singing hymns and returning thanks until their last breath." They endured, that noble army of martyrs, in the strength of Him whom, not having seen, they loved. The one feeling which dominated them and their brethren who gazed with envy upon their passion, and who reared their humble shrines, was jubilation at becoming partakers of Christ's sufferings. I know of no more conspicuous instance of overmastering, blinding prejudice, than that which is afforded by those who can read the early history of the Christian Church, the genuine *Acts of the Martyrs*, the *Peristephanon* of Prudentius—that sublime monument of primitive faith and worship—and not discern this most patent fact. Whether or no we are to believe the legend which represents the dying Emperor to have said, "Galilæan, Thou hast conquered!"[1] the words express the literal and exact truth. The victory of Christianity was the personal victory of its Founder. It was no body of doctrine, no code of ethics, but the Prophet of Nazareth himself, whom men slew and hanged upon a tree, that triumphed over the majesty of the Cæsars, and founded upon the ruins of the ancient Roman polity a mightier and more enduring empire.

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[1] I suppose the Νενίκηκας Γαλιλαῖε of Theodoret—*auctor mihi valde suspectus*—must be relegated to the domain of the fabulous. But it is one of those fables that are truer than most facts.

III

But the Age of the Martyrs was not only the Age of the victory of the invisible King, of the triumph of His soldiers—so they delighted to call themselves—equipped not with carnal but with spiritual weapons, over principalities and powers and the rulers of the darkness of this world. It was also, as has been previously intimated, the Age in which His Kingdom was manifested as a universal organization, in which "the Gospel," to quote the quaint phrase of De Wette, "was expanded into the Church." Dogma, ritual, polity, alike developed from the seed which, according to the Evangelical similitude, the Great Sower had cast into the religious consciousness of mankind. Let us dwell a little on this, if only in the barest outline, which, indeed, is all that is possible here.

I suppose the day is done when any one of even average intelligence can maintain the old, unhistorical view of Christian dogma—the view which represents it as having sprung, full formed, from the Divine Founder of Christianity, like Pallas from the head of Zeus. As a matter of fact, devotion comes before creeds. Religious sentiment is prior to the doctrines in which it embodies itself, by a process as gradual as necessary, by a natural and unconscious evolution. Hegel was well warranted in the scorn which he expressed for the "religion without dogma," so highly recommended by some of his contemporaries. Dogma is as essential to religion as language to thought. Neither the one nor the other can exist without symbols. True, the symbolized is greater and deeper and older than the symbols: "Alles vergängliche ist nur ein Gleichness." The ideas are eternal and unchanging: the symbols, depending, as they do, in great part, upon the intellectual culture of the times, are subject to development. To live is to change: and religions, like languages, are in a perpetual state of metamorphosis so long as they are alive. But this view of dogma does not in the least deny or impugn the Christian revelation. The facts of the Divine Life, with their redemptive and recreative energy, are not the subject of evolution. The significance of these facts has been gradually apprehended; and the formulas, in which the Catholic Church embodies its appreciation and interpretation of them, have been slowly elaborated to express and protect them. It is impossible to deny this without shutting our eyes to the plainest lessons of ecclesiastical history. But we cannot allow for one moment that the gradual growth of the Christian creed—*occulto velut arbor ævo*—supplies a valid argument against it, any more than we can allow that facts established by modern exegesis concerning the date, authorship, scientific conceptions, or historical assertions of the Christian Sacred Books, affect their real claim upon our religious reverence.

So much in general as to the evolution of dogma. The Age of the Martyrs is of especial interest as exhibiting the swift germination of what was latent in the idea of Christ. Take, for example, the doctrine of His Divinity. I suppose all the later teaching may be said to have been implicitly contained in the proposition with which St. Paul begins the *Epistle to the Romans*, that He "was declared to be the Son of God with power, according to the Spirit of Holiness, by the resurrection from the dead." And we may clearly trace the development of that teaching in the three centuries after these words were written. First—of course, I touch only upon the more salient points—Justin Martyr, in a curious passage, speaks of Him as a second God. Tertullian, later in the second century, insists upon His consubstantiality and equality with the Eternal Father. In the next, Origen maintains His eternal generation, but thought Him worthy of a secondary honour after the God of all. The word "Trinity" appears to have been used first by Theophilus in the second century; but his teaching, both as to the Second and Third of the Divine Persons, is vague and confused. Early in the fourth century, St. Athanasius, "contending for the proportion of faith," maintains the orthodox view of the full and perfect Godhead of Christ, and the Nicene Council embodies it in the well-known Symbol. It may be noted that this Symbol originally ended with the words, "I believe in the Holy Ghost." Fifty years afterwards, what such belief implies, was unfolded by the additions to the Creed made by the Council of Constantinople, which contain more precise statements regarding the Divine Spirit. How vaguely that term was used in the Early Church has been succinctly pointed out by Cardinal Newman: "The word 'Spirit,' if the Fathers are to be our expositors, means sometimes Almighty God without distinction of Persons, sometimes the Son, and more commonly the Holy Ghost."[1]

IV

And as the idea of Christ thus swiftly grew in the Christian consciousness, and found dogmatic expression, so did the idea of the Communion of Saints, His mystical body. The Martyrs who had witnessed for Him a good confession, and had thus merited a share in His glory, were regarded as being still the helpers and the advocates of the Church militant here on earth, and speedily became the objects of an enthusiastic devotion. The Fathers of the Council of Trent were entirely warranted in asserting the authority of "the primitive times of Christianity" for the doctrine that "the Saints, who reign together with Christ, offer up their own prayers to God for men; that it is good and useful suppliantly to invoke them; that veneration and honour are due to their relics." Possibly the germ of this devotion may be found in Judaism. The great Rabbis, after their decease, were believed to help their disciples by their merits and intercession; and the ancient Hebrew practice of visiting graves, there to supplicate for the sick, is thus explained by the mystics: "The dead then pray for the suffering ones to God, and, indeed, with greater efficacy, because they stand nearer to God." It seems natural, therefore, that the author of the *Apocalypse* should believe the Martyrs to intercede for their brethren fighting the good fight here below. It is certain that this belief soon filled the hearts of men, and that the doctrine and practice of the invocation of the Saints, and of the veneration of their relics, became firmly established in the Church from the very beginning of the second century. The *Acts* of the early Martyrs—I speak, of course, of the genuine *Acts*—are replete with evidence of this. And so—to quote no other authority—is the *Peristephanon* of Prudentius. It is true that Prudentius wrote in the fourth century. But he is entitled to fullest credit as an expositor of the thought of the third century, and even of the second: he is the spokesman of the whole Age of the Martyrs. Poets do but reflect and embellish the traditions of their times: they do not create them. They may stereotype beliefs: they do not invent a devotion or originate a doctrine. They are the echoes, nay, the emanations, of popular sentiment. They merely put into rhythmic form the ideas which they find prevailing. And their testimony is the more valuable because it is undesigned and indirect. I shall have to speak again of Prudentius in the Fourth Chapter. I note here that it was as triumphant witnesses for Christ that those who suffered death for Him received religious reverence, though the name "Martyr" was not originally restricted to them. The distinction between Martyr and Confessor was not fixed before the Decian Persecution.

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[1] Cardinal Newman's *Athanasius*, vol. ii. p. 304.

The Martyrs were the first Saints, in the technical sense of the word: the first whose intercession was invoked, whose relics were honoured, to whom churches were dedicated. And, gradually, the Virgin Mother of Christ came to be regarded as Queen of Martyrs, Queen of all Saints. It was probably not until after the period with which this Chapter is concerned, that she attained that prominent place since held by her in the devotion alike of the Western and the Eastern Church.[1] But when the Council of Ephesus in 431 decreed to her the title of Theotokos—"Mater Dei," "Mother of God," are clumsy translations, although the best which the Latin and English tongues allow—it only set its seal to a term, as Cardinal Newman observes, "which was familiar to Christians from primitive times and used, among other writers, by Origen, Eusebius, St. Alexander, St. Ambrose, St. Gregory Nazianzen, St. Gregory Nyssen, and St. Nilus."[2] In truth, the subsequent explications—even the very latest—of the doctrine received by Christians concerning the Blessed Virgin, spring naturally from the conception of her as "the Second Eve," which was a commonplace in the Early Church, and are but the logical result of what is said about her in well-known passages of St. Irenæus. It is extremely improbable that this Father ever dreamed of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception. It is just as improbable that he would have experienced the slightest difficulty in receiving it.

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[1] But there can be no doubt that the devotion in the Early Church to the Blessed Virgin is generally underrated. On this subject see Lehner's *Die Marienverehrung in den ersten Jahrhunderten*, and the Sixth Chapter of Rösler's *Der Katholische Dichter Aurelius Prudentius Clemens*, Part II.

[2] *Essay on the Development of Christian Doctrine*, p. 145 (new edition).

V

Again. In the Age of the Martyrs we find the ever-growing exaltation of the state of detachment and self-denial subsequently called "the religious life," which was so potently to affect Modern Civilization. It was the natural fruit of the growth of the idea of Christ in the Christian consciousness. His Passion, in which the Martyrs shared, was but the supreme consummation of an earthly existence of sacrifice. And to follow closely "the blessed steps of His most holy life," soon became the supreme desire of multitudes who were not called to the fellowship of His sufferings. He himself had indicated the surrender of family ties, the choice of voluntary poverty, the practice of voluntary obedience, as the conditions of perfection. From the first we may discern the efforts of ardent souls to follow these counsels, to take this yoke upon them. As we saw in the last Chapter, among those earliest disciples of whom we have an account in the initial portion of the *Acts of the Apostles*, private property did not exist. St. Paul's writings and the *Apocalypse* afford clear evidence of the recognition of religious celibacy as a higher and holier state than matrimony. And on well-nigh every page of the *Acts of the Apostles* and the *Epistles*, there are indications of that unquestioning sacrifice of the individual will which prevailed among the primitive Christians. But we do not find the monastic state, properly so called, either in the Nascent Church or in the Age of the Martyrs. Nuns, using the word in the widest sense, are a much more ancient institution in Christianity than monks. In the Church of the first three centuries the sacred or ecclesiastical virgins[1] were held in the highest honour; but they did not live together in community, nor, apparently, until some time in the third century, did they make public or solemn vows. St. Augustine seems to have been the first to prescribe a rule of life for the religious women under his direction, who were bound to poverty, but not to strict enclosure. In the middle of the second century there are indications of Christian ascetics as a distinct class, which in the third century becomes more sharply defined. And before the fourth century is far advanced, that asceticism begins to assume a corporate character. St. Paul the Hermit, whose life St. Jerome has written, and St. Anthony of Egypt, we should perhaps regard as the founders of monasticism. But St. Pachomius, who early in the fourth century built monasteries in the Thebaid, appears to have been the originator of the cœnobite life. In these holy men we may recognize the forefathers of the religious of future ages, just as they are the spiritual children of the Christians of the first age. Cassian puts the matter quite accurately when he writes—

> "Those who preserved the Apostolical fervour, recalling

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[1] "Les vierges sacrées, aux quelles on adjoint les veuves restées fidèles, après un court mariage, à la profession de viduité, forment comme une aristocratie dans la communanté des fidèles."—Duchesne, *Les Origines du Culte Chrétien*, p. 406.

primitive perfection, quitted towns, and the society of such as believed themselves permitted to live with less severity: they began to choose secret and retired places, and to practise for themselves, and in private, the things which they remembered to have been appointed by the Apostles for the whole body of the Church in general. Thus began the formation of the discipline of those who had quitted the contagion of the world, as they lived separate from the rest of the faithful: abstaining from marriage, and having no communication with the world, even with their own families. In the progress of time, they were called monks, or μονάζοντες, in consideration of their singular and solitary life."[1]

VI

Once more. Christianity, like the other great world-religions, soon experienced the need of Sacred Books of its own. And very early in the Age of the Martyrs there were collections of the literature concerning the Person and office of Christ, though unquestionably, for a time, Apostolic tradition, orally transmitted, was the sole rule of faith and practice. No doubt the Christians of the first century cannot be described as being, in any sense, "Bible Christians," for the simple reason that they had not "the Bible." They had, of course, the *Old Testament*, and it was very highly prized by them: they seem, indeed, to have regarded it as inspired, literally. In the middle of the second century, however, an inchoate *New Testament* made its appearance. I suppose I need hardly say that the genesis of the documents composing the *New Testament*, as it now exists, is a subject which has greatly exercised the doctors of what is called "the higher criticism," without their attaining to very clear conclusions. Thus, concerning the origin of the Gospels, as we have them—to speak of those treatises only—these learned men radiate but dim and uncertain light. There is an assertion of St. Irenæus that St. Matthew wrote his book when SS. Peter and Paul were preaching in Rome and forming the Church there. The chief masters of modern exegesis, while inclining to accept this statement of St. Irenæus, think that as St. Peter probably knew little or no Greek, St. Matthew's book was composed in Aramaic; and that the book purporting to be his, which we now possess, was derived from that Aramaic original, and enriched with liberal additions and interpolations; but they do not deny that it was given to the world early in the second century. St. Irenæus also tells us that St. Luke wrote down in his book "the Gospel which Paul preached." The critics above referred to, while recognizing "the prevailing Pauline tendency" of the book called after St. Luke, and referring it, largely, to the Aramaic original of St. Matthew's Gospel, allow that in its present form it was produced not many years later than the work bearing the name of that Evangelist. The Second of our Gospels, probably derived, they tell us, from the same Aramaic source as the First and Third, they account the oldest of the three; and concede that it may not improbably have existed before the year

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[1] *Conlatio*, 18, c. v.

100. As to the Fourth Gospel, Dr. Davidson wrote, a quarter of a century ago, that "the Johannine authorship has receded before the tide of modern criticism, which, though arbitrary at times, is here irresistible."[1] But of late the view that this Gospel is virtually the work of St. John himself, the record, by his disciples, of his memories and conversations, has found increasing acceptance among the learned. Anyhow, it certainly existed in the year 140, and may have existed long before. Harnack thinks that its date is not later than 110, and may be as early as Catholic tradition avers. Whatever opinion we may form on these obscure and difficult topics, regarding which I do not feel myself competent to express any opinion at all, and which do not specially interest me,—certain it is that the writings constituting our *New Testament* speedily obtained reverence as possessing Divine authority, and came to be regarded as inspired in the same sense as the Jewish Sacred Books. No doubt, until the middle of the second century, writings now relegated to a lower place were considered as belonging to the most authoritative class of Christian literature: for example, the *Epistles of St. Barnabas* and *St. Clement*, the *Apocalypse of St. Peter*, and the *Shepherd of Hermas.* Justin Martyr seems to have considered the *Acts of Pilate* and the *Gospel of the Hebrews* inspired. The attempt—apparently the first—which we find in the second half of the second century at a canon of the New Testament, is of uncertain origin and of dubious authority, as, indeed, might have been expected. Even

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[1] *The Canon of the Bible*, by Samuel Davidson, D.D., p. 127.

in the canon given by Eusebius, in his *Ecclesiastical History*, the *Epistle of St. James*, the *Second Epistle of St. Peter*, the *Second and Third Epistles of St. John*, and the *Apocalypse* of that Apostle, are included, not among "the writings generally received," but among those "controverted." It is notable that the Nicæan Council decided nothing about a Scripture canon, and, so far as we know, did not even consider the subject. Perhaps the reason was that there appears then to have been a practical unanimity among Christians concerning it; or, to use the words of Dr. Davidson, "a certain spiritual consciousness manifested itself throughout the East and West in the matter." In 332 Eusebius, by order of the Emperor Constantine, compiled a New Testament canon which obtained general acceptance, and which appears to have included all the New Testament writings now received, except the *Apocalypse*.

VII

Even more striking than the development of a canon of Scripture in the Age of the Martyrs, is the development of the Church's ritual. From the first, the great act of Christian worship was the Eucharist, in which Christ was believed both to be given to, and to be offered by, the faithful. For myself, I cannot doubt that this is the liturgizing,[1] the "ministering to the Lord," mentioned in a well-known passage of the *Acts of the Apostles*. But, as was observed in the last Chapter, the liturgies of those early disciples were very scanty and simple. The undeveloped ritual of the Eucharist in the *Didache* has led M. Sabatier to place its date in the middle of the first century. But it does not seem that even in the time of Justin Martyr the development had proceeded very far. It may be worth while to quote, from his *First Apology*, written in 152, his account of the Christian Sacrifice, as he calls it, holding it to be "the pure oblation" foretold by the Prophet Malachi.

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[1] *Λειτουργούντων δὲ αὐτῶν τῷ Κυρίῳ* (Acts xiii. 2). The fact that fasting is represented to have accompanied the liturgizing, certainly points to this meaning of the word *λειτουργούντων*, for in the Primitive Church

> "On the day of the Sun[1] all those who inhabit towns or villages assemble in one place; and the memoirs of the Apostles, or the books of the Prophets are read, as long as time permits. Then, the reader having finished, he who presides exhorts the people with suitable words to the imitation of these good things. Next, we all rise together

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fasting and the Eucharist went together. So Prudentius, in his "Hymnus Jejunantium" (the VIIth of the *Cathemerinon*) says of fasting—

"Hoc est quod atri livor hostis invidet,
Mundi polique quod gubernator probat,
Altaris aram quod facit placabilem."

[1] Mgr. Duchesne writes: "Possibly the choice [by Christians] of this day had not been originally dictated by any hostility to Jewish practices, but solely by the desire of having, beside the ancient sabbath, which they celebrated with their brethren of Israel, a day consecrated to meetings exclusively Christian. The idea of transferring to the Sunday the solemnity of the sabbath, with all its requirements, is an idea foreign to Primitive Christianity. . . . The Sunday was originally juxtaposed to the sabbath; and as the breach between the Church and the Synagogue widened, the sabbath became less important, and ended by being completely neglected."—*Origines du Culte Chrétien*, p. 46.

and offer hearty prayers in common, for ourselves and for those who had been just baptized, as for all others in whatsoever country, that, having acquired the knowledge of the truth, we may be counted worthy by our works also to be found good citizens and keepers of the commandments, so that we may be saved with an everlasting salvation. Having ended the prayers, we salute each other with a kiss. Then are offered to the President of the brethren, bread and wine mixed with water, having received which things, he gives glory and praise to the Father of the universe through the Name of the Son and of the Holy Spirit, and continues for some time in the rendering of thanks for our being counted worthy to receive these things from His hands. These prayers and thanksgivings being finished, all the people assisting express their assent by saying 'Amen.' This word 'Amen' answers in the Hebrew language to γένοιτο. And when the President has given thanks, and all the people have expressed their assent, those who are called by us deacons, give to each of those present to partake of the bread and wine mixed with water over which the thanksgiving was pronounced, and to those who are absent they carry away a portion. And this divine food is called among us the Eucharist, of which, assuredly, no one is allowed to partake but the man who believes that the things which we teach are true, and who has been washed with the washing which is for the remission of sins and unto regeneration, and who is so living as Christ has enjoined. For not as common bread and common drink do we receive these; but in like manner as Jesus Christ our Saviour having been made flesh by the Word of God, had both flesh and blood for our salvation, so likewise have we been taught that the food which is blessed by the prayers of His Word, and from which our flesh and blood by transmutation are nourished, is the flesh and blood of that Jesus who was made flesh. For the Apostles in the memoirs composed by them which are called Gospels, have thus delivered unto us what was enjoined upon them: that Jesus took bread and after rendering thanks, said, '*Do this in* *remembrance of Me: this is My body;'* and that after the same manner, having taken the cup and given thanks, He said, '*This is My blood.*'"[1]

This simple worship was invested with ever-growing solemnity in the first three centuries; but few details of the process are known to us. Pope Sixtus I. (132) is said to have ordained that none should touch the sacred vessels save priests and deacons. A century later it is recorded that Pope Zephyrinus prohibited the use of any other material than gold and silver for the sacramental chalice; and Pope Urban I. (226) is said to have bestowed sacred vessels of gold, and lamps in silver, upon various churches. The clergy officiated in the classic white vestments ordinarily worn by Roman citizens; nor, indeed, were they laid aside until the ninth century. It was in the time of Constantine that the Bishops first assumed purple raiment. The earliest altar was a plain wooden table; but soon the Eucharistic Sacrifice was celebrated on the tombs of the martyrs; and in the third century the original wooden altar appears to have been generally superseded by a structure of solid stone with relics inserted in a cavity under the *mensa*. At this period few churches had more than one altar.

"In the early Church concelebration was the rule: the bishop, that is, used to consecrate with the presbyters around him, and with the other bishops, should any be present . . .

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[1] It is curious, as Mgr. Duchesne points out, that of the four elements of public worship borrowed by the Church from the Synagogue—lection, sermon, prayers, and singing of Psalms—the last is not here mentioned by St. Justin, *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, p. 49.

This concurrence was the common Roman practice in the sixth century. . . . Authors disagree as to the date when private mass, that is, mass celebrated by a presbyter alone, was first permitted. . . . At Rome the Solemnity of the Mass at first began with long readings from the historical books and Prophets, ending with a long *collecta*, or prayer said by the Bishop, who entered for the purpose. This formed the *catechumens' mass;* but in other places the catechumens were not dismissed until the Gospel had been read. This service up to the collecta was conducted by the deacons. The *missa fidelium* was incorporated with this previous service, and both together formed the missa, or mass, which was already in use in the fourth century. Even the present high mass does not adequately represent this great corporate act, in which people, presbyters, deacons, and bishop each had their part."[1]

And now I will put before my readers the complete and vivid account of the ritual of the Eucharist in the fourth century, given by Hemans, in his learned but little-known work on *Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art.*

"Primitive worship was, as we have seen, simple, pure, intelligible. With the reports of its character in earlier times we may now confront what authorities state respecting its more majestic and complex celebration in the fourth century. St. Cyril of Jerusalem supplies the fullest details (*Mystagog.*, v.) as to the sacramental rites which had already been called 'Missa' (hence 'Mass'—the Latin term being first used in that sense by St. Ambrose, *Ep.* liv., date 385); mentioning in due order the preparatory ablutions at the altar (significant of the purification of the soul for holiest ministry), the kiss of peace, the chanted preface beginning with the exhortation, 'Lift up your hearts;' the *Sanctus;* the Consecration, followed by prayers for the Universal Church, for Rulers, the sick and afflicted, and the faithful departed; finally, the general communion in both kinds, all receiving the Host in the right, laid across the left hand; all present being invited to the altar in words sung to heavenly music, 'Taste and see that Christ is the Lord.' Much analogy with the Latin High Mass of the present day is here apparent; and yet the discrepancies are also marked. Though the doctrine of the Real Presence is emphatically enounced by St. Cyril, no mention is made of the elevation or adoration of the Eucharist; and the communion of all present in both kinds appears to have been invariable—indeed, obligatory. The clergy officiated in long white vestments (see the ancient mosaics in Rome's churches), over which a *pallium* (or woollen band studded with black crosses) was worn by the Bishop, not otherwise distinguished as yet either by mitre or by crozier. Incense sent up its fragrant cloud, emblem of the sentiment that adores and the rite that consecrates; precious balsams burned in the sanctuary; and a profusion of lights from candelabra or pendant lamps (around and above, but not upon, the altar) illumined the sacred scene. The consecration was usually in unleavened bread, and wine with a little water, set apart out of the oblations made by the faithful for such use, and for the support of their ministers; offerings which were in various kinds—corn and oil, birds, fruit, legumes, milk, honey, besides bread, wine, and incense; sometimes also in money; these offerings not being brought into the church, but into the *oblationarium* (or *gazophylacium*), where the deacons examined them to ascertain whether they were worthy—that is, presented by worthy subjects. The Eucharist, in one kind, was reserved either in a silver tabernacle, or pendant dove of some precious material, thus to be ready, as required, for the communion of the sick or captives: travellers also being allowed to carry it with them on long journeys for a participation which, of course, was private; and the Hermits of the desert had the frequent privilege of retaining it in their solitude. How the ancient practice of reserving the Holy Eucharist, and sending it to those unable to communicate in public worship, appears from the affecting story of the young martyr, an acolyte (see 'Acts of Pope St. Stephen'), who was beaten to death in a Roman street for refusing to discover that sacred object he had been entrusted to convey, and which his persecutors sought for in vain on his person! The communion in one kind, that of the cup, seems to have been early adopted for children; in other cases but rarely and within a few dioceses alone. . . . Liturgies,[1] it is evident, were for the first three centuries handed down to use in the several churches, different, though all formed on a common type, without being ever drawn up in writing; in this respect liberty being the rule, the large constitution of the Primitive Church allowing each Bishop to compose a new, or alter an ancient liturgy, without reference to other arbitration. . . . Prayer for the dead certainly prevailed, and took established form at a very early period. . . . At Solemn Mass their names, with those of all the living entitled to the Church's prayers, used to be read from the 'diptych' by some subordinate minister on the anniversaries of their decease, and what is now known as the Requiem Mass would be celebrated."

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[1] *The Liturgy in Rome*, by M.A.R.T., p. 4. I am glad to have an opportunity of calling attention to this most admirable handbook, and to the others of the same series.

Thus during the Age of the Martyrs was the celebration of the Eucharistic Sacrifice invested with ever-growing solemnity, practices gradually becoming rites, and rites developing into ceremonies more or less significant, more or less complicated. It was *the* act of Christian worship at which alone the attendance of the faithful was obligatory; the solemn and supreme function of the religion of Christ. We should note, in passing, that the ritual of the other great Sacrament of the New Law also received expansion during the Age of the Martyrs. The forehead, ears, eyes, and breast of the neophyte were anointed with consecrated chrism; salt was placed on his tongue; he was clothed in white robes, and, after a triple immersion,[1] he was fed with milk and honey. It may also be observed that, throughout the Age of the Martyrs, there is abundant evidence of various religious practices still obtaining both in the Latin and Greek Churches, but discarded by most Protestant sects. The use of the sign of the cross and of holy water certainly dates from a very early period of Christianity. The same may be said of sacramental confession, which appears in the Age of the Martyrs to have been sometimes public, sometimes private—that is, addressed to a priest. But the penitential discipline of the Early Church is too large and difficult a subject to be entered upon here.

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[1] It is hardly necessary to say that they were all originally in the predominant vernacular of the country.

VIII

It remains, before concluding this Chapter, to speak of the development of the ecclesiastical organization of Christianity in the Age of the Martyrs: of the growth into an ecumenical polity of the visible kingdom of Christ, the invisible King. And here, although as to many details we have but little light, the main facts stand out in clearest outline. The Seven Epistles of St. Ignatius, who suffered at Rome about 110, constitute a document the authenticity of which is, I suppose I may say, universally admitted, and the authority of which is of the very first order.[1] Now, what Cardinal Newman calls "their pronounced ecclesiasticism" is most significant. As he observes, they present to us "the Catholic system, not in an inchoate state, not in doubtful dawnings, not in mere tendencies, or in implicit teaching, or in temper, or in surmises, but in a definite, complete, and dogmatic form."[2] There can be no question at all that when St. Ignatius wrote, the term *episcopus* had become specialized. It denotes, technically, the religious office of a Bishop, in the sense which the word has ever since borne in the Christian Church. For him, the Bishop is the ruler who claims obedience by right Divine, whose authority is of Apostolic origin, and who is the pledge and instrument of unity, for he speaks of Bishops as "established unto the ends of the earth." Probably we should not be wrong in dating the specialization of the term "Bishop" at the beginning of the second century. In St. Clement's Epistle, written in 97, the word bears its New Testament sense as synonymous with "presbyter." But St. Clement clearly recognizes a threefold ministry: he speaks of "approved men" as a class distinct from the presbyters or episcopoi and the deacons, and as appointed by the Apostles. What is certain is, that in the middle of the second century we find episcopacy, as we understand the word, established as the universal form of government in the Christian Church. Equally certain is it that we must seek the key to the interpretation of the Apostolic Age in the age which succeeded it. What was matured in the second, in the third century, was present, in germ, in the first.

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[1] I should observe that "immersion" does not necessarily mean total immersion. In the representations of the administration of baptism found on the ancient monuments, the neophyte stands in the water, which the celebrant pours over him. As Mgr. Duchesne observes, "L'immersion dont parlent les anciens textes n'est pas autre chose que l'affusion actuelle, pratiquée sans doute avec plus d'abondance, mais sans différence essentielle."—*Les Églises Separées*, p. 95.

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[1] Renan thought them spurious, but I doubt if any scholar of name now takes that view. Renan's critical faculty was far below his constructive.

[2] *Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. i. p. 222.

But more. At this very early period we find not merely episcopacy: we find, at all events the rudiments of the hierarchy which was to come. Each Church was ruled by its Bishop; but it was not an isolated organization. From the first, the Christians of all countries felt themselves to be brethren in Christ: members as of Him, so of one another. It is certain that this conception of the catholicity of the Church prevailed from the very beginning; and in the earliest times it was kept alive by the all-pervading activity of Apostles and Apostolic men, who went everywhere, instructing, warning, encouraging their brethren. When those times passed away, the unity and catholicity of the Church were destined to find expression in its hierarchy, grouped around Rome and the Roman Bishop.

"Jerusalem," writes Mgr. Duchesne, "existed only as a remembrance. Clearly the Holy City was not predestined to become the metropolis of Christianity. It was to the great Babylon of the West, so cursed by Jewish Prophets, that this part fell. Though situated at the extremity of the Greek world—nay, beyond it—Rome was the centre to which all the world gravitated. From the moment that Christianity aimed at embracing the whole Orbis Romanus, it could have no other capital. Besides, Rome was consecrated by the preaching and the martyrdom of the two greatest Apostles. The memory of them was still fresh. The other missionary Apostles, except St. John, had disappeared without leaving precise recollections. Legend, which soon fastened on them, appears to have had all the more freedom, since it met only with some fugitive traditions. Rome, capital of the empire, see of St. Peter, shrine of the Apostles, became, without opposition, the metropolis of the Church."[1]

Evidence of this hierarchical princedom—I use the expression advisedly—of Rome, is found very early in the Age of the Martyrs. Even before the capture of Jerusalem by Titus, the authority of the Christian Church in the Holy City, gathered around and dominated by the family of Jesus, had begun to wane. The victory of the Roman general reduced it to a secondary rank. The Church in Rome grew into ever-increasing importance and predominance. And before the first century is over, we see its Bishop, St. Clement, intervening, unasked, in the dissensions of the Church of Corinth, and speaking as one having authority like that of a modern Pope.[2] His place in the order of the Roman Bishops is, perhaps, not quite certain, though it can hardly be doubted that he sat at the feet, and learnt the doctrine, of SS. Peter and Paul. It *is* quite certain, to quote the picturesque words of Renan, that, "enveloped and half lost, as he is, in the luminous dust of a far-gone past, he is one of the great figures of nascent Christianity, out of which he looks upon us like an old, half-effaced fresco of Giotto, still recognizable by his aureole of gold, and by some vague tints of a radiance at once pure and sweet."[1]

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[1] *Origines du Culte Chrétien*, p. 14.

[2] Thus, for example (I use Dr. Salmon's translation), "If any disobey the words spoken through us, let them know that they will entangle

We may say that from his time the ecclesiastical destiny of Rome was fixed as the centre of unity, the source of authority, "the Mother and Mistress of all the Churches." And thus a hundred years later we find St. Irenæus, in his work *Against Heresies*, using language which seems quite conclusive as to the position the Roman Church then occupied. In the Third Book of this treatise, written some time between 184 and 192, he maintains that the faithful everywhere must resort to it, as containing the quintessence of the tradition of the whole Church, and insists upon its "potentior principalitas"[2]—an authority, or rather primacy, derived, as the whole tenor of his argument shows him to have held, from its foundation by the "two most glorious Apostles Peter and Paul."

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themselves in transgression and no small danger." "You will cause us joy and exaltation if, obeying the things written by us through the Holy Spirit, you cut off the lawless passions of your jealousy."

[1] *Conférences de Angleterre*, p. 126.

[2] We have only the Latin translation of this work; the words are, "Ad hanc ecclesiam, propter potentiorem principalitatem, necesse est omnem convenire ecclesiam."

It is no wonder that Ziegler, in his learned monograph, speaks of St. Irenæus not only as recognizing in Rome "the most suitable, natural, and therefore necessary centre of unity for the whole Church," but also as "passing, so to speak, prophetically beyond himself, and anticipating the Papal Church of the future." [1]

"The Papal Church of the future." The phrase suggests a caution which, perhaps, may be not unnecessary before we proceed further. We must be ever upon our guard against that "fatal imposture and force of words" which leads us to transport into far-off ages the thoughts of later times. True as this is of history generally, it is especially true of ecclesiastical history. Thus we are accustomed to speak of the rulers of the Roman Church, from the first, as Popes—and, in a sense, we rightly so speak. But it is well to remember that they did not specially designate themselves by that title till long after the Age of the Martyrs. The word, borrowed from a Greek original, which is a childlike term of endearment for "father," was applied originally to all the clergy, as it is at this day in the Eastern Church. After a few centuries—one cannot speak more precisely—it appears to have been restricted, in the West, to Bishops; but not until the year 1073 did St. Gregory VII., by a decree published in a Roman Council, specialize it as a title reserved exclusively to the Bishops of Rome. This is not an unimportant matter. It is one of many instances which might be quoted to show how, as the hierarchy of the Church developed, the authority of the Roman see developed, until in its occupant the words were fulfilled, "Let people serve thee and nations bow down to thee: be lord over thy brethren."[1] As the Roman Bishops, in the Age of the Martyrs, were not called Popes in the sense which the word now bears, so were they not invested with some of the attributes most distinctive of the Supreme Pontiffs of later times. What was latent in the idea of "the Chair of Peter" received explication only in the slow course of centuries. We do not find any of its occupants, in those far-off days, appointing Patriarchs, "preconizing" Bishops, or summoning a General Council—as yet, General Councils were not—just as we do not find there the College of Cardinals as the Pope's electors, or the Sacred Congregations as his administrative Boards, or the triple crown as his distinctive head-dress. "The Papal Church," as we know it, is "the long result of time."

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[1] *Irenäus, der Bischof von Lyon*, p. 150. It may be noted that St. Augustine, writing centuries after, uses an expression very like the "potentior principalitas" of St. Irenæus, and an excellent comment on it. He declares that in the Roman Church "semper Apostolicæ Cathedræ viguit principatus" (*Ep.* xliii. n. 7).

That result was indeed inevitable. It is the outcome of the necessary laws which rule the development of institutions, as of the ideas underlying them. And—for that is my present point—there are unmistakable traces, throughout the earliest Christian centuries, of the action of those laws, in the rapid growth of the central authority of Rome. From the time of St. Clement the Roman Church manifests, in an ever-growing degree, the tradition of order, of subordination, of discipline. "Factus est obediens"—He was made obedient—are words written of Christ. It is not too much to say that the Roman see insisted upon this principle of obedience as the very fundamental principle of His kingdom. Renan observes, aptly, that the dictum of the French Archbishop, so much criticized when uttered, "My clergy is my regiment," is found, almost in terms, in St. Clement's Epistle. This is the special note of the Roman see in those days. There are few great names among its occupants: no names like Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, Origen, representing lives of fruitful intellectual toil, and legacies of thought destined to influence the world's spiritual history. Perhaps not until the beginning of the fifth century does a man of genius adorn the long list of St. Clement's successors, in the person of St. Leo the Great. But long before he had entered upon his office, the Roman see was in the plenitude of its power, its intervention supreme, its judgment final. Neander is well warranted when he says, "Very early indeed" the Popes assumed "that to them, as successors of St. Peter, belonged a paramount authority in ecclesiastical disputes."[1] He has in view especially the action of Victor (190), of Zephyrinus (200), and of Stephen (250), upon which I need not here dwell. And we may adopt the words of Renan, in another sense than that in which he employs them, that "the spirit which in 1870 decrees the Pope's infallibility, may be discerned, by already unmistakable signs, from the end of the second century."[1] I add that at this period, as later, spurious documents were employed, doubtless in the best of faith, and by men whose integrity is beyond question, in building up the authority of the Roman Church. The False Decretals, so powerful an agent in riveting the claims of the medieval Papacy, had their counterparts, during the Age of the Martyrs, in works falsely ascribed to Apostles and Apostolic personages.

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[1] There is a world of significance in the title of "Venerable Brother" by which the Pope still addresses Bishops.

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[1] Vol. i. p. 298 (Eng. trans.).

And it was around the Papacy, thus ever acquiring ampler authority, that the hierarchy grew up. I do not know who has more clearly indicated this than St. Cyprian when, in his Fifty-fifth Epistle, written in the middle of the third century, he speaks of the see of Rome as "the Chair of Peter and the primary Church (*ecclesiam principalem*) whence the unity of the priesthood arose (*unde unitas sacerdotalis exorta est*);" and, again, when in his Sixteenth Epistle he maintains that there is "one Church, founded upon Peter, for the origin and purpose of unity." Christianity was at first entirely urban. The very term "countryman"—*paganus*—soon came to denote an unconverted idolater. Each city (*civitas*) had its deacons, presbyters, and Bishop. The diocese, in the modern

[1] It is only right to quote Renan's own words: "Les pauvres artémonites (sorte d'ariens anticipés) ont beau se plaindre de l'injustice du sort qui fait d'eux des hérétiques, tandis que jusqu' à Victor toute l'Église de Rome pensait comme eux: ou ne les écoute pas. L'Église de Rome se mettait dès lors au-dessus de l'histoire. L'esprit qui en 1870 fera proclamer l'infaillibilité du pape, se reconnaît dès la fin du II^e. siécle, à des signes déjà reconnaissables."—*Conférences d'Angleterre*, p. 171.

acceptation of the word, did not exist. The Bishop was a sort of rector of a city parish, under whose pastoral charge were the few scattered faithful, dwelling within reasonable, but not strictly dilimited, distance of the city walls. As the ecclesiastical character of the ministry became more marked, extraordinary spiritual gifts—glossolaly, free prophecy, and the like tokens of individual inspiration—disappeared. We can the better realize the process, as we have seen it accomplished among the Irvingites of the last century. These things were incompatible with ecclesiastical decency and order. But it must always be remembered that this hierarchical constitution of the Church rested on a democratic basis. It was the issue of that voluntary surrender of the individual will which, though realized perfectly only in the religious life, is a fundamental principle of the doctrine of Christ. It was the outcome, too, of the free choice by the faithful of those who should have the rule over them. This was the source of the legislative and executive character of the rulers, but not, indeed, of their spiritual authority. That, and all involved in it, was believed to come from on high: from Jesus Christ himself, through the channel of canonical ordination, transmitted from the Apostles. Thus did "the happy anarchy of the first century" give place, in the second and the third, to what Origen calls "the hierarchy parallel to that of the State, founded by the Word of God everywhere."[1]

And as this hierarchical organization spread more widely, the necessity of a central authority was ever more deeply felt. The Bishops of a province meet in synod, usually presided over by the Bishop of the provincial city, soon to develop into an Archbishop. But this episcopal gathering turns for guidance to the Roman see, whose Bishop becomes the Bishop of Bishops; his office, like that of St. Peter, to strengthen his brethren. Mgr. Duchesne remarks, writing of this period—

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[1] *Contra Celsum*, I. viii. c. 75.

> "The Churches of the entire world experienced in all things, in faith, in discipline, in government, in ritual, in works of charity, the unceasing action of the Roman Church. She was everywhere known, as St. Irenæus says, everywhere present, everywhere respected, everywhere obeyed. No competitor, no rival, confronted her. No one had any idea of putting himself on the same footing with her. Later on, there will be patriarchates and other lower primacies. But in the course of the third century we hardly see even the vaguest outlines of them.[1] Above these inchoate organisms, as above the collection of isolated Churches, rise the Roman Church in its majestic sovereignty: the Roman Church, represented by its Bishops whose long succession is linked to the two leaders of the Apostolic College: the Roman Church, which feels itself, which proclaims itself, which is considered by all the world, the centre and the organ of unity."[2]

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[1] I give Mgr. Duchesne's words as I find them. But I think he underrates the rank and influence in the third century of the patriarchates of Alexandria and Antioch. To refer to merely one bit of evidence, the language of the sixth canon of the Nicene Council—its text will be found at p. 173—is difficult to reconcile with Mgr. Duchesne's view.

[2] *Les Églises Separées*, p. 155. It is notable that Pope Innocent I., in his Epistle to the Council of Carthage (416), which had referred to him in some doubtful matters, commends it for so doing, as "keeping to the precedents of ancient tradition and mindful of the discipline of the Church." And in the next year, writing upon a similar occasion to the

IX

The hierarchical development of Christianity, round the Roman see, may be said, in a sense, to have saved Christianity. It supplied an international bond and a common authority which enabled the new religion to become the religion of the Roman world: the religion which—higher destiny—should be the constructive, regulative, corrective principle of Modern Civilization. The Edict of Toleration in 311 brought to a close the most heroic period in the history of this new religion: the period of the *ecclesia pressa*. But that very pressure had made of it "a city that is at unity with itself." It came out of its great tribulation an organized and victorious polity. And I suppose we may regard the First General Council, held at Nicæa in 325, as the outward symbol of its victory. The prolonged endeavour of the Empire to suppress it, had failed. The sagacious mind of Constantine conceived the idea of using it as the bond to hold the Empire together. He himself attributes his resolve to convoke the Council to "a kind of Divine inspiration." Unquestionably, its meeting was a most momentous event, as well as a deeply significant sign of the times. In

Council of Milevis, he praises it for "following the form of the ancient rule, which" (he adds) "you know, as well as I, has ever been preserved in the whole world." In the absence of early Decretals of the Bishops of Rome—the series existing begins with Siricius (384)—this is as good evidence as is procurable regarding the practice of previous centuries. It is not probable that Pope Innocent would have made such an appeal to ancient tradition and ancient rule and ecclesiastical discipline, unless the facts warranted it.

response to the Imperial letter, three hundred and eighteen Bishops repaired to that little town of Asia Minor, from every quarter of the Roman Empire; ἡ οἰκουμένη, the inhabited world, as it was wont to be called, in ignorant disdain of the vast regions lying beyond its borders. The geographical limits of the Empire and of the Church were, indeed, practically the same.[1] Only two prelates who owed no allegiance to Cæsar attended the Synod—John, a Persian, and Theophilus, a Scythian. It does not fall within my plan to dwell upon the proceedings of that august assembly, the special office of which was to put before the world the clear image of Christ and His kingdom. I merely point to it as the outward visible sign of the progress made by the Church during the Age of the Martyrs. Just fifty-five years afterwards, an Imperial decree proclaims Christianity the religion of the Empire. A memorable event, indeed; but still more memorable is the spectacle exhibited only a little later, when the Emperor whose will is recorded in that decree, prostrated himself before St. Ambrose, seeking relief from the sentence of excommunication wherewith the Saint had bound him after the massacre of Thessalonica, and, as Theodoret relates, "tore his hair, struck his forehead, and shed torrents of tears, while he implored forgiveness of God." The faith preached by St. Paul and St. Silas had indeed "turned the world upside down." Cæsar had acknowledged the supremacy of that other King, "one Jesus," whom they had proclaimed.

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[1] There is extremely little evidence regarding the spread of Christianity without the limits of the Empire in the first three centuries, and I strongly doubt whether, with the exception, perhaps, of Persia, it was carried much beyond the Roman frontier. The passages usually cited for the contrary view from Justin Martyr (*Dial. cum Tryp.*, § 117), Tertullian (*Adv. Judæos*, c. 7), and Origen (*Contra Celsum*, I. i. 27, I. ii. 13), are evidently rhetorical exaggerations; and, as evidently, Irenæus (*Adv. Hær.*, I. i. 5) is speaking of provinces of the Empire.

CHAPTER III

THE CHRISTIAN REVOLUTION

I

We will go on, in this Chapter, to consider, a little more closely, the great revolution wrought by Christianity, and inquire what was its effect first upon the individual man, and then upon that civil society which is man's normal state. And here let us put ourselves under the guidance of one whom we may, I think, account the greatest man produced by Latin Christianity. In the writings of St. Augustine we have not only the most complete revelation of the workings of an individual mind which human literature offers, and the most vivid image of the society in which he lived: we have also the adumbration, as in high dream and solemn vision, of the age which was to come, and which he, more than any one else, was to mould and shape. He sums up in himself the results of four centuries of moral and spiritual transition. He cast European thought into the form in which it was to rule Western civilization for a thousand years. His mind was as some vast lake, into which flowed the many streams of philosophic speculation proceeding from the antique world, and whence issued the two great rivers of medieval theology, the dogmatic and the mystical, that were to make glad the city of God.

The life of St. Augustine extends from the year 354 to the year 430. Its external incidents are so generally known that it will not be necessary here to do more than most briefly sketch them. The son of a burgess of Tagaste, in Numidia, of narrow fortune, and educated by the self-denying devotion of his parents, first at Madaura, and then at Carthage, he adopted, on arriving at man's estate, the profession of rhetoric in his native town. His father, Patricius, lived a Pagan, but received baptism at the point of death, being won to Christianity by that prudence, patience, and piety of St. Monica, of which her great son has left so beautiful and touching a picture. Augustine was naturally of restless intellect, and of strong desires. Vehement alike in his worldly pursuits and his animal impulses, in his secular friendships and in his spiritual aspirations, his life for the first thirty-three years was spent without fixed principles in religion or philosophy; in coquettings now with one system and now with another. He does not seem to have been what the common standard of his day—or, indeed, of ours—would judge a libertine. There is no reason for supposing him to have been unfaithful to his mistress,[1] whom he took at the age of eighteen, and who lived with him for thirteen years, bearing him one son, to whom he gave the name of Adeodatus. In the year 376 the loss of a dearly loved friend induced him to leave Tagaste. The place, he says, in his vehement way, became intolerable to him; his heart "was utterly darkened, and whatever he looked upon was death." He removed to Carthage, and there practised his profession of a "seller of words" (as he calls it), until the year 383; then he went to Rome, whence two years afterwards he repaired to Milan as public lecturer in rhetoric. There, four years later, he was baptized by St. Ambrose, selling all his goods and giving the proceeds to the poor. In the year 388 he left Italy for Hippo Regius, a seaport of Numidia, and founded a religious community. The next year Valerius, the bishop, ordained him priest, the insistence of the people overcoming his unwillingness. In the year 395 the same popular pressure forced him to become the coadjutor of Valerius, whom he succeeded in the see a few months afterwards. The remaining thirty-five years of his life were passed in the administration of his episcopal office, in polemical discussions against Manicheans, Pelagians, Donatists; in expounding, developing, and consolidating the philosophy and the theology of the Catholic Church. He died in the year 430, in the third month of the siege of his city by the Vandals, to the last doing with all his might the duties laid upon him, and never wavering in his perfect confidence in the Divine government of the world, while all around him men's hearts were failing them from fear, and for looking after those things which were coming upon the earth. "Thou art just, O Lord, and Thy judgment is right," was, as his biographer tells us, his habitual thought amid those "storms of sad confusion," which might well seem to portend the foundering of a world.

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[1] Concubina. I need hardly remark that in St. Augustine's time concubinage was almost recognized in Roman law as a lower form of marriage. The jurists call it "licita consuetudo."

In its outward circumstances the career of St. Augustine might be closely paralleled from the lives of many other ecclesiastics of his times. What renders him of peculiar importance to us, and especially for my present purpose, is that he has laid bare for us his inner life. There is not one of his writings which does not do for us in its measure, and, as it were, by the way and unpremeditatedly, what is done more fully, and of set purpose, in the *Confessions*, that wonderful history of a soul, written as if in "starlight and immortal tears." It is, perhaps, the greatest treatise of mystical philosophy which the world possesses: great, not only in the high intellectual power which breathes throughout it, but in its purity, its sanity, its self-repression. Here he shows us how it was that the faith of Christ subdued him, and brought him into a captivity which is true liberty, and what the change was which it wrought in him. Let us listen to the tale which he unfolds.

II

But first we will glance at the conditions of his age. It would be as unphilosophical to leave them out as it would be to consider nothing else but them.

It was the age, then, when the great fabric of imperial power which had been raised upon the ruins of Roman liberty, was hastening to its fall. Seventeen years before St. Augustine was born, the first division of the Empire took place between the sons of Constantine. The year before his birth witnessed the soldering together of the fragments under Constantius; the year afterwards there is a new partition, and Valens and Valentinian fix their capitals, the one at Constantinople, the other at Milan. In the year 392 Theodosius again brings East and West into one polity. But in the year 395 his reign of sixteen years comes to an end, and with it the united Empire. This is the great event which marks the close of the fourth century.

A great event, indeed; the token of swiftly-advancing political dissolution. But it was an age of intellectual and moral dissolution too. The old popular creeds of the countries which had passed under the civilizing yoke of conquering Rome had long been discredited for higher minds. Their spiritual guides were the philosophers, and the air resounded with the din of systems, in which every variety of opinion known to our own times seems to have been, more or less closely, anticipated. Augustine,[1] quoting Varro, tells us of no less than two hundred and eighty-eight doctrines which prevailed as to the primary question of the true end of human action. But in one respect all the teachers of decadent Paganism were alike. They were all lacking in "consciousness of the sanctity of God, and of the need of sanctification in man."[1] This must be said of the noblest of them, such as the Stoics, and even the Neo-Platonists. The evil in the world they recognized clearly enough, and as time went on with ever increasing clearness. But between physical and moral evil they drew only the slightest distinction. Fatalism is at the bottom of all their metaphysical ideas, and is the last word of their arguments. I by no means underrate the loftiness of thought, the purity of motive, and integrity of life which distinguished many of these seekers after truth, of whom Marcus Aurelius is the noblest type. But the philosophy to which, with whatever measure of success, they turned as the guide of conduct, was the prerogative of a few favoured souls. The multitudes were left to a gross naturalism at once voluptuous and cruel: and to the outworn cults, which, if they outraged the reason, at all events ministered to the passions, and found their sanction in the lower self—the self of the ape and tiger—when they pressed bloodshed and impurity into the service of religion. Throughout the Roman Coliseum, the temple of the Sun, there ran "the transports of a fierce and monstrous gladness," as eighty thousand spectators looked down upon hecatombs of human victims in their dying agonies. The theatre, reared under the invocation of Venus, was devoted to obscenities as revolting as those wherewith the worship of "Reason" was celebrated in the churches of Paris by the sages of the first French Republic. However highly we may rate the philanthropy, the universal sympathy, the great jurisprudential ideas which we find in the literature of the decadent Empire, it is impossible to doubt that the popular mind was informed by no conception of the dignity and value of human personality; as indeed how should it have been in a society based upon slavery? This is the capital fact which marks off that antique civilization from our own. In it, not only was the place filled among us by what we call "the masses" held by slaves, not inferior in race to their owners, but the physicians, the artists, the singers, the pedagogues were to a large extent persons of servile condition: the mere goods and chattels of their masters: helpless victims of cruelty, or avarice, or lust.

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[1] *De Civitate Dei*, lib. xix. c. i.

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[1] Döllinger's *Heidenthum und Judenthum*, p. 633.

Such was the age into which Augustine was born. And early in life his keen, restless intellect asked the old question: What is the end of life? It was a book of Cicero's, now lost, a treatise containing an exhortation to philosophy, and called *Hortensius*, which inflamed him with the love of wisdom: which made all things seem vile to him in comparison of Truth, and kindled in his soul the desire to attain to it. He sought it on all sides: among the Manichees, whose claim that their doctrine was the religion of science, was proved vain by his happy scepticism; among the philosophies of Paganism, but none contented him, great and precious as were the verities which they enshrined. In Plato especially, as presented to him in the writings of the Neo-Platonists, he found lofty theistic conceptions, and noble thoughts as to man's true end in the vision of the Absolute and Eternal, and in union with It. This was the last word of Hellenic philosophy, and in some respects the best: and Augustine,[1] writing in after-years, records his great obligations to it. He learned from Plotinus—"magnus ille Platonicus," he calls him—that the rational soul has above it no nature save that of God, the Creator of the world, and its Creator and Illuminator, in participation of whose Divine light is our beatitude. But this God was a mere soul of Nature—"universitatis anima"—and the Neo-Platonic doctrine as to the way of union with the Divine (τὸ Θεῖον) was "as vague as all unsweet." Ascending, as he says in a memorable chapter[2] of his *Confessions*, from corporeal forms to the sentient soul ("sentientem per corpus animam"), and thence to its inner faculty (vis), to which the bodily senses make their reports, and thence again to the reasoning power which passes judgment upon the things thus signified to it, and from thence to the intellectual brightness by which the mind is illumined to discern truly, he attained to That Which Is, "in ictu trepidantis aspectus"

> "as when the light of sense
> Goes out, but with a flash that has revealed
> The invisible world."

The Unchanging, the Self-existing, the Absolute and the Eternal stood revealed to him. But how to get to it, how to attain union with it, he found not. "I was drawn, irresistibly, up to Thee by Thy beauty, and presently I was dragged down, down, by the weight of my burden : and this burden was fleshly habit": "et pondus hoc consuetudo carnalis."[1]

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[1] *De Civ.*, l. x. c. 2.

[2] *Confess.*, l. vii. c. 17.

What, then, was the "consuetudo carnalis" which thus weighed to the earth this soul of fire, striving to ascend to Him who is "igneus fons animarum"?[2] It was that love of the world and of the things of the world which, according to the Apostolic doctrine, is incompatible with the love of the Father: the fascination exercised upon him by the visible, sensible frame of things, appealing to the concupiscence of the flesh, and the concupiscence of the eye, and the pride of life. "I longed for honours, for riches, for wedlock,"[3] he says. And this longing held him back. And then he turned to St. Paul's Epistles, and there he read what the books of the Neo-Platonists told him not: of the law of sin reigning in his members and warring against the law of his mind and leading him captive: and "of the grace of God by Jesus Christ," powerful to deliver him from the body of this death. And these things sank marvellously into his inmost being, and he considered the Divine Works and was afraid.[4] For him it was a question of entire self-surrender or of none: of the religion of Jesus Christ in its highest form of the life of detachment and asceticism, or not at all. The easier state (*mollior*

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[1] *Confess.*, l. iii. c. 1.

[2] I need hardly refer to the opening line of the magnificent Burial Hymn of Prudentius—

"Deus ignee fons animarum."

[3] *Confess.*, l. vi. c. 6.

[4] "Hæc mihi inviscerabantur miris modis et consideraveram opera tua et expaveram."—*Ibid.*, l. vii. c. 2.

locus),[1] conceded to those who could not receive the hard saying counselling perfection, was not for him. "I had found the pearl of great price," he says, "and what I had to do was to sell all that I had and buy it: and I hesitated." It was the example of others that decided him. One Pontitianus, a Christian, holding a high place in the Imperial Court, came to see him, on some trivial business, as he was sitting with his friend Alypius, reading St. Paul's *Epistles;* and finding him deeply interested in matters pertaining to the Christian faith, discoursed with him of such topics, and among other things spoke of the holy and ascetic lives of St. Antony and the solitaries of the Thebaid, and of two friends of his own, who, while in attendance with him upon the Emperor at Trèves, had been smitten with the charm of the religious life, and in order to embrace it had abandoned their secular career and their affianced wives.[2] This story inflamed Augustine, and made him seem utterly vile in his own eyes.[3] But fetters, once deemed silken, now strong as iron, held him fast. "Those ancient mistresses of mine," he says, "trifles of trifles, and vanities of vanities, as they were, kept me back, and plucked me by the garment of the flesh, and murmured in my ear, 'Are you then, in very truth, going to send us away? And, from this moment, will you not see us again—for ever? And will you never,

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[1] *Confess.*, l. viii. c. 1.

[2] "Et habebant ambo sponsas: quæ posteaquam hoc audierunt, dicaverunt etiam ipsæ virginitatem Tibi."—*Ibid.*, l. viii. c. 6.

[3] "Constituebas me ante faciem meam ut viderem quam turpis essem. quam distortus et sordidus, maculosus et ulcerosus."—*Ibid.*, c. 7.

never, again do this and that?' And what a this and that was it which they suggested to me, O my God! What vileness, what disgrace!" The interior conflict moved him to tears, and he went apart to be alone. Then as he kept saying to himself: "How long, how long? to-morrow and to-morrow; and why not now?" the famous words fell upon his ears: "Tolle et lege! tolle et lege!" "Take it up and read it! take it up and read it!" And remembering what he had just heard about St. Antony—how the Saint from lighting, by chance, as it seemed, upon the verse of the Gospel: "Go, sell all that thou hast and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come, follow Me," had been led to embrace the eremite life—he went back to the place where he had left the book of St. Paul's *Epistles*, beside his friend Alypius. "I took it up," he tells us; "I opened it and perused in silence the words upon which my eyes first fell: 'Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying: but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make not provision for the flesh to fulfil the lusts thereof.' I had no wish to read more: nor was there need. No sooner had I finished the sentence than light and peace seemed to be infused into my heart, and doubt and darkness fled away."

"Induimini Dominum Jesum Christum." Here was the ideal which he had at last found. Henceforth his rule of action was not his former perverse will, but "the good and acceptable and perfect Will" to which he sought to be conformed by the renewing of his mind: "nolle quod volebam et velle quod volebas."[1] The objects of concupiscence which had so fascinated him, the love of wealth, of honour, of woman, now seemed to him vain and unsubstantial as phantoms of the night. He was a blind man whose eyes had been opened. In his own phrase, the sweetness of eternal things had expelled the desire of temporal. What he had most feared to lose it was now a joy to him to put away. He had attained freedom from "the biting cares" of worldly pursuits: the freedom of which the condition is entire detachment—"renonciation douce et totale," in the words of the writer who, of all others, in modern times, seems to have drunk most deeply into his spirit:

"Love took up the harp of life and smote on all the chords with might:
Smote the chord of self, that trembling passed in music out of sight."

I know of nothing in literature that breathes a deeper spirit of solemn jubilation than the pages of the *Confessions*[2] in which Augustine recounts these things; pages which are like Beethoven's *Funeral March of a Hero* done into words. They are indeed the burial psalm of his old self and the prelude to his new life. Then another theme is introduced, and in chapters in which deep human tenderness, and ecstatic aspiration, and sorrow, but not as of those who have no hope, contend for the mastery, he tells us of his mother, Monica, and of the closing scenes of her earthly pilgrimage. After that he goes on to speak of himself as he had become since he had bowed his head to the yoke and laid upon himself the burden of Christ, and had taken up His cross and followed Him. Many, he says, whether they themselves knew me in former days or knew me not, or have heard from me or of me, would fain know what manner of man I am now: what my inner self is. To such will I unfold myself, as far as I may: for what man knows himself wholly: knows, as he is known to Him who made him? One thing, indeed, he knows and is assured of: that the Divine Word, quick and piercing, and sharper than any two-edged sword, has wounded his heart and has inflamed it with the love of God: "Non dubia sed certa conscientia, Domine, amo Te: percussisti enim cor meum Verbo Tuo, et amavi Te." But what is it that he loves when he loves God; and where does he find God? The whole universe of order and beauty proclaims the Supreme Intelligence that made it; reveals Him, while it veils Him; confesses, I am not He, but He made me. Nothing material can be He. The mind must be more excellent than the matter which it vivifies. But God is the life of our life. And so Augustine turns to his own mind, and considers its faculties and powers, and in pages of marvellous subtlety and sweetness explores "the plains and spacious halls of memory." Surely God dwells there: but how? Not among the images of corporeal things, not among the affections of the mind, not in that very seat of the mind itself which is fixed in the memory. "But why speak of place," he asks, "as though in very truth place existed there? In my memory dost Thou certainly dwell, for I remember Thee since I learnt Thee: and there do I find Thee when I remember Thee." And then he bursts forth: "Too late have I loved Thee, O Beauty, so old and so new; too late have I loved Thee! And behold! Thou wast within and I without: and there did I seek Thee, greedily rushing in my deformity after those fair forms which Thou has made. Thou wast with me when I was far from Thee. And those things which exist but because Thou art in them, they held me back from Thee. Thou calledst me, Thou criedst after me, Thou overcamest my deafness: Thou sentest forth Thy lightnings, Thou shinedst in Thy splendour, and didst put to flight my blindness. Thy sweet fragrance encompassed me, and I drew in my breath and panted after Thee. I have tasted of Thee, and I hunger and thirst still. Thou didst lay Thy hand upon me and I burned for Thy peace." Thus much, as to his inner self, the Saint is sure of. Sure, too, is he of the daily conflict which is waged in him between the higher law and the other law that is in his members. What is the life of man but a warfare upon earth? Every one of his senses is a possible avenue for sin. Every action of life is a possible occasion of falling. "Many and great," he confesses, "are the sicknesses of my soul: but Thy medicine is more than sufficient to heal them. Well might we have thought Thy Word far removed from union with men, but that He was made flesh and dwelt among us." Here is his hope of instruction for his ignorance: of healing for his infirmity. But for this, he should despair. And hence his rule of life, according to the Apostolic dictum: "Therefore Christ died for all, that they who live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto Him who died for them." This is that aboriginal law of self-sacrifice which links the Supreme to His creatures: a law of which the practical outcome is duty, founded upon the constraining influence of Divine charity.

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[1] Compare Fénelon: "Tout passe devant mes yeux, mais rien ne m'importe; rien n'est mon affaire sinon l'affaire unique de faire la volonté de Dieu."

[2] In the earlier portion of the ninth book of his *Confessions*, which all who can should read in the original. No translation can present more than a dim adumbration of its splendour and pathos.

Here, then, is a type of the work wrought in the individual by the Christian Revolution; the story of countless millions, writ large. The highest ideal of ancient Paganism was to live out one's impulses without restraint: to warm "both hands before the fire of life," in the words of a modern writer who drank deeply into its spirit: but with prudence—which Landor, indeed, cannot be said to have exhibited—so as not to burn one's fingers. Or—to change the metaphor, and to use the words of Cicero, and, as I think, of Socrates too—so to go through human existence that when the inevitable hour of departure arrives we may quit it like a guest satisfied with the banquet of which he has partaken. I suppose we are warranted in saying that Aristotle's μεγαλόψυχος is the loftiest conception of man known to the ancient philosophy; and I am far from denying the greatness of the magnanimous or high-minded character, as he has depicted it in a well-known chapter of the *Nicomachean Ethics*. High-mindedness, he says, is the crown of all virtue, and the high-minded man occupies himself with honour, and lays claim to it, and takes pleasure in it, but not excessive pleasure, for he has obtained only what he merits, and perhaps less than he merits: he loves to confer a favour, but feels shame at the reception of one, for that implies in him a certain inferiority: he is generally esteemed arrogant, and no wonder, for he justly despises his neighbour: he is open in his enmities and his loves, and bears himself to ordinary men with moderation, for haughtiness towards the lowly is a sign of bad breeding. Now turn to the Christian ideal, as you find it in the Sermon on the Mount, with its glorification of poverty, mourning, meekness, hunger and thirst after righteousness, mercy, peaceableness and purity—that distinctively Christian virtue which has been accounted by some "a new disease brought into the world by Christ." (Christianity changed the lives of men by changing their ideal of life.) The magnitude of the revolution which it wrought upon the individual may be judged of by comparing the Stagirite's high-minded man with the humble and holy man of heart of the Beatitudes. The one deifies and worships human nature and its passions: the other crucifies the flesh with the affections and lusts. Enlightened selfishness is the highest word of Aristotle. "If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself:" "Whoever will save his life shall lose it"—such is the very substance of the doctrine of Christ.

And it was precisely this ideal of self-renunciation, it was precisely this asceticism, this "dédain transcendant,"[1] as Renan happily phrases it—the true doctrine of liberty of souls, he judges—which is of the essence of Christianity, that appealed to and overcame Augustine. But such self-renunciation was not irrational. Although not the result of calculation, it justified itself by an appeal to the infinitely greater value of one soul over the whole universe of matter. It founded itself upon the vanity and nothingness of what was given up. It was the lower self that was abolished, mortified, done to death; or, in St. Paul's phrase, kept under and brought into subjection. The life which was lost was that phantasmal life of the senses which St. Augustine has described in a memorable passage.[2] One of the leading thoughts in his writings is the impermanence, the illusoriness of the visible frame of things. He has summed it up in two pregnant words, "internum æternum." The parallel between his doctrine and Gotama's in this respect is singularly close. The main difference is that the place which in the Buddhist system is held by *Nirvāna,* is filled in his by what he calls Idipsum, the Self Same, or, as we may perhaps say, the Thing in Itself: the only true reality, for he does not allow that the phenomenal universe is, in the highest sense, real. The reality beneath it, without which it would crumble into nothingness, is the will of Him who alone can say "Ego Sum Qui Sum:" I am the Self Existent. He alone is the One Who Is: dwelling in the light which no man can approach unto: and Jesus Christ is the Mediator by whom man is strengthened for the knowledge and fruition of Him—"the image of the Invisible God;" the realization of the last wish of the religious instinct: the Eternal made flesh of our flesh and bone of our bone and blood of our blood; proving all sorrows in His sacred humanity; one with us in the great sacrament of suffering, and able to call us in the truest sense His brethren. Christ is a visible, personal, living law, realizing the conception of Pagan antiquity; virtue incarnate, and drawing all hearts by its beauty. But the life of Christ was a long battle against the world. He is the supreme example of detachment from its pleasant things—the objects of concupiscence.[1] It is the God uplifted on the Cross in an unfathomable mystery of love and sorrow who at once raises morality to the height of sanctity: a conception unknown to the ancient world, which never went beyond the *honestum*. St. Augustine dwells upon this in a striking passage of his short, but quite invaluable, treatise *On True Religion*.

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[1] *Vie de Jésus*, p. 119.

[2] "Quorum vita est spectare, contendere, manducare, bibere, concumbere, dormire, et in cogitatione sua nihil aliud quam phantasmata quæ de tali vita colliguntur amplexari."—*De Vera Religione*, c. 54.

"The nations," he writes, "were thirsting, to their own destruction after riches as the ministers of pleasure: He willed to be poor. They longed for honour and power: He refused to be a king. They esteemed children, after the flesh, a great good: He despised such wedlock and such offspring. In the plenitude of their pride they abhorred insults: He suffered them in every form. They deemed injuries intolerable: what greater injury could there be than the condemnation of the Just, the Innocent? They loathed corporal suffering: He was scourged and tormented. They feared to die: He suffered death. They thought the Cross the most shameful kind of death: He was crucified. Everything for love of which we lived amiss, He did without and stamped as worthless. Everything to avoid which we have shrunk from the Truth, He endured and made easy to us. For it is impossible to commit any sin, save by seeking after the things which He despised, or by flying from the things which He endured. And so His whole life on earth, in the human nature which He deigned to assume, was a system of moral discipline."[1]

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[1] It may not be superfluous to point out that I use the word in its technical sense; that habitual inclination to desire finite things inordinately, which, according to the Council of Trent, is not strictly speaking sin, but "ex peccato est et ad peccatum inclinat" (Sess. v. c. 5), and that for two reasons; first, because it turns man away from his true final end, which is God; and, secondly, because it cannot be gratified save at the expense of others.

III

So much as to the effect of the Christian Revolution upon the individual. I am, of course, far from saying that it wrought in this supreme degree upon the mass. It had its perfect work in comparatively few. Those few best exhibit its working. What it was to them it was in some degree—in a degree almost infinitely varying—to all who received the faith of Christ, even though their lives were led upon the lower levels of humanity. To all it proposed Him as the one type—"our Life," in the emphatic words of the sacred writer—the perfect ideal. And the furthest removed from that type, the least like that ideal, knew well that the all-important fact about himself was his citizenship of a spiritual kingdom, of which conformity to the mind of Christ was the first law. It is absolutely certain that Christianity presented itself to the decadent and moribund civilization of the Roman Empire as an ascetic doctrine:[1] a doctrine of abstinence, not only from the things which it branded as positively sinful, but from many things in themselves licit. The world, which St. John exhorts his disciples not to love, because the love of it is incompatible with the love of the Father, which he describes as lying in the wicked one, which, over and over again in the New Testament the disciples of Christ are bidden to forsake and overcome, and which—such is the vitality of phrases—stands, even in our own day, for the complete antithesis of the Church, is the present visible frame of things, doomed, as those early preachers believed, soon to pass away with the lust thereof: the flesh in which St. Paul declared no good thing to dwell, which it was his daily endeavour to keep under and bring into subjection, is the whole of man's lower or animal nature. Whatever is doubtful, this is clear. And to those who do not admit it we may say, without discourtesy, that, whether through ignorance or prejudice, they are so hopelessly in the dark on this matter, as to render any argument with them regarding it mere waste of time.

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[1] *De Vera Religione*, c. xvi.

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[1] "Cette abnégation de soi-même et de tout ce qu'il y a de terrestre de sensible ou d'humain en nous et hors de nous, est le caractère propre et éminent de la philosophie chrétienne à laquelle, sous ce rapport, nulle autre ne peut être comparée et qui surpasse tout ce que la philosophie des anciens a de plus élevé."—Maine de Biran, *Pensées*, p. 282.

The principle, then, which transformed the individual by the renewing of his mind, was the principle of self-sacrifice. And this was the principle which transformed society. Christianity was primarily a message to the individual soul. It was a calling addressed to each, without distinction of race, or rank, or sex, or secular condition. But it was a calling into a polity. The words ἐκκλησία and ἐκλεκτοὶ speak for themselves. The disciples of Christ were called out of the world and into the Church, which was truly a society, with its own King, its own laws, its own magistrates. In the last Chapter I have indicated, in outline, the growth of this society—its marvellous hierarchical development, as it overlaps the secular state and the ecclesiastical organization grows up on the lines of the civil, the Diocese, the unit, then the Province (the ecclesiastical use inverted the civil dignity of the two terms) and lastly, the Patriarchate, corresponding more or less closely with the Prefecture: while the ruler of the Roman Church imperceptibly takes the place of the Priest of Jupiter Capitolinus — Pontifex Maximus, "the Priest," as Festus says, "of the world rather than of the City." I now go on to describe how this spiritual empire affected civil society: to point out the main lines of the revolution which it wrought on Modern Civilization.

And here, too, I shall follow St. Augustine. As in his *Confessions* he has revealed to us the operation of the Christian Revolution upon the individual, so in his *City of God* he has traced its operation upon society. His keenly attuned ear caught the sound of "the Spirit of the years to come, yearning to mix himself with life." Even when he wrote, civilization was growing ecclesiastical. It was his gift to seize, and set down, and creatively to shape, its main characteristics.

It has been well observed by Ozanam, that no event of supreme importance to the world has ever occurred without producing an imperishable poem, although it may be a different sort of poem from what we should have expected. Thus, to the battle of Actium, which marks the rise of the Empire, he refers the inspiration to which we owe the *Æneid*: while the entry of Alaric into Rome, in A.D. 410—the signal of its fall—unquestionably produced the magnificent prose poem of Augustine. A great and exceeding bitter cry went up that this overwhelming catastrophe was the work of the new religion. And Augustine undertook to "justify the ways of God to men." His *City of God* is the first systematic attempt to exhibit in their close relations and interdependence, philosophy, history, and theology.

Two commonwealths (*civitates*), he declares, exist among men: the City of the Earth, built by the love of self, carried to the degree of contempt of God: the Heavenly City, reared by the love of God, carried to the degree of contempt of self. Of the one he sees the type and founder in Cain, of the other in Seth; but for the origin of both he goes back to the separation of "the angels who kept not their first estate," from their compeers loyal to the Divine Majesty. He traces the history of the two cities throughout the ages, using with great skill the comparatively slender materials available to him: for, of course, the philosophies and theologies and annals of the East were no more known to him than were the revelations whereby physical science in these latter days has so vastly enlarged, and so largely transformed, our conceptions of the material universe. He goes on to point out—it is the first time that we meet with the thought—how the Roman Empire, by bringing the nations into one polity, and subjecting them to the same jurisprudence—which he elsewhere recognizes as a Divine creation[1]—prepared the way for the spread of the Christian faith. Then he dwells upon the diverse ends of the two commonwealths; the one resting upon the doctrine of the Greek sophist that man is the measure of all things, making life its own object, and the seen and temporal the bound of human aspirations; the other measuring all things by the ideal of Christ, and reaching forward to "an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and reserved in heaven." Here the two commonwealths are intermingled, for they exist side by side. But the City of the Earth is doomed to perish. The City of God has its foundations upon "the holy hills:" it is the Jerusalem, the Vision of Peace, which is from above, whose King is Truth, whose Law is Charity, whose mode (*modus*) is Eternity. In it alone is true liberty—the liberty of those whom Christ has made free from sin. The City of the Earth, governed by the lust of power, is the slave of concupiscence, even when it boasts itself the conqueror of the world.

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[1] He somewhere says, "Leges Romanorum divinitus per ora principum emanarunt."

Such is a bird's-eye view of the main argument of this famous treatise—I am not concerned with the merely apologetic part of it—the great and lasting value of which seems to me to lie in its emphatic proclamation of the spiritual nature of man as a domain over which the civil order has no power; a principle by the assertion of which the Church had been revealed to the world. The ancient jurist had declared, like the modern demagogue, that all is Cæsar's. St. Augustine sketches a spiritual society based upon a higher law even than the jurisprudence of Imperial Rome, and bearing allegiance to a greater potentate than its ruler. It was a new conception in the world, and was destined most potently to influence the structure of society. It gave rise to what was called Christendom—a word which, by itself, if we rightly understand it, is sufficient to indicate the vastness of the Revolution wrought by the Faith of Christ in the public order. The first fact about a man for a thousand years after the *City of God* was written, was not his race, but his religion. That, I say, was held to be the prime fact of life, and upon it the public order was professedly based. In pre-Christian Europe, religions had been viewed in a very different light. They occupied, indeed, a highly important place in the State, as being the bonds of nations and society. They were deemed necessary to corporate existence; and thus we find Plato, in the *Republic*, describing "the erection of temples and the appointment of sacrifices and other ceremonies in honour of the gods," and "all the observances we must adopt in order to propitiate the inhabitants of the unseen world," as "the most momentous, the most august, and the highest acts of legislation," And they were regarded strictly as matters of public concern; they were the religions of nations, not of individuals; they were tribal, not personal; for the nation was originally a tribe. But the tribe, again, was merely an enlarged family. It was the family,[1] natural or artificial, not the individual, that was the unit of archaic society; and this comes out very distinctly in the sphere of religion. Thus Cato says, in his instructions to his Bailiff: "It is the paterfamilias who offers worship for the whole family:"[2] in a religious, as in a civil point of view, the personality of its members was merged in him. But Christianity did in the religious sphere what Roman jurisprudence was doing in the civil: it substituted the individual for the family as the unit of which it took account, ranking him higher than the State, and the law of conscience before the law of public interest. Thus, by proclaiming the ineffable worth of human personality, did it re-create the individual. And similar was the transformation which it wrought upon the family. The jurisprudence of ancient Rome, like the philosophy of ancient Hellas, assigned to woman a position of servitude and seclusion. Cicero translates and adopts a passage of Plato expressing horror of a state of society "in which the slave refuses to obey his master, and the wife claims equality with her husband." Aristotle accounts woman as of an inferior species; and even Seneca—from whom better things might have been expected—declares her "animal imprudens, ferum, cupiditatum impatiens." It is true, as Boissier has shown, in his well-known work,[1] that in the second century of the Christian era she had practically acquired, in spite of law and philosophy, a certain degree of emancipation, nay, was often able to exercise considerable social and political influence. But certain is it that Christianity, by proclaiming her spiritual equality with man, first raised her to her true position; and that by setting upon monogamy the seal of sacramental indissolubility, it made her preservation of that place an essential part of its system; nay, further, that it gradually sublimated into an ideal sentiment what in the ancient world had been little more than an animal appetite. I shall have to return to this subject in the Seventh Chapter.

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[1] "Groups of men united by the reality or the fiction of blood-relationship," as Sir Henry Maine puts it.—*Ancient Law*, p. 126.

[2] "Scito dominum pro tota familia rem divinam facere."—*De Re Rust.*, c. 143.

The effect of Christianity upon the public order was, for long, indirect; but it was not, upon that account, the less potent. Starting with the assertion of man's moral liberty and responsibility, the very postulates of her doctrine, the Church poured into the nations crushed and degraded by imperialism, a new virility, freeing and invigorating the human faculties; while by her self-made constitution, her elected rulers, her deliberative councils, she kept alive the free democratic traditions, which Cæsarism had almost strangled, and trained the barbarian tribes who entered her fold in the principles and exercise of true liberty. As the subjects of the City of the Earth became the subjects of the City of God, the civil polity was informed by new principles. In the quaint language of Jeremy Taylor, the "Christians, growing up from conventicles to assemblies, from assemblies to societies, introduced no change in the government, but by little and little turned the commonwealth into a Church."[1] It was felt that a society of Christians ought to be a Christian society, and gradually the civil order was guided and governed by the principles of religion. An eminent English judge once laid it down—the dictum is now somewhat musty—that Christianity is part of the law of England. Of Christendom, while Christendom was, it might truly be said that the law was part of the religion. Everywhere the cross of Christ was confessed to be the interpretation of life and the measure of the world, and a supernatural end was kept in view. Thus, St. Thomas Aquinas declares that the chief object which the civil ruler ought to have before him is the eternal beatitude of himself and his subjects:[2] and what may seem almost incredible in these days, even in guilds of the most distinctly industrial character, the making of money was not the first thing sought after. "They set up something higher than personal gain or mere materialism," Mr. Toulmin Smith well observes: "their main characteristic was to make the teaching of love to one's neighbour be not coldly accepted as a hollow dogma of morality, but known and felt as a habit of life."[1] "In the accounts of the Company of Grocers," writes Dr. Brentano, "it is mentioned that at their very first meeting they fixed the stipend of the priest who had to conduct their religious services and to pray for their dead. In this respect," he adds, "the craft gilds of all countries are alike, and in reading their statutes we might fancy sometimes that these old craftsmen cared only for the well-being of their souls."[2]

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[1] See his *La Religion Romaine d'Auguste aux Antonins*, lib. iii. c. 2

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[1] *Life of Christ*, Preface.

[2] "Finis ad quem principaliter rex intendere debet in seipso et in subditis est æterna beatitudo."—*De Regim. Princ.*, I, 2, c. 3. Observe the force of the word "principaliter."

I take these instances almost at random. Every department of life, in the Ages of Faith, tells the same tale. The dominant idea everywhere is the Fatherhood of God revealed in Him who pleased not Himself, but humbled Himself unto death, making the great law of sacrifice the first law of His religion. And it is precisely this idea which marks off those ages from the times preceding them, and which is the source of their true greatness. Let no one suppose that I have the least sympathy with that religious romanticism which paints for us a medieval period full of seraphic sweetness. I know well the dark side of the history of the Middle Ages, recorded in terrible distinctness alike by saints and sinners, by doctors and heresiarchs—

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[1] *Traditions of the Old Crown House*, p. 28.

[2] *The Original Ordinances of more than One Hundred Gilds*, Introd. p. 13.

> "Face loved of little children long ago!
> Head hated of the priests and rulers then!
> Say, was not this Thy Passion—to foreknow
> In Thy death's hour, the works of Christian men!"

True it is that medieval iniquities were upon the same scale with medieval virtues. But, on the other hand, it seems to me unquestionable that, as Littré says, the medieval period "is, on more sides than one, superior to the times which preceded it," and that as he goes on to add, "it is especially so in the social state."[1] For myself, I would claim for it, that resting, as it did, upon the morality of self-renunciation, it is superior to the times that preceded it in all that makes up civilization in the higher sense of the word: that it is "further advanced in the road to perfection; happier, wiser, nobler."[2] Christianity, preaching pitifulness and courtesy, deifying sorrow, simplicity, weakness and humility, poverty and purity, had opened an ever-flowing fount of tenderness, of compassion, of pure love, which caused the very desert places of humanity to rejoice and blossom as the rose. Main tests of the social position of any community are the places held in it by women and children, by the indigent and the aged: and judged by these tests, Christendom stands far above any previous organization of society. But its superiority appears to me to be hardly less clearly marked in its public polity, its literature, and its art, which were all informed by the same spirit. The notion of unlimited dominion, of Cæsarism, autocratic or democratic—perhaps the most baneful manifestation of human selfishness—had no place among its political conceptions, which regarded authority as limited and fiduciary: nor did it allow of absolutism in property; the canon law expressly lays down that extreme necessity makes all things common, so that what would otherwise be theft, ceases to be theft; that both clergy and laity are at all times bound to provide alms, as a duty of strict justice, even if need be by their own manual labour; for alms, in the words of St. Ambrose, are the *right* of the poor: and the giving them is rather to be regarded as the discharge of a debt than the extension of a voluntary bounty. In its literature Dante sounds a deeper note than had gone forth from his master, Virgil; and the very source of his inspiration is the austere spiritualism of the Catholic creed. In its philosophy St. Thomas Aquinas surveys the field of human thought from a loftier standpoint than any sage of Greece or Rome, and maps it out with a fulness and precision unattained even by him whom he reverently calls "the Philosopher:" and it was from the Crucifix that the Angelic Doctor derived his intellectual light, and there he discerned—according to the beautiful legend—his only and exceeding great reward. Medieval art, even in its rudest stage, is informed by a higher ideal than ever dawned upon the mind of Hellenic painter or sculptor or architect: by the sentiment of the Infinite, revealed in the divinely human Person of the Man of Sorrows, the Son of the *Mater Dolorosa.* All that was great in that vanished public order which we call Christendom, flowed from the self-abnegation of which the Divine Founder of Christianity is the Great Exemplar, and which is the central idea of His religion.

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[1] *Études sur les Barbares et le Moyen Age*, p. 239.

[2] "The word 'civilization' is a word of double meaning. We are accustomed to call a country civilized if we think it more improved, more eminent in the best characteristics of man and society, further advanced on the road to perfection, happier, nobler, wiser. But, in another sense, it stands for that kind of improvement which distinguishes a wealthy and powerful nation from savages or barbarians."—J. S. Mill, *Discussions and Dissertations*, vol. i. p. 160.

CHAPTER IV

THE TURNING-POINT OF THE MIDDLE AGES

I

VILLEMAIN, in his picturesque way, has called St. Augustine's *City of God* "the funeral oration of the Roman Empire pronounced from a cloister." The Saint's prophetic instinct was not at fault as to the times that were coming upon the earth—dark times, indeed, of barbarism triumphant and of violence predominant. The darkness is illumined, in the closing fifth century, by the rays which beam from the mild figure of Benedict of Nursia, betaking himself—a youth of fourteen—to his retreat among the mountains of Subiaco, whence was to issue Western monachism; in the closing sixth, by the aureole playing round the head of Gregory the Great, saint and statesman, the father of the new order to be called Christendom. Without him, humanly speaking, the Papacy would have been powerless to preserve what survived out of the ruins of Roman civilization, or to re-create the Western Empire as a distinctively Christian power.

There are few more dramatic events in the annals of mankind than the scene enacted at the Papal High

Mass on Christmas Day, 800—few which have so potently affected the course of Modern Civilization. Little could St. Augustine, when writing his *City of God*, have imagined it. And yet that book of his largely helped to bring it about. It was one of the very favourite books of the great Charles—the book, his biographer tells us, which he oftenest caused to be read to him at meals. And though, as he himself declared, the action of Pope Leo III. in crowning and anointing him was without his foreknowledge or desire, who can doubt that his investiture with the Imperial dignity, now in abeyance for three hundred and thirty years, must have occurred to his mind as a means for carrying out his vast designs? However that was, "this re-establishment of the Western Empire may be considered as the final rupture with the old civilization represented by the corrupt Church and degenerate autocrats of Constantinople: the substitution of a new principle, infusing life and vigour into reconstituted nationalities. The Papacy thus became the founder of a new Civilization, that revolved around the centre formed by two Chiefs, henceforth sharing supreme power in the spiritual and temporal order: the Pontifical naturally allowed precedence in idea; the Imperial regarded as its delegate deputed to the headship of Christendom, in regard to mundane interests, by consent of Christ's Vicar, source and representative of all legitimate authority upon earth."

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[1] Heman's *Ancient Christianity and Sacred Art*, p. 484.

II

This separation between the spiritual and the temporal was a new thing in the world. The Roman theory of sovereignty, in the shape which it assumed under Augustus, meant the concentration of all power in the hands of one man. The old republican forms, indeed, remained. The nominal seat of authority was still the "Senatus Populusque Romanus." Here was the source and fount whence the prerogatives of the Ruler were derived. But the shadow of this great name merely furnished the thinnest veil to the supreme irresponsible dictatorship wielded by Cæsar, as the perpetual and indefeasible representative of the Roman people.[1] And the Imperial power was not merely political. It was also religious. It extended into what we know as the domain of conscience. Not only was the Emperor, as Pontifex Maximus, the supreme head of all cults; he was also the final arbiter of the moral law, which, it is needless to say, was a separate matter from the worships of pagan antiquity. Nor was his apotheosis an idle imagination of servile flattery.

> "Cœlo Tonantem credidimus Jovem
> Regnare: præsens divus habebitur
> Augustus:"

sings Horace. But "the present deity" was the real one, in whom men trusted and before whom they trembled; and, as time went on, the Olympian Thunderer became more and more shadowy, until, a century later, the satirist could affirm that only babes believed in him. It fell, that great fabric of Imperial power, crushed out, so to speak, as the spiritual empire of the Christian Church rose slowly into ecumenial proportions—like the stone cut out without hands, in the vision of the Hebrew seer—and overwhelmed by the vigorous hordes of barbarians from the forests of Germany. It fell, and great was the fall of it. But long before its final catastrophe the Church had stripped it of its moral and spiritual authority. To her the "præsens divus" of the Roman poet was no divinity, but a type and forerunner of Anti-Christ—"that man of sin who opposeth and exalteth himself above all that is called God or is worshipped: so that he, as God, sitteth in the temple of God, showing himself that he is God." Even so early as the second century we find Tertullian, with a boldness difficult for us adequately to appreciate, writing, "I pray for the Emperor, for his armies, for the security of the Empire, for the peace of the world. As to other things, I am independent of him. For my Lord is One, the Omnipotent and Eternal Lord, and the selfsame is his Lord also."[1] Here is, in few words, the cause for which the Martyrs victoriously died. The enfranchisement of the human conscience from secular chains was the gift which, purchased at the price of their own blood, they gave unto men.

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[1] So Justinian, *Inst.*, i. tit. 3, 6: "Quod principi placuit legis habet vigorem quum lege regia quæ de ejus imperio lata est, populus ei et in eum omne suum imperium et potestatem concessit."

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[1] *Apology.*

Thus was the State shorn of half its ancient domain. And as the years went on, a new political order, of Teutonic origin, but largely affected by Roman influences, completed the work of dissolution by breaking up the unity of civil authority. Charles the Great had dreamed of an Imperial realm, in which he as Emperor and the Pope as Pontifex Maximus, the first of his prelates, should share the supreme rule that had been concentrated in the hands of earlier Cæsars. His vast design received but an imperfect accomplishment. As one after another of his successors sinks under the weight of the Imperial crown, the union between the Empire and the Papacy becomes weaker, while everywhere the tendency is to substitute in the secular order a hierarchy of powers for the one supreme direct ruler. The ninth and tenth centuries are the period of a social and political revolution: "Magnus ab integro sæculorum nascitur ordo." That new great world order was the feudal system, and its dominant note was, if I may use a modern word, Positivism.[1] The Empire, despotism as it was, yet was avowedly based upon the spiritual power of law, and professedly derived from popular delegation; and so was in itself a confession, however hypocritical, of those rights of the immaterial part of man's nature, the recognition of which is the only true safeguard of individual freedom. Feudalism recognized little else than matter and force.

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[1] It is necessary "to speak by the book" in making mention of Positivism. Let me, therefore, say that I use the word in the sense indicated by Littré: "La philosophie positive est l'ensemble du savoir humain disposé suivant un certain ordre. . . . Mais comment définerons-nous le savoir humain? Nous le définerons l'étude des forces qui appartiennent à la matière et des conditions ou lois qui régissent ces forces."—*Auguste Comte et la Philosophie Positive*, p. 42.

It is of much importance that the true character of feudalism should be accurately apprehended. It arose in an age full of violence and confusion, when might was well-nigh equivalent to right, when the great idea of law seemed to have perished, and, with law, liberty, of which it is the life. "By liberty," Bossuet truly says, "the Romans, like the Greeks, meant a state where men were subject only to law, and where the law was more powerful than men." It is manifest that where the servile maxim prevailed, "Quidquid principi placuit legis habet vigorem," liberty thus conceived of was ill-assured. Still, even in the darkest times of antique Cæsarism, the idea of the supremacy of law as the guarantee of personal freedom remained. In feudalism—taken by itself—that idea was wanting. It was a military or materialistic reorganization of society broken into chaotic fragments by the disappearance of the great Imperial power. Its tendency was to annihilate individual rights, to shut men up in categories of dependence, to make the arbitrary will of another take the place of "that will which is the norm or rule for all men." Taine has observed that voluntary engagement was the only root ("la racine unique") of the feudal system.[1] It is a saying which certainly requires much modification to bring it into accord with the facts. True it is that "the sphere occupied in them by contract principally distinguishes feudal institutions from the unadulterated usages of primitive tribes." But it is also true that "a fief was an organically complete brotherhood of associates whose proprietary and personal rights were inextricably blended together;" that "it had much in common with an Indian village community, and more in common with a Highland clan;" that "the lord had many of the characteristics of a patriarchal chieftain."[1] The very essence of the feudal system is that every one was the man of some one else. The good vassal was its highest social type. Inflexible—if I may so speak, canine—fidelity to one's lord was the supreme virtue. It is extremely difficult for us in the present day to realize the all-absorbing closeness of the relation involved in feudal fealty. A book which chances to lie before me as I write—Gower's *Confessio Amantis*—may serve to supply an illustration of it before I pass on. The poet tells us that it was "for King Richard's sake" that he wrote: that is, upon a suggestion thrown out by the King—

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[1] "Lorsqu'on considère la société féodale à son origine on s'aperçoit qu'elle a pour racine unique . . . l'engagement volontaire."—*Nouveaux Essais de Critique et d'Histoire*, p. 200.

> "To whom belongeth my legeaunce
> With all min herte's obeisaunce
> In all that ever a lege man
> Unto his king may don or can."

Such expressions as these, if we really understand them, will avail better than many a ponderous dissertation to reveal the true spirit, the *ethos* of feudalism. I do not know that it is too much to say that, to a large extent, the system was an undoing of the work of so many generations of Roman jurisconsults, and a going back from contract to status as the foundation of civil relations.

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[1] Maine's *Ancient Law*, p. 365.

Feudalism was a vast military and territorial aristocracy, in which the ideas of individual freedom and political right had become merged in the relations between lord and vassal. Bishop Stubbs well describes it as "a graduated system of jurisdiction based on land tenure, in which every lord judged, commanded, and taxed the class next below him; in which abject slavery formed the lowest, and irresponsible tyranny the highest grade; in which private war, private coinage, and private prisons took the place of the Imperial institutions of power."[1] And, as this learned and careful writer elsewhere remarks, "Land has become the sacramental tie of all public relations. The poor man depends on the rich, not as his chosen patron, but as the owner of the land that he cultivates, the lord of the court to which he does service, the leader whom he is bound to follow to the host."[2] Such were the main features of the public order which had sprung up upon the ruins of the majestic fabric of Roman polity and Roman law. But to prevent a misapprehension which I should regret, let me point out that I recognize as fully as any one the beneficent work which feudalism had to do in the modern world. While dissenting as widely as possible from the Positivist school of historians, I acknowledge a profound truth in the canon that everything which has existed has had its reason for existing. Feudalism was a stern schoolmaster to the new nationalities, coming to them with a rod, and by no means in the spirit of meekness. But its discipline was not less salutary than rude. It was, to borrow the words of Thierry, "a necessary revolution," "a natural bond of defence between the lords and the neighbouring peasants;" and, guided by religion, it was the instrument of the slow but sure elevation of the peasants. It found them, for the most part, slaves. It led them, through serfdom, to enfranchisement.

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[1] *Constitutional History*, vol. i. pp. 255–256.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 167.

For feudality was not the only great fact of the age which witnessed the rise of the new nations. Side by side with it had grown up the great ecclesiastical system by which Europe had been formed into a spiritual commonwealth called Christendom. The principles upon which the Church was based were precisely those most urgently needed to correct in the world the evils of the feudal organization. Feudalism tended to the annihilation of the individual. The Church taught, and could not keep from teaching, as her first postulate, the supreme worth of human personality. Feudalism, essentially aristocratic, set the greatest store upon "the glories of our birth and state." The Church maintained the absolute equality of all men, not in secular rights, as the sophists of 1789 feigned, but in their common spiritual nature, in their common dependence upon and accountability to God. The supreme argument of feudalism was the sword. The Church wielded mightier weapons, not carnal but spiritual, the terrors of that Divine Law, ruling over all, which has its sanctions in man's conscience and instinct of retribution. The highest ideal of feudalism was the loyal and valiant soldier, the *probus miles*. The Church set forward the example of nobler heroes—tender maidens like St. Agnes, courtesans like St. Afra, beggars like St. Alexius, who "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness . . . out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens." Feudalism sternly forbad the individual to break "his birth's invidious bar." The Church proclaimed loudly the doctrine of a career for talents. Her constitution was still largely democratic. The *suffragium de persona*, which the general body of the faithful had, from the earliest times, possessed in the choice of their pastors, however intermittently exercised, yet subsisted as a fact. Her religious houses were so many little republics scattered up and down Europe. Her councils and synods were real deliberative assemblies. Her free institutions were the germ and norm of the civil franchises which were afterwards to spring up. Once more. Feudalism was, by its very nature, disruptive; its tendency to universal war; its practical effect to render *peregrinus* as of old a synonym for *hostis*.[1] But as political unity perished from Europe a higher unity developed, and "from the bosom of the most frightful disorder the world has ever seen, arose the largest and purest idea, perhaps, which ever drew men together—the idea of a spiritual society."[1]

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[1] "Hostis enim apud majores nostros is dicebatur, quem nunc peregrinum dicimus."—Cicero, *De Officiis*, l. i. c. 12.

Of that society the Roman Church was the centre and head. No period in ecclesiastical history is more worthy of careful and exact study—of much more careful and exact study than it has as yet received—than the period between the death of Charles the Great and the rise of Hildebrand. The immediate effect of the departure of the great Frankish monarch from the scene where he had played so high a part was to add vastly to the authority of the Roman Pontiff. Relieved from the shadow of his great name, the Apostolic See grew into a hitherto unknown strength. "Charles," remarks Villemain, in his rhetorical way, "in decorating the Pope with so many titles, had merely wished to raise a gilt statue which should place the Imperial crown upon his own head. After Charles, when his empire was ruled with a feebler hand and divided by factions, the Pontifical statue came to life, and wanted to reign."[2] The similitude is striking, and so, helpful to the imagination. But it must not be pressed too far. Villemain certainly underrates the ecumenical jurisdiction, the exercise of which by the Popes, as we saw in the Second Chapter, is clearly traceable from the dawn of ecclesiastical history.

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[1] Guizot, Lecture XII.

[2] *Histoire de Gregoire VII.*, vol. i. p. 145. I am far from underrating this brilliant work, in which are so strikingly displayed the author's characteristic excellences—his taste for picturesque details, the vividness and beauty of his colouring, the luminousness and distinctness of his images; but his Introductory Discourse on the history of the Papacy certainly reveals both a very defective acquaintance with the mass of authorities he cites, and a very imperfect power of appreciating evidence. For example, he writes: "Le Concile de Nicée, sous l'inspiration de Constantine, qui voulait que l'Église eût des assemblées, mais pas d'autres

It is certain that, "as the Church grew into form, so did the power of the Pope develop."[1] We may give what explanation we will of the fact. But no well-instructed scholar will question it. And it is equally beyond question that long before the time of Charles, "the centralizing process by which the See of St. Peter became the Sovereign Head of Christendom"[2] was in all essentials complete. Not the less clear, however, is it that in the half-century from the death of Charles, in 814, to the election of Pope St.

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chefs, que lui-même, avait déclaré le patriarche d'Alexandrie égal en honneurs et en privilèges à l'évêque de Rome" (vol. i. p. 47). He is, of course, referring to the sixth canon of the Nicene Council, but it is difficult to believe that he can have read it. That canon merely provides for the maintenance of the ancient custom whereby the great sees of Alexandria and Antioch exercised over the whole civil diocese, the one of Egypt, the other of the East, original jurisdiction, similar to that exercised by the See of Rome in the West. There is not one syllable in the canon about equality in honours and privileges, and the declaration which the Council made was of nothing new (as Villemain implies) but merely of an existing fact. Here is the text of the canon: *Τὰ ἀρχαῖα ἔθη κρατείτω, τὰ ἐν Αἰγύπτῳ, καὶ Λιβύῃ, καὶ Πενταπόλει ὥστε τὸν Ἀλεξανδρείας ἐπίσκοπον πάντων τούτων ἔχειν τὴν ἐξουσίαν, ἐπειδὴ καὶ τῷ ἐν τῇ Ῥώμῃ ἐπισκόπῳ τοῦτο σύνηθές ἐστιν· ὁμοίως δὲ καὶ κατὰ τὴν Ἀντιόχειαν, καὶ ἐν ταῖς ἄλλαις ἐπαρχίαις, τὰ πρεσβεῖα σώζεσθαι ταῖς ἐκκλησίαις. Καθόλου δὲ πρόδηλον ἐκεῖνο, ὅτι, εἴ τις χωρὶς τῆς γνώμης τοῦ μητροπολίτου γένοιτο ἐπίσκοπος, τὸν τοιοῦτον ἡ μεγάλη σύνοδος ὥρισε μὴ δεῖν εἶναι ἐπίσκοπον, ἐὰν μέντοι τῇ κοινῇ πάντων ψήφῳ εὐλόγῳ οὔσῃ καὶ κατὰ κανόνα ἐκκλησιαστικὸν δύο ἢ τρεῖς διὰ οἰκείαν φιλονεικίαν ἀντιλέγωσι, κρατείτω ἡ τῶν πλειόνων ψῆφος.* (Mansi, t. ii. p. 669.)

[1] Cardinal Newman's *Development of Christian Doctrine*, p. 154, ed. 1878.

[2] *Ibid.*, p. 155.

Nicholas I., in 858, the nature, extent, and attributes of the Papal sovereignty were more clearly, precisely, and universally apprehended. And no one can read the life of that great ecclesiastical statesman, as we find it in the graphic narrative of his contemporary, Anastasius, without feeling that he realized the aim and ideal of the Supreme Pontificate in a way untrodden by any of his predecessors. His short reign of nine years is the translation into fact of the ecclesiastical system set forth in the decretals of Isidore—documents which, whatever the real history of them, though false in form, are certainly true in substance. And so Neander: "The pseudo-Isidore was, at all events, but the organ of a tendency of the religious and ecclesiastical spirit which prevailed among the great masses of the men among whom he lived. He had no idea of introducing a new code, but only of presenting, in a connected form, the principles which must be recognized by every one as correct, and on which depended the well-being of the Church."[1]

As a matter of fact, and apart from all theories, the close union thus subsisting between the Roman See and the several Churches throughout Europe constituted the true strength of the spiritualty, and offered the sole guarantee for its independence. The Church is in the world, and it is impossible for her, in any age, to escape the influence of contemporary events and institutions. And it was the tendency of feudalism, as it is the tendency of every great movement in the public order, to bring all things into subjection unto itself; to bend them into its own mould, or, if it could not so bend them, to break them in pieces as out of harmony with the age and as obstacles to its own development. How nearly feudalism triumphed over the ecclesiastical element in the two centuries between Nicholas I. and Gregory VII., the history of the Papacy itself may serve to show. I am well aware that the estimate long current of the saddest portion of that period, the hundred years which closed the first Christian millennium, needs large qualification to make it just. Iron, leaden, dark as that age was, it was the time when the monastic orders were informed by fresh energy and sanctity, and the great Cluniac foundation supplied the norm for the reformed religious life; when the new school of Latin lyric poetry was maturing its laws and developing its capacities, and already giving a foretaste of the glories to come in the strains of sweet singers like Godescalcus and St. Notker; while in architecture it is memorable for the introduction of the acute arch. It was the age of Theodora and Marozia, but it was also the age of St. Romuald and St. Nilus. It is darkened by the conspicuous badness of many of the Pontiffs who disgraced the Apostolic throne,—"they lived for the most part rather like monsters or wild beasts than bishops," is Mabillon's judgment of them,—but it is relieved by the exemplary virtues of others. Against a Stephen VII., guilty of the brutal indecency of dragging the body of a dead predecessor through the streets, may be set such a holy and humble man of heart as Leo

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[1] *Church History*, vol. vi. p. 7, Eng. trans. (Bohn).

VII.; against a John XII., accused publicly, and apparently on too good grounds, of "homicide, perjury, sacrilege, of incest with his relatives and two sisters, of drinking wine in honour of the devil, and of invoking, in gambling, Jupiter, Venus, and other demons," may be set a John X.,[1] no saint, indeed, but apparently a virtuous man, zealous for the restoration of religious discipline, and the deliverer of his subjects from the Saracen invader. But what I am concerned to point out is that whether the Popes were good or bad, they were penetrated by the feudal spirit. This John X., just mentioned, was a valiant warrior, more, a general of some ability. And John XII., a man of blood from his youth, made himself notorious, in a by no means tender-hearted age, for his savagery to his enemies.[2] Nor did Otho's reformation unfeudalize the Papacy or breathe into its occupants a spirit ecclesiastical. He delivered it, indeed, more or less, from its bondage to the Tusculan barons, whose unprincipled ambition and shameless intrigues had been the immediate cause of its degradation. But he brought it into captivity to the Imperial authority. The Pontiffs changed masters; but they did not change manners. Violence and impurity reigned in the Apostolic throne no less after than before the establishment of the new relations between the tiara and the Imperial crown.

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[1] Baronius judges this Pope severely, and, as Gregorovius shows, unfairly—

"Summus erat Pastor tunc temporis Urbe Joannes
Officio affatim clarus sophiaque repletus,"

is the account given of him by the contemporary author of the poem *De Laudibus Berengarii*.

[2] The fate of this unexemplary Pontiff, perhaps the most singular Vicar of Christ the world has ever seen, is thus related: "Dum se cujusdam viri uxore oblectaret, in temporibus adeo a diabolo est percussus, ut inter dierum octo spatium eodem sit vulnere mortuus."—*Contin. Luitprand*, l. vi. c. 11.

But violence and impurity were not the only scandals which disgraced the Chair of Peter. Simony was no less conspicuous; and it passed into a proverb that everything in Rome had its price. The eleventh century, indeed, opens auspiciously with the too short pontificate of the learned and virtuous Gerbert (Sylvester II.), the fitting successor of the learned and virtuous, but severe,[1] Gregory V.; and in 1012 Benedict VIII. assumes the tiara, a Pope who, as Giesbrecht observes, "recognized it as his mission to provide for the welfare of all Western Christianity, and who feared neither weariness nor exertion to restore to his high office the value it had lost."[2] Still it is to the early portion of this eleventh century that we must go for the most scandalous examples of simoniacal vice in the Roman See. John XIX., who had himself, when a mere layman, purchased the Popedom upon the death of Benedict VIII.,[3] offered to confer the title of Universal Bishop upon the Patriarch of Constantinople for a pecuniary consideration.

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[1] "Durus ille Pontifex," Damiani calls him, and certainly not without reason, if the account is true which has come down to us of his treatment of the anti-Pope, Philagathus.

[2] *Gesch. der Deutschen Kaiserzeit*, vol. ii. p. 172.

[3] "Largitione pecuniæ repente ex laicali ordine neophytus constitutus præsul . . . ex laico (nefas dictu) est transformatus in Papam."—Baronius, ad ann. 1024, quoting Glaber, a writer of that age.

His successor, Benedict IX., who is stated to have been ordained at the age of twelve, after a career of which, according to the chronicler, the chief incidents were "many vile adulteries, and murders perpetrated by his own hands,"[1] resolved to wed his first cousin, and finding that public opinion would not tolerate a married Pontiff, sold the Papacy to John Gratian, and himself consecrated him by the name of Gregory VI., in 1044. It is under this Pope, whose virtues were singularly out of keeping with the manner of his elevation, that we first find Hildebrand at Rome in an official capacity. He is described as the Pontiff's chaplain (*capellanus*).

So much as to the condition of the Papacy in the century and a half succeeding the death of St. Nicholas I. It still maintained the *sacramentum unitatis*. But how feebly, how precariously, is obvious. Thus was the head affected by the evils of feudality. The members suffered still more.[2] The tendency everywhere had been to convert the bishops into feudal barons; and the transformation had to a very large extent been effected. Under the successors of the great Charles, the episcopate had practically become, in large measure, a royal donative, and abbacies, like sees, had been conferred by the nomination of the prince. The spiritual character of the higher clergy was obscured by their employment as councillors of State, ministers of princes, governors of provinces. They became more familiar with the helmet than the mitre. St. Fulbert of Chartres testifies[1] that he knew prelates better acquainted with the laws of war than most secular potentates. And with the occupations of feudal lords they assumed their way of living. For the first time in ecclesiastical history we read of bishopesses (*episcopissæ*) and of the transmission to these women's sons of their fathers' office. The same evil, as was natural, affected more sorely the inferior clergy. The priest's concubine, whether he had gone through the form of marriage with her or not, was almost a recognized member of the sacerdotal household; and the appellation "son of a priest" took high rank among vituperative expressions: it may be regarded, indeed, the equivalent of a term attributive of canine maternity, much in favour as an opprobrious epithet among mariners in our own day. Simony gradually became universal. At the beginning of the eleventh century the traffic in livings was conducted openly and unblushingly.

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[1] Bonizo, *apud* Watterich, *Pont. Roman. Vitæ*, vol. i. p. 75.

[2] Bruno, in his life of St. Leo IX., gives the following account of the condition of Christendom at the period of that Pontiff's election in 1048: "Mundus totus in maligno positus est, defecerat sanctitas, justitia perierat et veritas sepulta est: regnabat injustitia, avaritia dominabatur, Simon Magus ecclesiam possidebat, episcopi et sacerdotes voluptatibus et fornicationi dediti sunt. Non erubescebant sacerdotes uxores ducere, palam nuptias facere, nefanda matrimonia contrahebant et legibus eas dotabant cum quibus secundum leges, nec in una domo simul habitare debebant. Sed quod his omnibus deterius est vix aliquis inveniebatur qui vel simoniacus non esset, vel a simoniacis ordinatus non fuisset. Talis erat ecclesia, tales erat episcopi et sacerdotes, tales et ipsi Romani Pontifices, qui omnes alios illuminare debebant."—*Apud* Watterich, *Pont. Roman. Vitæ*, vol. i. p. 96.

[illegible]

Simony, as the natural consequence and companion of incontinence, may, like it, be referred directly to the invasion of the ecclesiastical order by the feudal spirit. Feudal benefices, like ecclesiastical, had originally been mere life estates. The process by which they at first become heritable, and then alienable, is so well known in this country, through our real property law, that I need not dwell upon it. The same process was going on in the feudalized Church. The prospect before the world, in the earlier part of the eleventh century, apparently was that the spiritualty would be merged in the feudal system, that the priesthood would become a caste, holding churches and lands on a secular tenure, and gradually, like secular holders, acquiring power of alienation. It is not too much to say that, if this result had been attained, the whole course of Modern Civilization would have been disastrously different. For it would have meant the extinction of the Church as a society perfect and complete in herself, and with her the extinction of the great principles of which she was the sole representative in the world—the principles of the supremacy of law; of the freedom of conscience; of the real equality of all men; of their brotherhood in the Christian faith; of the essentially fiduciary and limited nature of human authority. That these great ideas were not blotted out from the mind of the new nationalities, was, humanly speaking, the work of one man, and that man was Hildebrand. And the pontificate of Gregory VII. as the turning-point of the Middle Ages, is the subject to which I shall devote the remainder of this Chapter.

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[1] *Ep.* 112. "De episcopis ad bellum procedentibus." Migne, *Pat. Lat.*, vol. cxli. p. 255.

III

But no adequate appreciation of Hildebrand's work is possible unless we realize the conditions in which it was done. And this is no easy matter, so wide is the difference between the Europe of the eleventh century and the Europe of the twentieth, in many of the things that most largely make up human existence. The thoughts of the men of that age about this life and the next, their social relations, their political organizations, their standard of rights and duties, are as far removed from ours as is their speech, and require the like careful study to become intelligible. When Hildebrand was born, somewhere in the second decade of the eleventh century, England, notwithstanding the constructive work of the kings of the line of Egbert, can hardly be said to have been fully welded into a single nation. It was Cnut, the organizer also, in great measure, of the Scandinavian States of Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, over which he likewise ruled, whose reign of twenty years, from 1017 to 1035, began among us that definitive work of consolidation, which two centuries of foreign kings, Norman and Angevin, were to carry forward—a work the result of which should be to make "our Britain whole within herself." On the Continent of Europe a similar process was taking place. The previous century had witnessed the dissolution of the inheritance of the great Charles. And now was the time for re-formation. For nearly eighty years after the division of 887, the Holy Roman

Empire was "in a kind of abeyance." It was in the second half of the tenth century that it began to shape itself definitely as a German power under the Saxon Otho—the Regnum Teutonicum, its backbone, if I may so speak, although the iron crown of Lombardy, imposed at Milan, was a splendid accessory, and the Imperial diadem, bestowed at Rome, conferred the prestige of the most sacred and venerable of secular titles, the incommunicable majesty of the Cæsars. France, in the sense which the word conveys to us, as yet was not. The kingdom of the West Franks, Karolingia, had, indeed, begun to receive this name. And it is from the death of Louis le Fainéant, the last of the Carlovingians, and the election of the first of the Capets, Hugh, that the beginning of the French State must be traced. But at the date of which I am speaking—the date of Hildebrand's birth—Robert II., who ruled in Paris, reigned directly only over the royal domain, which "took in the greater part of the Isle of France, the territory to which the old name specially clung, and the greater part of the latter government of Orleans, besides some outlying fiefs holding directly from the King,"[1] while around his territories were grouped the great feudatory Dukes and Counts of Normandy, Brittany, and Champagne, of Burgundy and Aquitaine, of Toulouse, Gascony, and Flanders. The process of absorption whereby "the King of the Franks" was to add to his own dominions the lands of one great feudatory after another, and to aggrandize them by the acquisition of foreign territory, had not yet begun. Indeed, the ruler of the great Norman fief, which, cut off a century before from the duchy of France, extended from the Epte to the sea westwards, was a far more powerful potentate than his royal suzerain, while the Norsemen over whom he ruled, although forgetful of the language, the habits, and the traditions of their pirate ancestors, yet retained those ineradicable characteristics of their race, that restless energy, that enthusiasm for the ideal, that dauntless daring, that "Berserker rage," which were so potently to influence the course of European history. Spain, like France, was still a thing of the future, only its nucleus existing in the States which had sprung up as the tide of Saracen invasion had receded from the Iberian peninsula. In Eastern Europe the monarchy which took its name from the recently converted Slave people who dwelt in the valley of the Vistula—the Polacks, people of the plains—was shaping itself under the great king Boleslas. And Turanian Hungary, which had received the faith about the same time as Poland, was being wrought into a Christian polity by a still more famous monarch—St. Stephen. Of the empire of New Rome, now practically Greek, I need not speak. It lay outside the limits of Latin Christendom, as also did Russia, Greek too in religion and civilization, and as yet hardly accounted a European power.

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[1] Freeman's *Historical Geography of Europe*, vol. i. p. 330.

Such, in brief outline, is the aspect which the map of Europe exhibits as the eleventh century opens. Everywhere the new nations are struggling into full life, assuming the forms, distinct though inchoate, which they were to present in the modern world. So that we have, in some sort—

> "The baby figure of the giant mass
> Of things to come at large."

And as we can now see, with the wisdom easy of attainment after the event, the great question was in what mould these embryonic and plastic organisms should be cast. That was the question fought out in the pontificate of Gregory VII.

It was in a carpenter's shop, in the little Tuscan town of Soano, that the future Pontiff first saw the light. An attempt was made in after-years, by—to use a phrase of Carlyle's—"genealogists of the flunkey species," to trace his lineage to the noble family of the Aldobrandini. But it would seem to be beyond question that, as we read in a remarkable letter[1] addressed to him by a contemporary abbot, upon his elevation to the Pontificate, he was "vir de plebe," fit origin for the great champion of religious democracy in the Middle Ages, "the holy athlete of the Christian faith,"[2] as Dante sings, who was to maintain the cause of the poor against the violence of a military aristocracy. His father, the carpenter, had a brother, or a kinsman, who was the head of the monastery of St. Mary on the Aventine. Thither Hildebrand was sent, when a mere boy, to learn the liberal arts and moral discipline. There he was first brought into contact with John Gratian, arch-priest of the Roman Church, who was subsequently to be his first Papal patron; and there he made the acquaintance of Odilo, Abbot of Clugny, a "Saint of gentleness and meekness," whose playful answer to those that blamed him for showing too much mercy in the execution of his office, "If I am to be damned, I would rather it were for excess of pitifulness than for excess of severity," is in itself a revelation of his beautiful and winning character. To the great religious house over which Odilo ruled, so famous for the magnificence of its church, the exactness of its ritual, the strictness of its discipline, Hildebrand migrated in entering upon manhood.[1] He remained there for several years, drinking more deeply at its abundant founts of the ecclesiastical spirit with which, as his biographers testify, he had been deeply imbued from his earliest youth. St. Peter Damiani relates in his life of St. Odilo, that the prescient mind of that holy person discerned, by the second sight of sanctity, the coming greatness of the neophyte, applying to him the words spoken of an earlier reformer—"Iste puer magnus erit coram Domino"—"He shall be great in the sight of the Lord." Whether he completed his monastic novitiate at Clugny or at St. Mary's on the Aventine, is uncertain. But, "after some years," as the chronicler writes, with a disdain of exact chronology somewhat uncongenial to the modern mind, he set out to return to Rome, spending some time on his way, probably upon business of his order, at the court of the Emperor Henry III., where he preached a sermon which drew from that prince the testimony, "Never have I heard man proclaim the word of God with so much boldness." It would appear that he reached Rome about the time of the election of his old patron, John Gratian, to the Apostolic throne, under the title of Gregory VI.

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[1] Quoted by the Bollandists in his *Acts*. William of Malmesbury speaks of him as "despicabilis parentelæ."—*Apud* Pertz., *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, vol. xii. p. 474.

[2] "Della fede cristiana il santo atleta."
Paradiso, canto xii.

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[1] "Adolescentiam ingressus."—Paul. Bern.

To the cause of this unfortunate Pontiff he attached himself, and, although only in subdeacon's orders, was appointed, as we have seen, one of the Papal chaplains. The election of Gregory VI. took place in 1044; but his predecessor, Benedict IX., finding himself unable to procure the bride he desired, returned to Rome after a three months' absence, and, occupying the Lateran palace, resumed the Pontifical name and functions, while at the same time John, Bishop of Sabina, was designated Pope by a faction of the Roman nobles, under the title of Sylvester III. In this scandalous condition of the Papacy the Romans appealed to the Emperor Henry III., a prince of irregular life but animated by deep sentiments of personal religion, who caused a Council to be summoned at Sutri, where Gregory presided, as unquestionably the lawful Pope. Here Benedict withdrew his claims to the Pontificate, and Sylvester was sentenced to degradation from his ecclesiastical rank and to imprisonment for the rest of his life within a monastery. And now Gregory's turn was to come. "Idiota et miræ simplicitatis," as the chronicler[1] calls him with half-contemptuous pity, he acknowledged to the assembled prelates the unworthy means by which he had obtained the supreme pastorate, and was exhorted by them to judge himself—no earthly authority being held competent to judge him—so that he might not be judged of the Lord. "Better will it be for thee," they are represented as saying, "to live like the holy Peter, poor in this world and to be blessed in another, than, like the magician Simon, whose example misled thee, to shine in riches *here*, and to receive the sentence of condemnation *there*." The conscience-stricken Pontiff gave ear to them, and thus pronounced sentence upon himself: "I, Gregory, Bishop, servant of the servants of God, adjudge that on account of the most shameful trafficking of heretical simony which, through the craft of the old enemy, crept into my election, I am deprived of the Roman See." The Emperor carried the fallen Pope with him to Germany, and as the chronicler Bonizo relates, "Hildebrand, beloved of God (*Deo amabilis*), attended him thither, wishing to show reverence towards his lord." Nine months after, the life and troubles of the sixth Gregory came to an end in his place of exile on the banks of the Rhine. Then Hildebrand returned to Clugny. This was in the year 1046.

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[1] Bonizo, *apud* Watterich, *Pont. Roman. Vitæ*, vol. i. p. 85; and again, "Ut erat idiota omnem suæ electionis pravitatem aperuit."

So far as we can judge, it would seem to have been Hildebrand's intention, at this period, to devote himself thenceforth to the monastic life in that great centre and home of it. Shortly after his return to Clugny he appears to have been elected prior—probably second or deputy prior—under St. Odilo, who, weighed down with the burden of eighty-five years, still ruled as abbot the monastic brethren. Two years afterwards, the Papal Chair being vacant, the Emperor Henry III. summoned a Council at Worms for the purpose of providing an occupant for it. The conciliar, or rather the imperial choice,[1] fell on Bruno, Bishop of Toul, a kinsman of the Emperor. Bruno, a man of holy life, benign manners, and ecclesiastical spirit, shrank from the dignity, and, after praying and fasting for three days, made aloud a general confession of his faults to the Council, by way of showing his unworthiness of it (*spontaneam suam coram omnibus dixit confessionem*). It is worth while to pause for a moment to try to picture to one's self the scene: the assembled prelates sitting round the Emperor in the great church at Worms, and the Pontiff-designate, worn by his *triduo* of mortification and self-examination, tearfully unburdening himself of those "things of man" which "the spirit of a man alone knows," and which, in these days, the devoutest think it penance enough to whisper into the ear of a confessor. Adequately to realize this, may help us to understand how far the world has travelled in the last nine centuries. But, as might have been expected, Bruno's humility availed him nothing, and a few days before Christmas, in the year 1048, he was proclaimed Pope, under the title of Leo IX.

Shortly after his election, the new Pontiff was brought into intercourse with Hildebrand. Where they met—whether at Worms, in which city, as some authorities relate,[1] Hildebrand happened to be on certain business of his order; or at Besançon, where, according to the *Regesta*, the new Pope spent the 25th and 26th of December; or at Clugny, whither, as others say, Leo turned aside to visit the new Abbot Hugh, who had just been elected in succession to the venerable Odilo—is uncertain, nor does it much matter, although, indeed, the last of these accounts seems to me the most probable. It is certain that, from the first, the new Pope clave to the young monk, and desired to attach him to the Pontifical Court. The Abbot Hugh, between whom and Hildebrand there was one of those firm monastic friendships which the cloistral writers delight in comparing to the love of David and Jonathan, "passing the love of women," was unwilling to allow the sub-prior to depart, and it was with difficulty that his unwillingness was overcome by Leo's entreaties—"quem ab abbate multis precibus vix impetravit," says Bonizo. But a further difficulty arose. Hildebrand had scruples. The election of the Pope had been uncanonical. A contemporary chronicler, who tells us that he derived his information in after-years from Gregory himself, relates in simple language what took place.[2] "I cannot go with you," said Hildebrand, in answer to the invitation of the Pontiff. "Why?" "Because without canonical institution, and by the mere warrant of royal and secular power, you are going to take possession of the Roman Church." The devout Bishop was affected, and, at once laying aside the Pontifical ornaments, assumed the habit of a pilgrim.

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[1] "Eligitur ab Heinrico presentibus Romanorum legatis," is the account in the *Regesta*. By *legati* we must understand the deputies of the Roman clergy and people, whose right to elect the Pontiff was never questioned, although at this period it was in practice made void.

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[1] "Erat ibi monachus, quidam Romanus Hildebrandus nomine," etc. —Bruno, in *Vita S. Leonis PP. IX.*, *apud* Watterich, vol. i. p. 96.

[2] Bruno, *u. s.* "Multa nobis beatus Gregorius Papa narrare solebat," etc.

It was on the 28th of December, 1048, that Leo and Hildebrand rode forth upon their journey to the Papal city. The contrast between the two was striking. Leo, akin to the Emperor, to whom he owed his elevation, trained in the use of arms and conversant with the ways of courts, represented, Saint as he was, the aristocratic and feudal element in the Catholic hierarchy. And his external appearance was in keeping with this character. "Cestui Pape Lyon," says the French chronicler, "était moult bel et était roux et était de stature seignoriable:"[1] a handsome man, of ruddy countenance, and of lordly proportions. Hildebrand, on the other hand, is represented as little (*homuncio exilis staturæ*[2]), of mean presence, pot-bellied, and short-legged (*ventre lato, crure curto*[3]), of tawny complexion and black hair[4]—probably a somewhat vulgar-looking ecclesiastic of a type still common enough in Italy, while his origin, as we have seen, was of the humblest, and his training had been of the severest. One thing which the two men had in common was intense religious fervour. And the iron will, the far-reaching mind, of Hildebrand were the necessary complement of Leo's simplicity and gentleness.[1] The harmlessness of the dove required, for the task that was in hand, to be united to the wisdom of the serpent.

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[1] Aimé de Monte Casino, *l'ystoire de li Normant:* quoted by Watterich, vol. i. p. 109, note.

[2] See Pertz., *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, vol. xii. p. 474.

[3] *Ibid.*, vol. xiii. pp. 654–656.

[4] See Pertz., *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, vol. xvi. p. 69.

From that day the young subdeacon, soon raised to the cardinalate, and shortly afterwards made Archdeacon of the Roman Church, was the trusted friend and counsellor of the Pontiffs who in succession occupied the Apostolic chair, until the time came for him to go up higher and himself sit thereon. With Leo "a new light seemed to have risen for the world," writes one of his contemporaries,[2] and it was Hildebrand who, more than any other, ministered the oil which kept bright the sacred flame during the six years' reign of that Pope, and during the four pontificates which fill up the nineteen years between it and his own elevation. It is not my object to write his history. I wish rather to indicate the nature of the work which he did for Modern Civilization, as we now may judge of it, after the event. For be it remembered that we, at this distance of time, are able to contemplate it in its wholeness and in its fruits, as he did not and could not contemplate it, and so may estimate it more accurately than was possible to him. It is a grave error to impute to him a clear or even a dim prevision of the consequences, nay, of the tendencies, of all his acts. It is a graver error still, and just now a very popular one, to suppose that he nourished "a great scheme of theocratic empire," that he dreamed of "a vast ideal of sacerdotal despotism." The intelligent reader, who wishes to afford his intelligence a fair chance in this matter, should give all diligence to clear his mind of that cant. And I know of nothing which will more effectually help him in doing so, than to get, and honestly read for himself, Hildebrand's own letters. It must be invincible prejudice which can refuse to see that the writer of them lived, as we all live, from day to day, dealing with problems as they arose; dealing with them, like us, with reference to the exigencies of the time, the opportunities of the hour, the calculations, the inspirations of the moment; but, unlike most of us, dealing with them too on clear and immutable principles, and with an eye unswervingly fixed upon a definite aim far above "the vulgar range of low desire." That aim was the liberty of the Church. To free her from the fetters, whether of vice or of earthly tyranny, to vindicate her claims to absolute independence in carrying out her mission, as a society perfect and complete in herself, divine in her constitution, divine in her superiority to the limits of time and space, in the world but not of it, a supernatural order amid the varying forms of secular polity,—such was the work which his hands found to do, and at which, for thirty-six years, he laboured with all his might. I shall here proceed to consider how he acquitted himself in this lifelong task, and I shall dwell specially upon three things: his action in the matter of Papal elections; his action against simony and clerical incontinence; and his action against lay investiture.

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[1] "Natura simplex atque mitissimus."—Bruno, *u. s.* It is worth noting that he was an accomplished musician.

[2] Desiderius, Abbot of Monte Casino, Gregory VII.'s immediate successor under the title of Victor III.—*Dialog.*, I. iii.

IV

Hildebrand's great achievement before his accession to the Apostolic Throne, was his vindication of the freedom of Papal elections. As we have seen, St. Leo IX. had been practically nominated to the Papacy by the Emperor Henry III., although subsequently, under the influence of Hildebrand's counsels, he had submitted himself to the formal choice of the Roman clergy and people. His successor, Victor II., who was also an Imperial nominee, appears to have followed the example of his predecessor in demanding the ratification of those with whom the election canonically rested. On the death of Victor, after a short Pontificate of two years, Hildebrand seems to have thought that the time was come for freeing the Supreme Pastorate from its dependence upon the Emperor. Henry III. was dead, and his successor was a child under the guardianship of the devout Empress Agnes. Upon the recommendation of Hildebrand, Frederick, Abbot of Monte Casino, brother of the powerful and able Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, was elected Pope under the title of Stephen IX., in due canonical form "by the Roman clergy and people," without foreign intervention; and from that time Imperial nominations to the Papacy ceased. But it was not until two years afterwards—that is to say, in

1059—that the final and definite steps were taken for placing this important matter upon a sound footing. In that year the newly elected Pontiff, Nicholas II., acting under the counsels of Hildebrand, formulated, in a Council held in the Lateran, a decree, regulating the elections to the Papal throne. It, in substance, regulates them still, and defying, as it has, the storms of so many centuries, it may justly be regarded as a product of the highest ecclesiastical statesmanship. It was designed to put an end to the ancient democratic elections, which had assumed a feudal character since the close of the ninth century, and to the Imperial nominations, which had practically superseded them.

> "It concentrated the choice of the Popes," Mignet observes, "in a small assembly of high dignitaries of the Roman Church, who, more enlightened, more prudent, more religiously minded, were better qualified to make a suitable choice. It excluded from it, in some sort, the interested power of the Emperor, and the tumultuary power of the people; for to restrict the one to confirmation, and the other to approval, was in effect to substitute the obligation of assenting for the right of choosing. This system, which was completed by the speedy cessation of the Imperial confirmation, and by the somewhat more tardy disuse of popular consent, founded in the College of Cardinals an electoral body, religious and aristocratic, which became the senate of the new Rome, and furnished it with regular principles and precedents of government."[1]

This was the first great reform brought about by Hildebrand, the first definitive victory won by him over the feudalizing spirit in the ecclesiastical order, the first decisive recovery of ground lost by the Church. It might at first seem as though a sacrifice of the popular principle were involved in it, as though it meant the transfer of the appointment to the first see in Christendom from the free suffrages of the faithful to a close corporation. But in truth it was only the shadow of freedom which was sacrificed, while the substance was gained. In the condition of things which prevailed in that age, with feudal barons upon the one hand and a feudal Emperor on the other, the spontaneous action of the Christian democracy which had so largely influenced episcopal elections at Rome, as elsewhere, in earlier ages, was no longer possible. And it must be admitted that "the powers which the Roman laity no less than the German Cæsar forfeited, they had seldom exercised with discrimination, never once in view of the Church at large."[1] But the Sacred College was no caste assembly. Its doors stood open to all the faithful. Its idea was that it should be representative of all that was best in Christendom; that it should be an aristocracy in the noblest and truest sense, not of birth, but of merit; ever accessible to high desert; the flower and crown of the liberty, equality, and fraternity, which in those days were found in the Catholic Church and nowhere else. Nay, are they in truth found elsewhere now? This is, indeed, a question which may make us pause. But to return to Hildebrand.

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[1] *Journal des Savants*, January, 1861, p. 23.

It is certain that the independence of Papal elections secured by the decree of Nicholas II. was a measure of the highest importance; and that without it the rest of Hildebrand's work would—so far as we can judge—have been done in vain. It is curious, however, that upon the occasion of his own election, that decree was to a considerable extent infringed. It was on the 22nd of April, 1073, that the strange and striking scene took place of which so vivid an account has come down to us. The obsequies of Alexander II., dead only the day before, were being celebrated in St. John Lateran, and Hildebrand, as Archdeacon, was taking his appointed part in the sacred rites, when suddenly there was a great multitude of the Roman clergy and people in the church crying out and saying, "Blessed Peter has chosen Hildebrand, the Archdeacon." Was it a sudden inspiration of the Roman democracy, or was it a movement planned by zealous men who wished to compel to the steerage of Peter's bark those strongest hands which shrank, as they well might, from the immense responsibilities of the task? However that may have been, here at least the proverb held good, "Vox populi, vox Dei." Vainly did the object of their choice rush to the pulpit and endeavour to calm the tumult. His attempts at speech served only to make the thronging people cry out so much the more, "Hildebrand!" The members of the Sacred College hastily consulted together, and with one accord confessed that the popular demand did but anticipate their own decision. Hugh the White, Cardinal-Priest, ascended the pulpit and spoke as follows: "Behold, most dear brethren, yourselves know perfectly that since the time of the holy Pope Leo, this Archdeacon as a man prudent and approved, has very much exalted the Roman Church, and has delivered this City from immense perils. We can find no one better qualified for the government of the Church and the defence of the City; and we, Bishops and Cardinals, have elected him for ourselves and you to be the Bishop and Pastor of your souls." And then, as is the custom, putting upon him the scarlet robe, and putting upon his head the Papal mitre, they led him to the Apostolic throne, "unwilling and sad."[1] And they said to the people, "We choose for our Pastor and our Pontiff a devout man; a man mighty in human and Divine knowledge;[2] a distinguished lover of equity and justice; a man firm in adversity and temperate in prosperity; a man according to the saying of the Apostle, of good behaviour, blameless, modest, sober, chaste, given to hospitality, and one that ruleth well his own house; a man from his childhood generously brought up in the bosom of this Mother Church, and for the merit of his life already raised to the archidiaconal dignity. We choose, namely, our archdeacon Hildebrand to be Pope and successor to the Apostle, and to bear henceforward and for ever the name of Gregory."[1] And all the people cried out with loud and continued acclamation, "St. Peter has chosen our Lord Gregory Pope."

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[1] *The Papal Monarchy*, by William Barry, D.D., p. 202.

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[1] "Indutus rubea chlamyde, sicut moris est, et Papali mythra insignitus, invitus et mœrens in Beati Petri cathedra fuit inthronizatus."—Card. Aragon, *apud* Migne, *Patrol. Lat.*, vol. cxlviii. p. 114.

[2] "Geminæ scientiæ prudentia pollentem." Bowden—of whose excellent translations in his *Life of St. Gregory VII.* I avail myself, from time to time, with such alterations as seem fitted to bring out more clearly the sense of the original—somewhat oddly renders these words, "skilled in interpreting the Scriptures." Their meaning, I think, is undoubtedly that which I have given. Dante says, two kinds of light mediate between truth and the mind, reason and grace; and so St. Thomas Aquinas, at the beginning of the *Summa*.

V

"Unwilling and sad" Gregory may well have been on that eventful day,—a turning-point in the history of the modern world. The Apostolic Throne was to be his cross. It may truly be said of him, as of his Master, "regnavit a ligno." He well understood what lay before him in carrying out the great work which was given him to do. But to him, as to devout souls in every age, the Sacred Scriptures, by which his spiritual life was nourished, were a very present help in trouble. He knew—no one better—that "their language veils our feelings, while it gives expression to them; restrains and purifies, while it sanctions them." Overcome, and unnerved, he writes from his bed,[2] on the morrow of his election, by the hand of another, to his friend Desiderius, Abbot of Monte Casino, "I am come into deep waters, so that the floods run over me;" "Fearfulness and trembling are come upon me, and darkness hath covered me." And to Duke Godfrey, the brother of the late Pope

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[1] Paul. Bern., c. iii.

[2] "In lecto jacens valde fatigatus."—*Ep.*, lib. i. I.

Stephen, he says, a few weeks after, in answer to a congratulatory letter—

> "That exaltation which, to you and to others of the faithful, causes affectionate thoughts of us, and joy, awakens in us the bitterness of inward grief, and brings us to the streights of overpowering anxiety. We see what care surrounds us; we feel how heavy is the burden laid upon us; under which, while the consciousness of our infirmity appals us, our soul rather desires the peace of a dissolution in Christ, than a life in the midst of such dangers. The consideration of the task imposed on us so harasses us, that unless, after God, some confidence in the prayers of spiritual men sustained us, our mind must needs sink beneath the greatness of our cares, for so completely, through the agency of sin, does the whole world lie in the wicked one, that all men, and those more especially who bear rule in the Church, strive rather to disturb her than by faithful devotion to defend and adorn her; and, while straining after their own advantage, or the desires of present glory, oppose themselves as enemies to religion and to the justice of God. Most especially must this grieve us, who, amid such difficulties, can neither duly administer the Church's government, upon which we have entered, nor safely desert it. . . . But we may not set aside the law of God through respect of persons, nor swerve from the path of right for the sake of human favour. As the Apostle says, 'If I should wish to please men, I should not be the servant of God.'"[1]

The task which lay before him, indeed, was not one in executing which he was likely to please men. Far from it. The emancipation of the Church from lay domination, and her purification from simony and incontinence, were precisely the things which principalities and powers and the rulers of the darkness of this world least desired. The spirit of the age was against him; and the spiritualty was deeply infected with the spirit of the age. Feudalism was gradually drawing the hierarchy, throughout Europe, into its system. And the concubinary clergy had to rely upon the secular rulers for giving an hereditary character to the benefices they had bought. The Pontiff knew well—his twenty-five years' experience since he came to Rome with St. Leo IX. was enough to teach him—that in the conflict in which he was about to engage, his worst foes would be those of his own household; for in that quarter of a century there had been afforded him the amplest opportunity of understanding the intensity of the opposition offered to ecclesiastical discipline by clerics who hated to be reformed. He had measured his foes. But not a thought of fear, a doubt of the eventual issue, withheld him from the contest. His past career, indeed, offered warrant for his confidence. Seventeen years before, he had been sent by Pope Victor into France as legate *à latere* to reform the concubinary and simoniacal abuses so largely prevalent there, as elsewhere throughout Christendom; and so great was the awe inspired by his presence that forty-five Bishops and twenty-seven other dignitaries are related to have come forward to accuse themselves and to resign their benefices. Upon this occasion, as often at other times, he is said to have manifested the singular power he possessed of reading the thoughts of men's hearts.[1]

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[1] *Ep.*, lib. i. 9.

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[1] Among other instances of the exercise of this gift, take the following, related by Paulus Bernriedensis: Hildebrand, then Archdeacon, and

It was by his counsel, too, that his friend, Peter Damiani, had been sent by Nicholas II. to reform the Church of Milan, where, as Baronius relates on contemporary authority, "numbers of priests passed their lives in hunting or hawking; others frequented taverns and brothels; some were known as shameless usurers; almost all lived openly in concubinage or with public women; all practised the most scandalous simony: from the greatest to the lowest none were without reproach." The mission nearly cost Damiani his life, which, indeed, he counted not dear in such a cause; but in the end he succeeded in causing the Archbishop and clergy to pledge themselves by oath against simony and incontinence—not, as the event showed, a very stable guarantee. Thus had Gregory, so to speak, served his apprenticeship to the great work to which he proceeded to address himself, with all the energy of his nature, upon his elevation to the Apostolic Chair,[1] remembering, as his three score

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Hugh, Abbot of Clugny, were travelling together on their return from a synod where sentence of deposition had been passed upon a certain Bishop, and had come to a stream. Hildebrand crossed it first, and, pausing on the bank for his companion, addressed to him, on his arrival, the question, "Why have you thought such things of me?" To whom Hugh, in astonishment: "Are you then God, to know the thoughts of men?" "No," replied Hildebrand; "but I heard what you were saying to yourself, in your own mind. You were asking whether it was not rather from pride than from zeal for God that I had deposed that Bishop. I looked at you as you were coming through the stream, and this came as by a thread from your mouth to my ears." And so on another occasion, upon Hugh asking him how he could have divined his thoughts, Hildebrand is stated to have replied, "Hac ex animo tuo, quasi per fistulam, ad aures meas deducta est."—William of Malmesbury, *apud* Pertz., *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, vol. xii. p. 474.

[1] "Ipse autem qui per multum tempus ad libertatem ecclesiæ

years might well serve to remind him, how swiftly the night was coming wherein no man can work. In the Lent of the year following his election, he held a Council at Rome, in which he promulgated the following decrees: 1. That clerics who had obtained any grade or office of sacred order by payment, should cease to minister in the Church. 2. That no one who had purchased any church should retain it, and that no one for the future should be permitted to buy or sell ecclesiastical rights (*ecclesiæ jura*). 3. That all who were guilty of incontinence should cease to exercise the sacred ministry. 4. That the people should in no wise receive the ministrations of clerics whom they saw setting at nought these Apostolical ordinances.

Such was the trumpet-blast of no uncertain sound sent by Gregory throughout Christendom. The prophetic instinct of St. Odilo was justified. The reformation was undertaken in stern earnest by one who, like the Baptist, set about his mission in the spirit and power of Elias. There was, of course, nothing new in the prohibition of simony and incontinence. Pope after Pope, Council after Council, had fulminated against these evils. What was in a sense new, was the appeal of Gregory to the faithful at large—his constituting the people the executors of his decrees. It was an appeal to the religious

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obtinendam privatus laboraverat jam ad sacerdotalem dignitatem provectus, a cœpto desistere indignum ducens, tam ob hoc quam pro simonia exstirpanda ac incontinentia clericorum reprimenda plurimum desudabat."—Otto Frising., lib. vi. c. 34, *apud* Migne, *Patrol. Lat.*, vol. cxlviii. p. 214.

instincts of a Christian people; and those religious instincts responded to it. "It is impressed upon the consciences of all Christians," wrote Lanfranc, the contemporary Archbishop of Canterbury, "that no less than if the acts were those of St. Peter himself, they should tremble when his successors threaten, and reverently rejoice when they show themselves serene."[1] The words of the Pope awoke millions of echoes in human hearts throughout Christendom. Public opinion it was, the public opinion of an age of faith, which sharpened the edge of his spiritual sword, and directed against the guilty the thunder of his anathemas. And in the strenuousness of the resistance which the vigorous action of the Pontiff elicited, we have a sufficient indication of its necessity. In Germany, when the storm broke forth, and Siegfried, Archbishop of Mentz, quailed before it, Gregory sought to strengthen the trembling prelate by a characteristic appeal. "Much should it shame us," he urges in one of his epistles, "while soldiers of this world daily join in battle for a temporal prince, and with scarce a thought of fear hazard their lives, if we, called priests of the Lord, fight not for our King, who abhorred not to undergo the penalty of death for us, and has promised us an eternal reward."[2] In France and Normandy the indignation of the concubinary and simoniacal clergy was no less vehement than in Germany. The Archbishop of Rouen, we read, while endeavouring to enforce the decree of celibacy, was pelted with stones, and fled for his life, crying out, "Deus, venerunt gentes in hereditatem Tuam!" "O God, the heathen have come into Thine inheritance!" In Spain the Papal Legate was threatened and outraged at the Council of Burgos. And so it was throughout the rest of Europe.

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[1] Baron., *Annal.*, ad an. 1072.

[2] Lib. iii. 4.

It is not necessary that I should follow in detail the progress of the strife, or dwell upon the irregularities, the profanations, the sufferings, incidental to it. The people are rough justiciars. Even when their instinct is right, their method is usually wrong. The Christian democracy of the eleventh century, roused by the appeal of Gregory, exhibited as little discrimination as was displayed by the people of the Hebrews when, summoned by Elias to choose between the commandments of the Lord and Baalim, they "took the prophets of Baal and brought them down to the brook Kishon, and slew them there." The sufferings of these miserable men, and of the partners and offspring of their guilt, have long passed away, lost in the vast record of lamentation, and mourning, and woe, which is the history of the human race. But the gain of the victory won over them remains. The *immedicabile vulnus* was cut out of the spiritual body, and the plague was stayed. The celibacy of the clergy, as a recent learned writer, much prejudiced against it, confesses, was "a *necessary element* of sacerdotalism, the abolition of which would have required the entire destruction of the Papal system, and the fundamental reconstruction of ecclesiastical institutions."[1] That this "necessary element" of Catholicism was not destroyed, was, humanly speaking, the work of St. Gregory VII.

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[1] Lee's *Historical Sketch of Sacerdotal Celibacy*, p. 226 (2nd ed.).

Before I pass away from this part of my subject, I would make four remarks. The first is, that in his prohibition of clerical marriage, as of simony, Gregory was merely carrying out what was clear ecclesiastical law. Apart from all theories, it is certain that the prohibitory rule was of long standing. To go back no further, "direct condemnations of the practice are found in Nicholas's reply to the Bulgarians, 860; in the Synod of Worms, 868; in Leo VII.'s Epistle to the Gauls and Germans, 938; in the decrees of Augsburg, 952; and in Benedict VIII.'s speech, and the decrees passed at Pavia about 1020. Hincmar of Rheims, in 845, Chrodegang, Bishop of Metz, in 950, Councils at Metz in 888, and at Nantes at the end of the same century, had confirmed the rule with additional circumstances of strictness."[1] Secondly, I would note that in turning to the people, Gregory was but applying a principle sanctioned by the immemorial tradition of the Roman Pontiffs. It is to the *communis sensus* of the faithful that they, from the first, have appealed in the supreme ecumenical assemblies of the Church. Schaff goes so far as to say that the root of the growing influence of the papacy in the primitive age was in public opinion.[2] "Let no Bishop be given to those who are unwilling to receive him," writes Pope St. Celestine I. in the fifth century, adding, "The consent and desire of the clergy and people are necessary."[1] It was to the people that the Second and Third Gregory appealed against the Emperor in the great controversy about the veneration of images, and it was by the support of popular influence that they were upheld. And such is ever the true basis of a power which is not a political but a moral power: of a kingdom which is not of this world. It can have no other basis. Thirdly, it may not be amiss to correct a misapprehension as to the effect of the Gregorian prohibition against the ministrations of the concubinary clergy—the more so, as it has of late years received the sanction of the fascinating historian of Latin Christianity. "The decree of the synod held in Rome in in the eleventh month of Gregory's pontificate," Dean Milman writes, "absolutely *invalidated* all sacraments performed by simoniacal or married priests,"[2] thus imputing to the Pope the opinion of the Montanists. The mistake of this brilliant writer is all the more curious as the authority, cited in a note, upon which he founds himself should have preserved him from it. "The synod removed married priests from the exercise of the sacred ministry, and interdicted the laity from hearing their Mass," we there read: which is not the same thing as "invalidating the sacraments performed by them." Fourthly, I would observe how difficult it is for a Protestant clergyman, however scholarly and accomplished, really to enter into the spirit of an age dominated by religious conceptions so radically opposed, in some important respects, to those of which he is the professed exponent. The distinguished man of letters whom I have just quoted may serve, as well as another, to illustrate what I mean. Dean Milman observes in one of his notes, "Damiani must be read to understand his sacred horror at priestly wedlock."[1] No doubt that is so; but it is quite possible to read Damiani and *not* to understand his sacred horror at priestly wedlock. When St. Peter Damiani, and other ecclesiastical writers of his age, speak of the female member of the sacerdotal household as *scortum*, *pellex*, *meretrix*, *obscœna*, *meretricula*, and the like, their epithets are no mere flowers of vituperative rhetoric, but are accurately descriptive. The partner of the medieval priest was merely an unfortunate female, the lowest and most degraded of her unhappy class. And if the tie which bound her to the criminous clerk with whom she cohabited was nominally that of marriage, it but served to add the guilt of sacrilege to the sin and shame of incontinence; for according to the canon law of the Church, with which public opinion was wholly in harmony, such a union was absolutely void and the mere profanation of a sacrament.[1] Nor can it be pleaded that the effect of these unhallowed connections was to save from graver turpitude the clerics who contracted them. Mr. Lecky truly remarks that "the knowledge that their marriages were illegal was peculiarly fatal to the fidelity of such priests as took wives;" and that "bigamy and extreme mobility of attachments were especially common among them."[2]

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[1] Cardinal Newman's *Essays Critical and Historical*, vol. ii. p. 289.

[2] *History of the Christian Church*, vol. i. p. 430.

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[1] *Ep.* iv. c. 5. "Necessary," that is, to a valid election as the law of the Church then stood; not necessary to the episcopal character. Pope Celestine would have taught, as clearly as the Council of Trent teaches, that "in ordinatione episcoporum, sacerdotum et ceterorum ordinum, nec populi nec cujusvis sæcularis potestatis et magistratus consensum, sive vocationem, sive auctoritatem ita requiri ut sine ea irrita sit ordinatio."—Sess. xxiii. c. 4.

[2] *Latin Christianity*, vol. iii. p. 118.

[3] "Uxoratos sacerdotes a divino officio removit, et laicis missam eorum *audire* interdixit."

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[1] Vol. iii. p. 65.

VI

The conflict with the incontinent and simoniacal clergy was not waged without much personal suffering to Gregory himself. Even in his own city of Rome a party was formed against him, consisting of ecclesiastics who had resigned their benefices rather than give up their concubines, of their friends and relatives, and of others who dreaded the Pope's severity, and whose consciences whispered to them that their own turn would come next. At the head of these malcontents was found Guibert, Archbishop of Ravenna, who, in the event, was to figure as an anti-Pope. The

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[1] Ratherius, Bishop of Verona (he died in the second half of the tenth century), puts the matter plainly: "Hoc eodem modo quum omnes noverint quia omnis qui præter uxorem legitimam cogit aut fornicationem, aut adulterium facit; presbyter vero vel diaconus uxorem legitimam non possit habere," etc.—*Apud* d'Achéry, vol. i. p. 370. So St. Peter Damiani pointed out to certain concubines of priests, when urging them to leave the partners of their guilt, that the religious ceremonies and legal documents which accompanied their pretended marriages were idle: "Totum hoc quod apud alios est conjugii firmamentum, inter vos vanum judicatur et frivolum."

[2] *History of European Morals*, vol. ii. p. 351.

Pontiff was worn out, and in the autumn of 1074 he sank into an illness of such gravity that his life was despaired of. His convalescence he describes as "a thing rather to be lamented than rejoiced at." "Our soul," he tells the Countess Beatrice and her daughter Matilda, "was tending towards, and with all desire panting for, that country where He who observes our labour and sorrow, prepares for the weary rest and refreshment."[1] And again, writing at the same time to his friend Hugh, Abbot of his beloved monastic home of Clugny—

> "Contemplating in mental vision the regions of the West, the South, or the North, I perceive scarcely any Bishops lawfully admitted to their office, and leading lives conformable to their sacred character, who rule Christ's people for the love of Christ, and not for the ends of earthly ambition. Nor do I find among the secular princes any who prefer God's honour to their own, or justice to gain. Those nations among whom I dwell—the Romans, the Lombards, and the Normans—I conceive, as I often declare to them, to be in some sense worse than Jews or Pagans. And turning to myself, I find myself so oppressed with the burden of my own works that no hope of salvation remains to me but in the mercy of Christ alone. Did I not trust to attain to a better life, and to do service to Holy Church, I would, on no account, remain in Rome; in which city it has been by compulsion, as God is my witness, that I have dwelt for twenty years past. Whence it comes to pass that, between the grief which is daily renewed in me and the hope which is, alas! too long deferred, I live as it were in death, shaken by a thousand storms. And I await the coming of Him who bound me with His chains, who led me back, against my own wish to Rome, and who has here girt me about with countless difficulties; and often do I

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[1] *Ep.*, lib. ii. 9.

say to Him, 'Hasten, tarry not; come quickly, delay not: and deliver me for the love of Blessed Mary and St. Peter.'"[1]

Not the less earnestly, however, did he address himself, until his hour of deliverance should come, to the task which his hand found to do. And he discerned that the time was now ripe when he should enter upon a mightier struggle than any in which he was yet engaged. The root of clerical incontinence and simony, as he knew well, lay in the custom of lay investiture—a practice which in effect drew the prelates of the Church into the meshes of the feudal system, and which had attained its most disastrous development in Germany. This is a subject upon which polemical prejudices have falsified the judgment of writers of every school. Thus, there are Catholic authors who use language which implies that the pretensions of the Emperor[2] Henry IV. were new. On the other hand, Ranke, usually so anxious to be accurate, speaks in terms hardly less likely to mislead. "The constitution of the Empire," he writes, "rested on the connection between temporal and spiritual institutions; the link between them was the investiture; the stripping of the Emperor of this ancient privilege was equivalent to a revolution."[3] The truth is, that in the ninth and tenth centuries, as the feudal system developed, the custom had gradually grown up that Bishops and Abbots should receive their investiture from the hands of the feudal lord by the delivery of the episcopal symbols—the staff and ring—and this without any regard to the nature of their temporalities, which consisted not only of feudal holdings and seignorial rights, but to a very large extent of free or allodial lands, and also without regard to the vital distinction between their episcopal authority and their temporal status.[1] This custom, which it would be a grave error to regard as a mere form—nothing was a "mere form" in the Middle Ages—obviously tended to present the temporal lord as the source of spiritual jurisdiction; and supplemented as it was by the right of designation to vacant sees, claimed by the civil ruler, it led, in the vast majority of cases, to the absolute disposal of ecclesiastical offices by the sovereign—in entire disregard of the right of election canonically vested in the clergy and people—the mode of disposal very frequently adopted being that of open sale. Lambert of Aschaffenberg, one of the most trustworthy of the authorities upon the affairs of the Empire in the eleventh century, tells us how the royal palace was turned into a mart for the sale of benefices by Henry IV., the imperial auctioneer officiating occasionally, and knocking down bishoprics and abbeys to the highest bidder. And so great had become the scandal thus given, that in 1073, Gregory's immediate predecessor, Alexander II., in a Council held at Rome, had charged the Archbishop of Bamberg present there with Apostolic letters, requiring the Teutonic monarch to appear before the Pontifical throne to answer for himself regarding it;[1] but the Pope's death, occurring shortly afterwards, the summons had fallen to the ground. Gregory resolved to go to the root of the matter and to eradicate simony by utterly prohibiting lay investiture under pain of excommunication. Upon this matter, Bowden has a passage which I venture to quote, for I know not who else has so correctly and impartially stated the case—

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[1] *Ep.*, lib. ii. 49.

Not in strictness Emperor, but Emperor-elect. He was never crowned; his mock-coronation by an anti-Pope of course counts for nothing.

[3] *Popes of Rome*, vol. i. p. 18 (Eng. trans.). So Mr. Bryce, in *The Holy Roman Empire*: "When Gregory VII. declared that it was sin for the ecclesiastic to receive his benefice under conditions from a layman . . . he aimed a deadly blow at all secular authority"—a statement which really takes away one's breath.

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[1] Godfrey of Vendôme distinguishes between two kinds of investiture: "Alia est investitura quæ episcopum perficit, alia vero quæ episcopum pascit. Illa ex divino jure habetur, ista ex jure humano."—*Opus.*, vi. Migne, clvii. p. 219.

> "Under Charlemagne and his descendants, prelates became identified with barons, the hierarchical governors of the Church with the feudal dignitaries of the empire; [and] in this blending of dissimilar characters, the sacred and unearthly dignity, which was the object of faith, became merged, to the public eye, in that which was tangible and conspicuous. Under this state of things—the sovereign, naturally conceiving himself entitled to a preponderating voice in the nomination of his representative and vassal—the custom silently become universal, that episcopal elections should be ratified by what was styled regal investiture. Though, in earlier and purer ages of the Church, the binding a bishop by any kind of formal oath, would have been thought a degradation of the episcopal character, the prelates nominated by Charlemagne or his descendants saw no impropriety, when

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[1] "Heinricum IV. regem datis Annoni archiepiscopo Bambergensi literis vocat ad satisfaciendum pro symoniaca heresi aliisque nonnullis emendatione dignis quæ de ipso Romæ fuerunt audita."—*Regesta Pont. Roman.*, p. 401.

becoming the beneficed vassals of the throne, in pledging themselves, in the ordinary way, to fidelity and devotion, or in receiving the emblems of their appointment from the regal hand. The symbols adopted for this purpose were the sacerdotal ring and the pastoral staff; symbols which, naturally as they in the first instance suggested themselves, could scarcely fail to escape the indignant criticism of Churchmen in a more thoughtful age. For, when their purport was weighed, they could scarcely be regarded as indicative of those civil rights, royalties, and privileges, which, emanating as they did from the fountain of secular honours, bishops might fairly be admitted to hold in subservience to, and as derivative from, the regal authority. They were episcopal, not baronial adornings. They typified, the one the espousals which the bishop, in Christ's stead, contracted with His Church, the other, the pastoral superintendence which, as representing the Great Shepherd, he was authorized to exercise over His flock. And, under the influence of that primitive feeling which sought to trace, in things of a holy nature, the unseen in the seen—to watch for glimpses and shadowy indications of the correspondences which connect the earthly and tangible accidents of the Church with her essential and hidden glories —the more religious contemporaries of Gregory VII. regarded, as though fraught with a mysterious potency of meaning, these honoured instruments and appendages of her ministry. In the rod they beheld the antitype of that which, in the hand of Moses, had brought water from the rock to the relief of a perishing people. And with regard to the ring, they, with St. Ambrose, beheld in it the seal of a pure faith and the impress of the truth. 'He who hath the ring,' the Saint hath thus spoken, 'hath the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost. For God hath sealed us, whose image is Christ, and hath given His Spirit to be a pledge in our hearts; that we may recognize, in the ring which is placed upon the hand, that signet with which the inward parts of our hearts, and the ministry of our outward actions, are sealed.' Impressed with sentiments reverential as these, they could not but shudder to behold the practice of lay investiture, such as it existed around them; to behold the symbols, fraught to their eyes with a significancy so awful, handled and dispensed to Christ's ministers by a licentious monarch, or, as was the case with many benefices, by his feudatory nobles, as though in exercise of the ordinary privileges and prerogatives of their secular dignity. And when we reflect that a ceremony, in itself so odious to them, was rendered still more obnoxious in their eyes by its connection with the existing prostration of the Church before the temporal sovereignty, as well as by its tendency to perpetuate the system of simony which disgraced the times, we may, in some degree, appreciate the intensity of the feeling with which, when once appealed to on the subject, they were found to insist on its total and perpetual abolition."[1]

Such, unquestionably, were the considerations which led Gregory to promulgate, in 1075, the following decree: "If any one shall, from henceforward, receive a bishopric or abbey from the hand of any lay person, let him not be reckoned among Bishops or Abbots, nor let the privilege of audience be granted to him as to a Bishop or Abbot. We, moreover, deny to such a one the favour of St. Peter, and an entrance into the Church, until he shall have resigned the dignity which he has obtained, both by the crime of ambition and of disobedience, which is as idolatry. And in like manner do we decree concerning the lesser dignities of the Church. Also if any Emperor, Duke, Marquis, Count, or any secular person, or power whatsoever, shall presume to give investiture of any bishopric or other ecclesiastical dignity, let him know himself to be bound by the force of the same sentence."[1]

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[1] Vol. i. p. 327. To economize space, I omit the authorities cited by Bowden in his notes; but they are well worthy of reference.

Thus was the gauntlet of the spiritual power thrown down to feudalism: thus was the supreme conflict for the liberty of the Church engaged. The moment was opportunely chosen by Gregory. The Saxons were in full, and apparently successful, revolt against Henry, who thought well to address to the Pope a temporizing letter. But his complete victory over them two months afterwards, at the battle of the Unstrutt, led to an entire change in his demeanour. The simoniacal traffic was carried on by him as openly and unblushingly as before; the decree concerning investiture was ostentatiously set at nought; and the prelates of Saxony were deprived, by his sole authority, of their sees. Upon tidings of these things reaching Gregory, two legates were despatched by the Pontiff with letters to the King, requiring him to appear at Rome to justify himself. They were driven with insult from the Imperial Court at Worms, whither a Council of the simoniacal and incontinent prelates of the Empire was hastily summoned with a view of deposing the Pope. By way of facilitating the task of this assembly, a plot had been formed for seizing his person. The leader of it, Cenci, a dissolute Roman Baron, had written, promising to bring Gregory into the King's presence,[2] and the measures taken to carry out that assurance afford so singular an insight into the times[1] that it is worth while to pause a little over the graphic contemporary narratives of them.

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[1] Pagi, *Critica in Ann. Baron.*, ad an. 1075.

[2] "Promittens eundum patrem regis conspectui repræsentandum."—Paul. Bern., c. v.

On Christmas Eve of the year 1075, a very stormy and tempestuous night, the Pope was singing the midnight Mass at St. Mary Major in the Chapel of the Holy Crib. The rite was well-nigh over. The Pontiff had himself received the Sacrament, and, having given communion to the clergy present, was communicating the rest of the faithful, when suddenly the place was filled with armed men. It was Cenci and his band, who, sword in hand, rushing to the altar, seized the Pontiff and dragged him away from the unfinished mysteries with blows and wounds. Gregory did not strive nor cry, but with undiminished calm and eyes uplifted to heaven, suffered himself to be stripped of his pallium and chasuble, and to be hurried, still wearing his amice and stole, without the church, where, like a thief, he was placed on a horse behind the back of some ruffian (*cujusdam sacrilegi*) and hurried off to one of the towers of Cenci. Thence they propose to bear him beyond the walls of the city; but by this time warning has been given and the fury of the elements has abated. The gates are quickly secured by the people, ample guard being stationed at each, and all night long the city is in confusion with the clangour of trumpets and the ringing of bells, as men hurry to and fro, seeking in vain the place where their pastor is hidden, if peradventure he be still alive. In the morning a great multitude is gathered together at the Capitol. The word goes out that the Holy Father is imprisoned in a certain tower under the custody of Cenci, the friend of the German King. Siege is at once laid to it. Catapults and battering-rams are brought. Fires are lighted before the door. The first rampart yields, and the people reach the foot of the tower itself. Meanwhile the Pontiff remains shut up in a chamber of the fortress. In the confusion which had reigned, a pious Roman citizen and a devout and noble matron had passed in with him; and while the one seeks fur to wrap round the old man, half perished by the cold of that inclement night and fireless prison, and warms in his own bosom the frozen feet of the Apostolic captive, the other essays to wash and dress, as best she may, his wounds; and, like another Magdalene, devoutly kisses his breast and his hair amid her fast-falling tears. Side by side with these pious persons stands the sister of Cenci, not afraid to pour forth curses on the Holy Father; and Cenci himself, who, with sword upraised—stern, minatory, and every way terrible[1]—seeks to exact from the Pontiff an order for the delivery of the Papal treasury and strongholds, Gregory returning to these demands the "non possumus," which, as all the world knows, was the invariable reply of one of his latest successors to more successful brigands. The menaces of Cenci are reinforced by one of his followers (*traditoris minister et sequipeda*), who, brandishing his weapon, swears with many blasphemies that he will on that very day cut off the head of the Pope; when happening to show himself upon the battlements, a javelin, thrown from below, puts an end alike to his threatening and his life.[1] As the morning wears on, Cenci perceives the hopelessness of his situation. The surging crowds around the tower increase. The thuds of the battering ram shake the walls. It is plain that shortly the situation will be changed, that the captor of the Pontiff will speedily find himself the captive of the Pontiff's deliverers. He throws himself at the feet of the most blessed Pope (*procidit ad pedes beatissimi Papæ*); calls himself parricide; the violator of the sanctuary of the Mother of God, and of the Holy Crib of Jesus Christ; and sues for pity, for penance, for protection from the people raised against him by the most just judgment of God. Gregory, with no touch of anger, turns towards the terror-stricken ruffian grovelling before him on the ground. "The wrong that thou hast done me," he declares, "I pardon as a father (*paterne indulgeo*); but the sin that thou hast committed against God, and His Mother, and the Apostles, or rather the whole Church, I order thee to redeem by penance." And as the condition of absolution, he appoints a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, so that haply the sinner may find again the grace of God, and from an example of perdition become an example of repentance. Then, appearing at the window of the tower, he shows himself to the people, motioning to them, with his hands, to desist from the attack. But his gestures are construed as a sign of encouragement, and the assault being pushed forward with renewed energy, the fortress is speedily taken. The first thought of the rescued Pontiff was to return to the Church of St. Mary Major, there to end the sacred rite from which he had been sacrilegiously torn on the evening of the previous day. Thither was he borne upon the shoulders of the rejoicing people. There, still fasting and upheld by others, he finished at eventide the Mass which he had begun at midnight. Then, having made his thanksgiving, he sought the repose which he so sorely needed, in his palace of the Lateran. Meanwhile Cenci, protected by the Apostolic pardon, escaped, not to make his promised pilgrimage, but to seek refuge in a castle in the Campagna, whence he harried, with frequent forays, the Pontifical territories. In the course of the year he died, suffocated by an ulcer in the jaws, as Arnulphus relates, who in his fate finds an analogy with that of Judas: "Quemadmodum Judas, proditor nexu laquei strangulatus."

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[1] Most of these details will be found in Paulus Bernriedensis, c. v.

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[1] "Gladio super illum furialiter stricto, torvus, minax et omniferiam terrificus."—Bertholdus, *apud* Pertz., *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, vol. vii. p. 282.

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[1] "Sicque ad tartarum misit," adds Paulus.

This was the issue of the attempt to terminate the nascent strife between the Papacy and the Empire by Cenci's plot. Its chief practical effect was to reveal to the Pontiff more clearly the character of the adversaries with whom he had to do. The German King had previously given ample proof that he feared not God, neither regarded man. But this deed was evidence of a supreme contempt of that public opinion of Christendom which was the only force whereon the spiritual power had to rely. Thirteen days after it, the

Pope addressed to Henry a letter which (as Villemain observes), although no mention is made therein of the affair of Cenci, is couched in terms of such calm and commanding gravity, that we cannot fail to trace in it the presentiment of the mortal strife that was at hand. Gregory begins by saying that, considering to what an inexorable Judge he must give account of the exercise of the ministry committed to him by the Prince of the Apostles, it is not without doubt that he imparts to the monarch his Apostolic benediction. And then, after comparing the fair words and foul deeds of Henry, he concludes: "Sinner and unworthy as we are, we occupy the chair and Apostolic office of Peter. It is he who receives that which thou sendest us in writing, or causest to be said to us by word of mouth. And while we peruse thy letters, or give ear to the words that are uttered on thy behalf, he sees with unerring eyes the heart, whence have proceeded the things addressed to us."[1] Meanwhile Henry was tired of the mask which he had so long worn, and was prepared to accept the challenge thrown down to him in Gregory's citation. The prelates whom he had gathered together at Worms were quite ready to accomplish his will. No doubt Villemain is well founded in his opinion that, apart from their desire of flattering the prince, the severe rule of the Pontiff had excited against him the enmity of many, whence the language full of bitter hatred in which the decree of the pretended Council is drawn up. The disregard of Imperial authority in Gregory's election, his proceedings concerning the incontinent clergy, and specially his appeal to the people against them, are dwelt upon in many words, and he is accused of treason (*læsa majestas*), divine and human. For these causes, the document ends, the Emperor, Bishops, senate, and Christian people declare him deposed, and will no longer leave the flock of Christ to the guardianship of this ravening wolf. Gregory replied by a sentence of excommunication and suspension from the government of the whole realm of the Germans and of Italy[1]—such sentence to become definitive unless the King should repent and give satisfaction within a year. All Christians were released from their oath of fealty to Henry. All were prohibited from yielding him obedience. "I bind him," the sentence concludes, "O Peter, in thy stead, with the bond of anathema. I bind him on the faith of thy power, so that the nations may know and experience that 'Thou art Peter; and upon this Rock the Son of the living God has built His Church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against her.' "

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[1] *Ep.*, lib. iii, 10.

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[1] "Totius regni Teutonicorum et Italiæ gubernacula contradico."—Mansi, tom. xx. p. 467. It was not, in strictness, a sentence of deposition. The incapacity to govern and the dissolution of fealty were, *juxta legem Teutonicorum*, the civil consequences of the excommunication. In England, down to the beginning of the last century, the effect of ecclesiastical censures was very similar. "An excommunicated person in England was placed almost wholly beyond the protection of the law. He could not be a witness or a juryman. He could not bring an action to secure or recover his property. If he died without the removal of his sentence he had no right to Christian burial. Nor was this all. After forty days' contumacy he might be arrested by the writ 'De excommunicato capiendo,' issued by the Court of Chancery, and imprisoned till he was reconciled to the Church. It is a singular fact that such a tremendous power, which, in theory at least, might extend even to perpetual imprisonment, should, during the whole of the eighteenth century, have been lodged with an ecclesiastical court, and that it might be applied to men who had committed such trivial offences as the non-payment of fees or costs. Nor was it by any means a dead letter."—Lecky, *History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. iii. p. 495.

Such was the formal initiation of the great duel between the Papacy and the Empire. To outward view, nothing could seem more disproportionate than the forces massed against one other. On the one side, a young prince, ruling over the greatest of secular sovereignties, and supported by the magnates of his vast dominions. On the other, an aged priest, the son of a carpenter, so powerless in his own city that, as we have seen, his personal liberty was well-nigh at the mercy of any chance band of ruffians. But, in truth, the conflict was merely an acute phase of the great strife carried on, with ever-varying issues, through the ages of the world's history, as in that microcosm, the heart of each individual man, of which human society is but a vastly magnified representation; the strife of which the Apostle speaks in words of universal application: "The flesh lusteth against the spirit." The cause of Henry was the cause of man's lower nature—of the beast which is in him, and of the passions of the beast acting on matter, and employing its natural weapon of material force. The cause of Gregory was the cause of that higher law which has its sanctions in the consciences of men. "God is our witness," wrote the Pontiff in an Epistle to the whole Church, "that no personal motive, no secular end, impels us to raise against ourselves bad princes and impious priests, but solely the consideration of our bounden duty and the power of the Apostolic chair, which presses upon us day by day. Better were it for us to suffer the death of the body—a debt which all must pay—at the hand of tyrants, than to consent by our silence, whether from fear or favour, to the destruction of the Christian law."[1] That was the point at issue; whether the claims and rights of the spiritual part of man were to be preserved; whether any principle higher than materialism was to rule among the new nationalities then being formed. And this it is which renders that great conflict so momentous a crisis in the career of Modern Civilization.

It was in the midst of this conflict that the remaining nine years of Gregory's pontificate were passed. They constitute, so to speak, a drama of two acts. The first ends at Canossa. Soon after the promulgation of the Papal sentence, death removes Henry's two chief followers. Godfrey, Duke of Lorraine, his most powerful and constant vassal, is smitten by the dagger of an unknown assassin, hired apparently by a feudal neighbour; and leaves his wife, Matilda, entirely unshackled in the administration of her Tuscan domain, and thenceforth able to give the Pontiff that unbounded support and entire devotion which constituted his chief earthly consolation. William, Bishop of Utrecht, the principal of the monarch's ecclesiastical advisers, is suddenly struck down by a mortal disease on Easter Day, in his Cathedral Church, while publicly deriding the Pontifical decree of excommunication, and reviling its author;[1] and quickly there spreads far and wide the story of the terrible agony of unavailing remorse in which the sacrilegious prelate passed away; how in his despair he returned for answer to a message from Henry: "Tell him that I and all the fautors of his iniquity are damned to all eternity;" how to those who surrounded his bed of death, he cried out, "Demons are waiting around for my soul; by the just judgment of God I have lost this life and the next." No incident is better fitted than this to bring home to the modern mind the profound unquestioning conviction of the justice of the Pontiff's cause, which reigned in the hearts even of his bitterest enemies. The first fact about the age was its faith—not its superstition, "an infirmity which, taking human nature as it is, is the sure companion of faith, when vivid and earnest"—faith as unquestioning in the bad as in the good: in souls angelical where it worked *per caritatem*, as in souls diabolical which, in full view of "a fearful looking for of judgment," wrought wickedness. Properly to grasp the significance of such a scene as that upon which we have just looked, is to enter a long way into the secret of that vanished time.

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[1] "Ad Universos Christianos," *Ep.*, lib. iv. 1.

There can be no question of the deep terror produced throughout the Empire by the fate of the schismatical Bishop, whose body lay unburied until permission for its interment, without religious rites, came from Rome. One by one Henry's chief partisans fell away. The prelates whose voices had been raised most loudly in his support at Worms, now stand aloof from him, and seek means for reconciliation with the Apostolic See. His feudatories set at nought his behests; his vassals withhold their duty. Finally, in pursuance of an understanding among the principal magnates, the princes and prelates meet in Diet at Tribur, on the 16th of October, 1076, to consider the state of the German kingdom; Henry meanwhile lying at Oppenheim, on the opposite bank of the Rhine, with a scanty retinue. The election of another King is debated in the Diet. Henry humbly sends messengers, promising repentance and amendment. At last, it is agreed that the whole cause shall be left to the arbitrament of the Roman Pontiff, in a Diet to be held under his presidency at Augsburg, on the coming Feast of the Purification (February 2nd), and that meanwhile Henry shall reside in the city of Spires, dismissing the simoniacal prelates in his train and the rest of his excommunicated followers. No sooner, however, do the magnates leave Tribur, than Henry sends messengers to the Pope, beseeching that he may present himself for judgment in Rome. Gregory refuses the request, and sets out for Germany under the armed escort of the Countess Matilda, when suddenly he learns that the King, almost alone, has crossed the Alps into Italy, resolved, at all hazards, to escape the peril and ignominy of a public trial in the presence of his assembled feudatories. By the advice of Matilda, the Pontiff turns aside from his route, and returns with her to her mountain fastness of Canossa.

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[1] "'Parum antem de tractatu locutus Evangelico, statim se ad blasphemiam Papæ Gregorii cæco corde menteque vesana prorupuit," etc. This, indeed, appears to have been the style of his preaching: "Omnibus pæne diebus solemnibus inter missarum solemnia rabido ore clamabat, perjurum eum, adulterum et pseudo-Apostolum appellans," we are told.—Migne, *Patrol. Lat.*, vol. cxlviii. p. 77.

There, as Bertholdus relates, Gregory spent his days and nights in prayer imploring the Divine guidance at this difficult crisis. It was on the 25th of January, 1077, that the scene took place, which, as is natural, has seized so strongly upon the popular imagination, and has so often supplied a theme for the brush of the painter, the periods of the rhetorician, the verse of the poet. It is not surprising, perhaps, that the plain facts of the case have been somewhat overlaid by the embellishments of these artists. It may be well briefly to recall them. It was not the Pope, then, who summoned Henry to Canossa, but Henry who sought the Pope there, and that for a very plain and intelligible end of his own. The King was bent upon escaping at any sacrifice from the bond of excommunication and from his engagement to appear before the Pontiff, at the Diet summoned at Augsburg for the Feast of the Purification. The character in which he presented himself before Gregory was that of a penitent, throwing himself in deep contrition upon the Apostolic clemency, and desirous of reconciliation with the Church. The Pope, after so long experience of his double-dealing, disbelieved in his sincerity, while, as a mere matter of policy, it was in the highest degree expedient to keep him to his pact with the German princes and prelates. The King pleaded that the sentence of excommunication was weighing on his soul,[1] that the year of grace wherein he might purge himself from it, assigned by the Papal decree, was fast expiring; that he was willing, if absolved, to put himself into the Pontiff's hands and to perform any penance that might be imposed upon him. On three successive days did he appear barefooted in the snowy courtyard of the castle, clad in the white garb of a penitent, suing for relief from ecclesiastical censures. It was difficult for Gregory to resist the appeal thus made to his fatherly compassion, the more especially as Hugh, Abbot of Clugny, and the Countess Matilda besought him "not to break the bruised reed." Against his better judgment, and in despite of the warnings of secular prudence, the Pope consented on the fourth day to admit to his presence the royal suppliant. Accompanied by his excommunicated followers, Henry entered the castle, and falling on the ground before the Pontiff, in the form of a cross, sued for reconciliation to the Church. Gregory wept, moved at the sight of this prodigal returning with the confession, "Father, I have sinned;" touched too, it may be, by that "sense of tears in mortal things" which the spectacle was apt to suggest. The conditions of absolution imposed upon the King were mainly four: that he should present himself upon a day and at a place, to be named by the Pontiff, to receive the judgment of the Apostolic See upon the charges preferred by the princes and prelates of Germany; that he should abide the Pontifical sentence—his subjects meanwhile remaining released from their oath of fealty; that he should respect the rights of the Church and carry out the Papal decrees; and that breach of this engagement should entitle the Teutonic magnates to proceed to the election of another King. Such were the terms to which Henry solemnly pledged himself, and on the faith of that pledge the Pontiff, assuming the vestments of religion, proceeded to absolve him with the appointed rites. Then followed the Mass, which Gregory himself celebrated. At the consummating moment of the sacrifice he turned to Henry, holding in his hand the sacred Host, and enumerating the charges which had been brought against him by the monarch, said, "I might justify myself by proof: I might appeal to the evidence of witnesses who have known me from my childhood, and by whose suffrages I occupy the chair I fill. But I turn from human testimony to that which is Divine. Behold the Body of the Lord. Be It this day the witness of my innocence. May Almighty God free me this day, if I be innocent, from suspicion of guilt. May He smite me, if I be guilty, by a sudden death this day." And so, before them all, he broke the Host and received one half of It. Then, turning to Henry, he said, with many solemn words, "If thou be innocent, my son, do likewise." The King, in great confusion, demanded a moment to confer with his counsellors, and by their advice excused himself from communicating.[1]

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[1] Lambert, in explanation of Henry's eager desire for absolution, writes, "Rex etiam certo sciens, omnem suam in eo verti salutem si ante anniversariam diem excommunicatione absolveretur, . . . quia nisi ante eam diem anathemate absolveretur, decretum noverat communi principum sententia ut . . . regnum sine ullo deinceps resitutionis remedio amisisset."—*Apud* Pertz., *Monumenta Germaniæ Historica*, vol. vii. pp. 254–256. Paulus Bernriedensis gives a similar account of what he calls Henry s "simulata pœnitentia."

So ends the first act in this great tragedy. Gregory's misgivings as to the King's sincerity soon receive too ample justification. "Fear not," the Pontiff is reported to have said,[2] with half-contemptuous sadness to the Saxon envoys who complained of his lenity to the monarch: "Fear not, I send him back to you more guilty than he came." Henry's words to the Pope had been softer than butter; but he had departed with war in his heart; and the cold reception given him by his allies, the Lombard prelates—men steeped in simony, and, well-nigh all of them, living openly with women—had not tended to make his thoughts less bitter. Soon he lays a plot for seizing Gregory at Mantua, whither the Pontiff is invited for the purpose of presiding over a Council. But the vigilance of the Great Countess foils the proposed treachery. Shortly the ill-advised monarch again assumes an attitude of open hostility to the Pope; sets at nought the conditions to which he had solemnly pledged himself at Canossa, and, according to the expression of the historian Lambert, breaks through the bonds of ecclesiastical law, as though they had been cobwebs. Cobwebs as they seemed to be, he soon discovers that they are of iron. The Teutonic princes, glad to throw off an authority which they loathe and despise—not heeding the advice to pause given by the Roman legates—proceed at the Diet of Forcheim to the election of another King. Their choice falls upon Rudolph of Swabia, who is crowned at Metz on the 26th of March, 1077.

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[1] I follow the received account, as given by Lambert and other contemporary writers. Döllinger, in his *Geschichte der Christlichen Kirche*, is of opinion, on grounds which I venture to think insufficient, that Henry did receive communion upon the occasion in question.

[2] "Ne solliciti sitis quoniam culpabiliorem eum reddo vobis." Waltram is, I believe, the only considerable authority who vouches for the saying.

The situation is now complicated by the strife between the two rival sovereigns. Gregory protests that his heart is full of sorrow and heaviness at the sight of the effusion of Christian blood, the trouble of religion, and the threatened ruin of the Roman Empire occasioned by the conflict, and seeks to judge the cause of the pretenders, requiring from each a safe-conduct for his journey to Germany for that purpose. Rudolph gives it, but Henry evades compliance. At last, in Lent, 1080, Gregory, no longer able to tolerate the continual violation by Henry of the pledges given at Canossa, and greatly moved by tidings of his new and manifold sacrileges and cruelties, pronounces again the sentence of excommunication against him, releasing his subjects from their obedience, and recognizing Rudolph as King. Henry thereupon calls together some thirty simoniacal and incontinent prelates at Brixen, and causes them to go through the form of electing an anti-Pope in the person of Guibert, Archbishop of Ravenna, an ecclesiastic some time previously excommunicated by Gregory for grave offences. Then the tide turns in Henry's favour. At the battle of the Elster (15th October, 1080), Rudolph is defeated and mortally wounded, and on the same day the army of the Great Countess is overthrown and dispersed at La Volta, in the Mantuan territory. Next year, in the early spring, Henry crosses the Alps and advances towards Rome. Gregory's advisers counsel a compromise. But the aged Pontiff is animated by the prescient mind of the antique Roman,[1] and puts aside the unworthy proposal.

A little before Pentecost Henry appears under the walls of the Papal city, expecting that his party within it will throw open the gates to him; but his expectation is disappointed, and being unprovided with the means for laying a regular siege to it, he is compelled, in July, to withdraw from the unwholesome plains of the Campagna. In 1082 the monarch again advances upon Rome and ineffectually assaults it. In the next year he makes a third and more successful attempt, and captures the Leonine city. Again he seeks to win the Pontiff to a *modus vivendi*, and the Romans, worn out with the privations and horrors of so long a state of war, beseech Gregory's compliance with tears. But the Pope's reply was a "non possumus." "I know, by long experience, this king's wiliness and treachery. Nevertheless, if he will make amends to God and His Church for the sins which he has notoriously committed against them, I am ready and willing to absolve him, and to place the Imperial Crown upon his head. But if he will not do this, I ought not, I dare not, to listen to your prayer." In

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[1] "Dissentientis condicionibus
Fœdis et exemplo trahenti
Perniciem veniens in ævum."

November of this year Gregory holds a Council—the last in which he ever presided—and addresses to the small number of Bishops able to attend it a discourse "breathing rather angelical than human eloquence," speaking to them "of the great doctrines of the faith, of the conversation incumbent upon its professors, and of the firmness and constancy required of them under the pressure and troubles of the times, until the whole assembly around him is melted into tears."[1] On the 21st of March, 1084, the Lateran Gate is opened to Henry by the treacherous Romans, and the excommunicated monarch, with the anti-Pope by his side, rides in triumph through the streets. The next day, Guibert solemnly takes possession of St. John Lateran, and bestows the Imperial Crown upon Henry in the Vatican Basilica. Meanwhile, Gregory is shut up in the Castle of St. Angelo. Thence, after six weeks, he is delivered by Guiscard, Duke of Calabria, the faithful vassal of the Holy See. But the burning of the city by Guiscard's troops, upon the uprising of the Romans, turns the joy of his rescue into mourning. Eight days afterwards he quits the smoking ruins of his once beautiful Rome, and after pausing for a few days at Monte Casino, reaches Salerno, where his life-pilgrimage is to end. A sure presentiment tells him that the time of his departure is at hand, the hour of deliverance for which he had so often sighed under the twelve years' burden of his world-wide charge. And as his malady progresses, and his vital force decays, he passes the days until his change shall come, in reviewing his work by the clearer light of approaching death and anticipated eternity. We know what was his testimony of himself at that supreme hour, in full vision of the dread meeting, face to face, with the Great Taskmaster, to whom, as he had ever remembered, his account must be rendered. Like the Apostle in whose name he had so often spoken, he could aver that he had fought the good fight; that he had followed even to the end, his appointed course; that he had kept the faith. And he had earned an Apostolic reward. "I have loved righteousness and hated iniquity; therefore I die in exile." They are the last words he ever spoke. And one of them that stood by made answer, "In exile thou canst not die, Vicar of Christ and His Apostle; thou hast received the heathen for thine inheritance, and the utmost parts of the earth for thy possession." Fitting commendation for the passing of that "strong heroic soul."

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[1] Bowden, vol. ii. p. 310; citing Harduin, tom. vi. pt. i. p. 1612.

VII

More than eight centuries have rolled by since Gregory passed away. But his work has not passed away. No true work ever wholly passes away. "Great things done endure." And that this is so is perhaps the one consideration which renders the faithful study of human history endurable. The story of our race, in every age, might well turn to gloom any mind which contemplates it in its naked reality, were it not for the Divine element kept alive in it by those witnesses to unswerving truth, and severe holiness and inflexible justice, of whom the world is not worthy, but of whom the world is never left wholly destitute. Of the number of these was St. Gregory VII. The world has been made better by that man's life and doing—better for us in this twentieth century. He laboured; and we—the heirs of all the ages—have entered into his labours. Let me briefly set down what it is that we immediately owe him.

The debt of the modern world to Gregory is mainly this: that by his heroic courage and faith unfailing, the triumph of monarchical absolutism throughout Europe was retarded for two centuries—centuries during which the new nationalities, rallied closely round the Apostolic throne, were informed with the conception of a higher law than any resting merely on material power, of a more sacred fealty than any due to secular rulers. His earliest biographer describes him as wrestling against and overcoming "Kings, Tyrants, Dukes, Princes, and all the jailers of human souls." And this is an exact description of the battle which he fought and won. For the victory was truly his, although it was not until the pontificate of Callixtus II., thirty-eight years after his death, that the last and greatest of the issues debated by him—the question of the investiture—was settled, substantially in favour of the Church. His successors were animated by his spirit; they did but unswervingly adhere to his principles; in their lofty words we seem to catch the accents of him, though dead, yet speaking. To him it is primarily and especially due that the institution of Bishops, as the basis of episcopal government, ceased to be confounded with investiture. The collect in his Office rightly speaks of him as the defender of ecclesiastical liberty. We owe it to him that the Latin Church did not sink, like the Greek, into the puppet of Imperial despotism,[1] and that the human conscience was recognized in the Western world as a domain into which the jurisdiction of temporal princes did not extend.

But Gregory was the saviour of political freedom too.[2] He was the founder of communal liberty in

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[1] "No contest about investiture was possible in the Greek Empire; the Emperor, as later the Sultan also, gave to the new Patriarch the pastoral staff as sign of the dignity conferred upon him by God through the Emperor's hand. . . . The arbitrary depositions of Patriarch became more and more frequent; the last vestige of ecclesiastical freedom was lost. . . . Only too true is what Gregory IX. wrote in 1232 to Germanus II., 'When the Church of the Greeks divided herself from the unity of the Roman Chair, she lost at once the privilege of ecclesiastical freedom.'"—Cardinal Hergenröther's *Photius*, vol. iii. pp. 841–843.

[2] He occasionally uses language at which the most liberal of his modern critics stand aghast. Thus, in one of his epistles he writes "Quis nesciat reges et duces ab iis habuisse principium qui Deum ignorantes, superbia, rapinis, perfidia, homicidiis, postremo universis pæne sceleribus, mundi principe, diabolo, videlicet, agitante, super pares, scilicet homines, dominari cæca cupiditate et intolerabili presumptione affectaverunt?" (lib. viii. 21). Upon this passage Villemain exclaims, "Est-ce, en effet. un austère et saint pontife, est-ce un démocrate moderne qui prononce ce terrible anathème contre toutes ces dignités de la terre, denoncées comme autant d'inventions diaboliques, dont quelques hommes se sont servis pour marcher sur la tête des autres hommes, que la nature avait créés leurs égaux?" (vol. ii. p. 75). Villemain here, as in so many other places, goes too far. St. Gregory VII. says nothing, either in this passage or anywhere else, in contravention of the Catholic doctrine taught by the Apostle: "Non est enim potestas nisi a Deo; quæ autem sunt, a Deo ordinatæ sunt." Civil authority, in the abstract, is from God, but not in its concrete form, not he who dispenses it. For the rest, the words of Gregory describe with exact accuracy the historical origin

Italy; the apostle of Italian independence. The triumph of the spiritual element over brute force involved the triumph of municipal and national freedom over feudal tyranny. The liberty of the Church, in every age, is in exact proportion to the general liberties enjoyed. And the distinction between the two powers, spiritual and temporal, the two orders, ecclesiastical and civil, is the very foundation on which individual freedom rests, in this modern world of ours—the supreme gain of modern society over the polities of antiquity. It is a distinction which Materialism, the expression of the Paganism innate in human nature, manifesting itself in the public order in the doctrine of the omnipotence of the State, is ever attempting to obliterate. It seemed to have disappeared from the world in what has been happily called the "sensuous tumult of the Renaissance," and in the period of absorbing and absolute monarchy which followed. Especially during the eighteenth century, the century of the Christian era in which the Catholic Church reached her deepest degradation—and nowhere was she more degraded than in Catholic countries—but few traces of it are to be found by the most diligent search in Continental Europe, although in England, thanks to the casting out of the "new monarchy" in 1688, it gradually established itself under the altered form, which the dissolution

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of most of the polities existing in his day—or in our own. And the view of this subject taken by St. Augustine (*De Civ. Dei*, lib. xix. c. 15, and *De Doct. Christ.*, lib. i. 23, whence the expression of Gregory, given above, about the natural equality of men is borrowed) and by most of the early Fathers, is identical with his.

of religious unity had compelled it to assume, of freedom of worship and freedom of the press. That liberty of conscience before human law, which the English-speaking races enjoy in this twentieth century, is but the expression, in the shape required by this changed time, of the great principle for which Gregory fought. There is not a Glassite, a Sandemanian, a Seventh-Day Baptist, a Recreative Religionist among us, who is not directly indebted to this Catholic Saint for his right to the enjoyment of his uncouth shibboleths; not a newspaper exponent of sensualism or secularism, of the dissidence of dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion, who does not owe to this great Pontiff the right to abound in his own sense—or nonsense.

To me it seems clear that we owe to Gregory the rescue of liberty of conscience—the first and most precious of all our liberties—in that moment of the history of the modern world when it was in greatest danger of perishing. He preserved it, in his day, by the only means possible in that day, and in the only form possible. He has made the task of those who have subsequently fought and suffered for it, if not less arduous, at least more hopeful. This was the work which he did for the new nationalities, in their most plastic period—a work never, as I believe, to be undone, whether by the pride of kings or the madness of peoples.

"But Gregory went too far." It would be no great argument against him if this were true. "Omnis Pontifex ex hominibus assumptus circumdatus est infirmitate." Every Pontiff taken from among men is encompassed with infirmity: and this Pontiff was eminently human. The weakness incident to our mortal state dims and falsifies our vision. "Larger, other eyes than ours" are needed to discern the exact bounds which should regulate our action. But, apart from this consideration, it may be noted that the historians and publicists who have judged Gregory most harshly, have, for the most part, forgotten that he must be judged, not by the principles of our times, but by the principles of his own. Take, for example, his assertion of the deposing power, so great a stumbling-block to the modern mind. Now, what is certain about the deposing power is that it was no invention of Gregory's, but part of the public law which he was called upon to administer as the common father and supreme judge of Christendom, and that it was the principal and most efficacious check upon monarchical violence and oppression. His predecessors had spoken of the Divine testimonies before kings as loftily as he. The second Gregory had released Italy from its allegiance to an heretical Emperor. Pope Zachary had deposed Chilperic, or, at the least, had ratified his deposition and the substitution of Pepin as King. But, in fact, the so-called deposing power was, strictly speaking, only an incident which attended upon excommunication.[1] It was contrary to the spirit, to the universal sentiment, of an age of faith, that a Christian people should serve a monarch who had been cut off from Catholic unity, and who was to them as a heathen man and a publican. In earlier times even the Bishops of the several Christian nations took upon themselves to exclude princes from Church-membership, and to release their subjects from fealty, as in the remarkable instance where the French prelates assembled at Compiègne laid under ecclesiastical censures Louis le Débonnaire and pronounced him deposed. The same centralizing tendency, which, as Christendom was formed round the Apostolic Chair, reserved to the Supreme Pontiff the power of canonization, anciently vested in each member of the episcopate, reserved to him also the right to excommunicate princes.

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[1] See the note on p. 221.

And this right was the safeguard of their subjects. For it must ever be remembered that in the medieval public order the notion of absolute and irresponsible monarchy had no place. The authority of kings rested everywhere upon constitutional pacts, varying in form, but the same in substance. It was limited, fiduciary, and liable to be forfeited for grave infringement of the laws which they had sworn to administer, of the rights which they had sworn to respect, of the duties which they had sworn to perform. And of monarchs so transgressing, according to the public law which had gradually grown up, and was in force in Gregory's time, the Pope was the judge. Hence the Apostolic Chair was the safeguard of right, the help of the helpless, the refuge of the oppressed. It was also, if I may so speak, a permanent court of international arbitration, and so the *nexus* of the public order of Europe. And I do not think that any impartial student of the acts of those who sat therein, from Gregory's time to the time of the Great Schism, will deny that, upon the whole, they rose to the height of their mission. The world has changed all that now. Christendom has disappeared, and with it the conception of a supreme tribunal judging among the nations by a recognized right and a Divine prerogative. Europe has gone back to that mutually balanced fear (τὸ ἀντίπαλον δέος) which the greatest of ancient historians apparently regarded as the only bond of States. The deposing power has been replaced by "the right of insurrection," supplemented by the regicidal scaffold, the assassin's dagger or bomb. It may be doubted whether the change is wholly for the better.

So much as to the general question of the deposing power. For the rest it cannot be doubted that Gregory was carried by the tide of events further than he had intended to go—that from vindicating the spiritualty against the encroachments of feudalism, he was led to use feudalism as an instrument to bring the Empire into subjection to the Papacy, to make its head "the man" of the Pope. This was natural; nay, inevitable. His work was done in his own day, and primarily for his own day, and by the means which lay ready to his hand: he could find no other. And so, in dealing with other potentates than the Emperor, the tie of fealty by which he sought to bind them to the Holy See was no new device of his. He found it existing; all he did was to strengthen it. And his policy has been amply justified by the event, for it contributed more than anything else to preserve national independence and to foster national development. Upon this subject Cardinal Hergenröther has some extremely sound observations.

"It is an unfounded assertion," this very judicious writer remarks, "that Gregory VII. treated all princes as vassals of the Holy See. It was neither unusual nor uncommon for princes to place themselves and their dominions under the protection of St. Peter. There was a universal subjection of States in matters of religion, but beyond this, in many instances, there was a special subjection founded on various titles, generally the personal desire of the ruling prince. They dedicated themselves to the Prince of the Apostles, or to some other saint, or to some holy place, and made themselves tributary thereto. This subjection served to show that a prince placed under the protection of Heaven and the Saints *was independent of any earthly power*. Certain it is, that the Popes acted in this matter on no widespread, deep-laid political scheme, inherited by one from the other. Things took shape spontaneously, fashioned by impending dangers, by the spirit of chivalry or by religious enthusiasm."[1]

"Religious enthusiasm!" it is the key of the enigma. And many a writer of our own times, surveying the great figure of Gregory, and finding here a sufficient account of him and his work, labels him a fanatic, and dismisses him as unworthy of further consideration from "modern thought." It is, as I know well, a heavy charge in the age in which we live. As a powerful French novelist puts it, "Nous avons appris à peser le pour et le contre, et nous avons appris que la vérité n'est qu'une nuance. Après cela le moyen de se fanatiser!" But Gregory lived eight hundred years before this discovery. There were no *nuances* in his mind. On the one side was righteousness, which he loved; on the other iniquity, which he hated. For him it was the whiteness of snow or the redness of scarlet. If this is fanaticism, he was a fanatic. But his fanaticism was informed by the widest and most comprehensive discernment of the needs of his age; a discernment that made of him a great educational reformer, a great liturgical reformer, and one of the founders of that vast system of canon law which, amid the chaotic mass of feudal customs, some barbarous, some ridiculous, all narrow, preserved the broad scientific principles and rules of the Roman jurisconsults, and rendered them available for the needs of medieval society. It was a fanaticism, too, consistent with the truest liberality to those without the Christian pale, "who believe and confess, though in a different way, one God, and daily praise and adore Him, as the Creator of all ages and the Governor of the world," the true Light "that enlighteneth every man that cometh therein," "without whom we cannot do or think anything that is good."[1] Gregory was a fanatic, as St. Ambrose, St. Anselm, Savonarola, were fanatics; as Moses, Gotama, and Mohammed were fanatics; nay, as He, the Fount of grace and truth, was a fanatic, of whom the judgment of the cool and cautious intellects of His day was, "He hath a devil, and is mad." The reproach of Gregory is the reproach of Christ; and herein is the secret of his success. The cool and cautious intellects pass away, and the "little dust of praise" stirred by admiring contemporaries soon falls, and for the most part serves but to hide their tombs; "their memorial is perished with them." Great enthusiasms are the strongest and most enduring things in the world. "La solidité d'une construction est en proportion de la somme de vérité, de sacrifices, de dévouement qu'on a déposé dans ses bases. Les fanatiques seuls fondent quelque chose."[1]

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[1] *Catholic Church and Christian State*, vol. i. pp. 401-409 (Eng. trans.). I am far from denying that there are arguments in Gregory's Epistles—see, for example, lib. iv. 2, 24; lib. vii. 6; lib. viii. 21—which, if carried to their logical consequences, would supersede all law, positive or natural, by the Papal authority. And, as a matter of fact, some of his successors sought so to develop them, unmindful of the counter-arguments by which they should have been modified.

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[1] I am quoting from his striking letter—the last in the Third Book of his Epistles—to Anzir [Anazir], the Saracen Prince of Mauritania Sitiphensis.

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[1] Renan, *Conférences d'Angleterre*, p. 94.

CHAPTER V

THE AGE OF FAITH

I

In St. Gregory the Seventh we have the greatest of the monks. And in Monachism we have the dominant spiritual and intellectual fact of the Middle Ages. The "many nations" of religious, of whom St. Benedict may be regarded as the father, were the founders of the literature, the creators of the arts, the masters of the philosophy, the sages of the jurisprudence, the pioneers of the physical sciences, the originators of the agriculture of the modern world. To them the civilization of which—and with reason—we, in this twentieth century, make such proud boasting, owes all that is most valuable in it. I need not dwell upon a twice-told tale, familiar to every schoolboy. I propose in the present Chapter to inquire what manner of men those monks were—a subject upon which much less knowledge is commonly current. I do not mean as to the external accidents of their life, their food and raiment, "the trivial round, the common task" of their daily existence; but as to the hidden man of the heart—their thoughts, their aims, their aspirations, in a word, their life-philosophy. And for light on this matter, I shall turn to the verse in which that life-philosophy has been, undesignedly, recorded for us.

Every religion has its hymns, and in those hymns are to be found the truest indications of its real and essential character. Thus if we go back to the childhood of our race, the Vedic songs of our Aryan ancestors speak to us chiefly of their deep awe-stricken consciousness of a mysterious Presence alike manifested and veiled by external nature; while the Hebrew psalms are instinct with that personal apprehension of a living and true God, the Creator and Final End of the worshipper, which constitutes the great underlying idea of Judaism. And so it is if we survey what is perhaps the latest creed offered to a world which labours under an invincible need of believing. If we consider attentively that humanistic gospel which proclaims "the dignity of man as a rational being apart from theological determinations," it is in rhythmic utterances such as those wherewith Mr. Swinburne invokes "our Lady of Pain" to "come down and redeem us from virtue," that we shall find the true key to its mysteries and the right interpretation of its aspirations. My present concern is not, however, with devotional poetry in general, or even with the religious verse of Christianity as a whole, but with one important branch of it, too little known and appreciated, the medieval hymns of Catholicism: "that wonderful body of hymns," Dean Church has justly termed them, "to which age after age has contributed its offerings—from the Ambrosian hymns to the *Veni Sancte Spiritus* of a King of France, the *Pange Lingua* of Thomas Aquinas, the *Dies Iræ* and the *Stabat Mater* of the two Franciscan brethren Thomas of Celano and Jacopone."

In speaking of these hymns as medieval, I employ the word in a large sense, for in strictness the medieval period must be held to begin with the re-creation of the Roman Empire by Pope Leo III., when, to use the words of his diploma, he "consecrated as Augustus"[1] the great Frankish Monarch on Christmas Day in the year 800. But the definite beginnings of the Middle Ages, the visible germination and unfolding of the distinctive feelings, beliefs, principles, embodied in the new order, may beyond question be clearly traced long before the time of Leo III. and Charles the Great, long before St. Benedict gave to his disciples the rule which was to be the norm of the monastic institute: they may be traced from the days of St. Ambrose and St. Augustine, of Prudentius and Pope St. Damasus. The sacred poetry with which we are concerned in this Chapter, is a peculiar feature and product of that order, growing gradually as it grew, developing as it developed, culminating when it culminated, declining when it declined; and supplies an important means for judging it from an important point of view: we may, indeed, say the most important. Religion is "the substance of humanity," creatively determining the character of the art, the literature, and political institutions of a people. These hymns, then, as the natural outcome of the deepest feelings and most assured convictions of the generations in which they were composed, are of special value as documents of the history of Modern Civilization: and it is as such that I now propose chiefly to consider them.

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[1] "Quem, auctore Deo, in defensionem et provectum universæ S. Ecclesiæ Augustum hodie sacravimus."

II

But before I proceed to give some account of this great field of European literature, and to cull from it some characteristic specimens, I should point out, emphatically, that it *is* a distinct field, possessing, among other peculiarities, a language of its own. For long years—indeed, for centuries—the tongue in which are enshrined some of the noblest results of philosophical speculation and of the imaginative faculty, lay under proscription as barbarous; dog-Latin, monkish Latin, Low Latin, being common terms of opprobrium used for designating it. But medieval Latin is no uncouth *patois;* it is a real language, with definite rules, principles, and powers. To us, indeed, it is dead: but to the men of the Middle Ages it was in the fullest sense living:[1] and it can no more be judged of by the standards of the Augustan age than Westminster Abbey by the rules of Vitruvius. Nowhere, perhaps, has the vast influence wielded by Christianity upon Modern Civilization been more significantly illustrated than in its effects upon human speech. It has created the languages and literature of modern Europe; but it previously called into existence that new Latin out of which one large group of those languages has come, and from which all of them have derived much.

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[1] It was the common tongue throughout Europe of the learned—the language in which they wrote, spoke, and thought. But in Italy it was something more down to a late period. As Ozanam remarks, "Au onzième siècle, au douzième, jusqu'au treizième, la langue latine n'avait pas cessé d'être comprise en Italie, non des lettrés seulement, mais de tous. C'était en latin qu'on prêchait le peuple, en latin qu'on le haranguait, en latin qu'on lui composait des chants de guerre."—*Les Poëtes Franciscains*, p. 33.

As the Western Church formed Christendom, so she formed anew the tongue which for long ages was to be the *lingua franca* of her spiritual empire. And in this process of re-formation she came upon the poetical forms of the classical literature of Pagan Rome: forms not, indeed, indigenous to Italy, but adaptations of Hellenic metres, which, naturalized by the genius of Ennius and Lucretius, of Catullus and Horace, had supplanted the old Italian or Saturnian versification, based upon rhythm. She came upon these forms, and tried them, and found them wanting. More than one of her poets, indeed, used them, and not without skill; but it may be truly said of them, that they perished in the using. Thus Prudentius, the greatest who attempted them—the dimeter iambic is the favourite metre of his hymns, but asclepiads and trimeters are not unfrequent—assumes a large licence in altering the value of syllables. His latest editor, Dressel, well observes, "The new faith drew to itself a new mode of expression, whence it came about that we see the language of the ancients changed as occasion required."[1] And Dressel goes on to observe how he disregards the quantities both of proper names and of words, and how "stress is more frequently laid on accent, the law of quantity being put aside." It is much to be regretted that this great poet—"the Horace and Virgil of the Christians," Bentley does not hesitate to call him—is little more than a name to us. Some authentic biography of him would supply a valuable illustration of the times in which he lived. But none such exists. All we know of him is derived from forty-five beautiful and pathetic verses which are prefixed by way of Preface to his Works. It seems that he was a Spaniard, born in the year 348; that he received a liberal education, and after practising for some years as a pleader, twice filled high judicial office.[2] Subsequently he received from the Emperor promotion, the nature of which has much exercised his commentators. Archbishop Trench describes it as "a high military appointment at Court"[3]—an interpretation which at all events completely fits the poet's own words. At the age of fifty-six he appears to have become imbued with a profound sense of the nothingness of the things among which and for which he had lived.[1] From that time forth he devoted himself to sacred poetry. The works in which he discusses theological subjects in vigorous hexameters, are little read now. Although they contain many noble passages, the questions with which they deal, burning enough in his time, have for the most part burnt out. It is upon his *Liber Cathemerinon*—Christian Day, we may call it—and his *Liber Peristephanon*, or Martyrs' Garlands, that his fame chiefly rests. I will quote a few stanzas from his Burial Hymn (*Ad Exequias Defuncti*), the finest, perhaps, which he ever wrote, although there are others hardly less noble. I essay an English version, for which I fear the only merit that can be claimed is that it is an almost literal rendering of the original—

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[1] "Aurelii Prudentii Clementis quæ exstant carmina ad Vaticc. aliorumque codicum et optimarum editionum fidem recensuit, lectionum varietate illustravit, notis explicavit Albertus Dressel." Lipsiæ, 1860. Prolegomena, p. xvii.

[2] "Bis legum moderamine
Frenos nobilium reximus urbium,
Jus civile bonis reddidimus, terruimus reos;"

words which Dressel (as I think, rightly) explains, not of the Consulate, but "de munere provinciæ rectoris seu præsidis."

[3] *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 119.

"Jam mœsta quiesce querela,	Now hushed be all sorrow and sighing,
Lacrimas suspendite matres;	Restrain your fast tears, O ye mothers;
Nullus sua pignora plangat:	Let no one bemoan his lost loved ones,
Mors hæc reparatio vitæ est.	This death is but life's reparation.
"Nunc suscipe terra fovendum	Now receive him and lovingly tend him,
Gremioque hunc concipe molli;	O earth: in thy soft bosom fold him.
Hominis tibi membra sequestro,	To thee a man's frame I surrender;
Generosa et fragmina credo.	The relics I give thee are noble.
"Tu depositum tege corpus,	Hide well this deposited body,
Non immemor ille requiret	For He, not unmindful, will seek it
Sua munera fictor et auctor	Whose it is: whose hands fashioned and made it,
Propriique ænigmata vultus.	And created it in His own likeness.

"Numquid talia proderunt
Carnis post obitum vel bona vel mala,
Cum jam, quidquid id est, quod fueram, mors aboleverit?"

"Nos tecta fovebimus ossa,	We will honour the bones thou enshroudest,
Violis et fronde frequenti,	With violets and many a green leaf,
Titulumque et frigida saxa	The cold stones and the legend graved on them,
Liquido spargemus odore."	With odorous unguents bedewing.

It must be owned that Prudentius is often of a more than Wordsworthian prolixity, but in the midst of much misplaced rhetorical ornament, due to the degenerate taste of the age, which we could well wish away, there is constant evidence of a high poetic faculty. And his verses are of great value as affording an insight into the religious conceptions and practices of the times. One of their chief notes is a stern, heroic, almost fierce asceticism. Fasting he treats as a prime means of Christian life. And he carries his severity so far as to anticipate the repudiation of animal food,[1] which has become part of the rule of certain religious orders. In his hymn in honour of St. Eulalia he records his admiration of the severe manners of that martyr, who, when a little child, despised the flowers, toys, and trinkets dear to girlhood, giving, thus early, signs of her high calling. The vast change which for four centuries had been coming over the European mind is faithfully reflected in Latin literature. How far off are the Lydia and Acme of Catullus, the Chloe and Lyce of Horace, from the Virgin Saint of the Christian poet![1]

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[1] "Absit enim procul illa fames,
Cædibus ut pecudum libeat
Sanguineas lacerare dapes.

"Sint fera gentibus indomitis
Prandia de nece quadrupedum:
Nos oleris coma, nos siliqua
Feta legumine multimodo
Paverit innocuis epulis."

Contemporary with Prudentius was St. Ambrose, whose hymns were such a living power with his great convert, St. Augustine.[2] Most of those which commonly bear his name certainly are not his. Cardinal Thomassin, a high authority, would refer to him some twenty compositions now extant. But Dr. Neale is probably right in reducing the number to ten. I shall give the text of one about which there can be no doubt—"his immortal hymn," Archbishop Trench calls it—"Veni Redemptor gentium." The translation, which I place side by side with it, is Dr. Neale's—

"Veni Redemptor gentium,	"Come, Thou Redeemer of the earth,
Ostende partum Virginis:	Come, testify Thy Virgin Birth:
Miretur omne sæculum,	All lands admire,—all times applaud,
Talis decet partus Deum.	Such is the birth that fits a God.

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[1] "Jam dederat prius indicium,
Tendere se Patris ad solium,
Nec sua membra dicata toro:
Ipsa crepundia repulerat
Ludere nescia pusiola.

"Spernere sucina, flere rosas,
Fulva monilia respuere,
Ore severa, modesta gradu,
Moribus et nimium teneris
Canitiem meditata senum."

[2] See, among other instances, that afforded by a passage in the *Confessions*, lib. ix. c. xii.: "Ut eram in lecto recordatus sum veridicos versus Ambrosii tui," etc.

"Non ex virili semine,
Sed mystico spiramine,
Verbum Dei facta est caro,
Fructusque ventris floruit.

"Begotten of no human will,
But of the Spirit, mystic still,
The Word of God, in flesh arrayed,
The promised fruit to man displayed.

"Alvus tumescit Virginis;
Claustrum pudoris permanet;
Vexilla virtutum micant:
Versatur in Templo Deus.

"The Virgin's womb that burden gained,
With Virgin honour all unstained:
The banners there of virtues glow:
God in His Temple dwells below.

"Procedit e thalamo suo,
Pudoris aula regia,
Germinæ gigas substantiæ
Alacris ut currat viam.

"Proceeding from His Chamber free,
The Royal Hall of chastity,
Giant of two-fold substance, straight
His destined way He runs elate.

"Egressus ejus a Patre,
Regressus ejus ad Patrem:
Excursus usque ad inferos,
Recursus ad sedem Dei.

"From God the Father He proceeds,
To God the Father back He speeds:
Proceeds—as far as very hell:
Speeds back—to Light ineffable.

"Æqualis eterno Patri
Carnis stropheo cingere,
Infirma nostri corporis
Virtute firmans perpeti.

"O equal to the Father, Thou!
Gird on Thy fleshly mantle now!
The weakness of our mortal state,
With deathless might invigorate.

"Præsepe jam fulget tuum,
Lumenque nox spirat novum,
Quod nulla nox interpolet,
Fideque jugi luceat."

"Thy cradle here shall glitter bright,
And darkness breathe a newer light,
Where endless faith shall shine serene,
And twilight never intervene."

One very important feature in the verses of St. Ambrose is the frequency of rhymes. He was not, indeed, the first of Latin poets to use them. They are distinctly to be traced in the hymns of St. Hilary, who died Bishop of Poitiers in 368, and we find them in germ long ages before.[1] But it was not until the end of the fourth century that the two features which were to become distinctive of the new lyrical Latin poetry are clearly marked—on the one hand neglect of metre, and on the other employment of rhyme, not, at first, doubtless, "as an accurately defined beauty, but as an almost unconscious development of the new system," as an "arbitrary ornament rather than as an essential element of the rhythm."[1] From this time forth these two features become of ever-increasing importance. Here, as in so many provinces, the old order is changing, giving place to the new. The strictness of metrical observances becomes more and more relaxed, and accent, marked and defined by rhyme, takes their place. Thus, as Ampère well expresses it, what had at first been a mere "fantasy of the ear" grows in the event to "an imperious need," and is "transformed into a law." "At first the rhymes were often merely vowel or assonant ones, the consonants not being required to agree; or the rhyme was adhered to, when this was convenient, but disregarded when the needful word was not readily at hand; or the stress of the rhyme was suffered to fall on an unaccented syllable, thus scarcely striking the ear; or it was limited to the similar termination of a single letter; while sometimes on the strength of this like ending, as sufficiently sustaining the melody, the whole other construction of the verse and arrangement of the syllables was neglected." And so we may trace the progress of that which was to become the basis of modern prosody, "step by step, from its rude, timid, and uncertain beginnings, till in the later hymnologists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, an Aquinas or an Adam of St. Victor, it displayed all its latent capabilities and attained its final glory and perfection, satiating the ear with a richness of melody scarcely anywhere to be surpassed."[1]

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[1] "Verses with middle and with final rhymes occur," Archbishop Trench points out, "in every one of the Latin poets." "As we reach the silver age they become more frequent. They abound in Lucan."—*Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 39.

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[1] *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 39.

Without pausing to follow this progress in detail, let us hasten on to the epoch of which Archbishop Trench speaks with such enthusiasm. It is with Venantius Fortunatus that the great volume of medieval Latin poetry—we might, indeed, say of modern lyrical poetry—may be held to open. Born in 530, he appears, like Prudentius, to have been wholly absorbed during his youth and early manhood in worldly pursuits. They were, however, pursuits of a less grave kind than those which occupied the Spanish poet. "A master of *vers de société*, he wandered, a highly favoured guest, from castle to cloister in Gaul, repaying the hospitalities which he everywhere received, with neatly turned compliments in verse." All at once he broke off from this way of life, and entered a monastery at Poitiers, where he remained until his death in 609. His *Vexilla Regis* marks an epoch. This world-famous hymn was composed on occasion of the reception of certain relics by St. Gregory of Tours and St. Radegund, previously to the consecration of a church at Poitiers, and was afterwards adopted in the Passion-tide services of the Latin Church, where, in a mutilated form, it holds its place to this day. For the greater part of the English version of it I am indebted to the accomplished pen of the late Mr. Digby S. Wrangham—

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[1] Trench's *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 37. A critic of a very different school —Schopenhauer—remarks, "In no language does rhyme produce—at all events on me—so pleasing and powerful an impression as in Latin: the medieval rhymed Latin poems have a peculiar charm."—*Die Welt als Wille, etc.*, vol. ii. c. 37.

"Vexilla regis prodeunt,
Fulget crucis mysterium,
Quo carne carnis Conditor
Suspensus est patibulo.

"The Banners of the King go forth;
Bright gleams the mystic Cross o'er earth,
Where He in flesh, who flesh did frame,
Was hung upon the tree of shame:

"Quo vulneratus insuper,
Mucrone diro lanceæ,
Ut nos lavaret crimine,
Manavit unda et sanguine.

"Where, wounded by the pointed head
Of cruel javelin, He shed
His blood, with water mixed therein,
That He might cleanse us from our sin.

"Impleta sunt quæ concinit,
David fideli carmine,
Dicens: in nationibus,
Regnavit a ligno Deus.[1]

"Fulfilled is that which David sang
In verse, that from true prescience sprang;
When to the nations he proclaimed
That from the tree the Lord hath reigned.

"Arbor decora et fulgida,
Ornata regis purpura,
Electa digno stipite,
Tam santa membra tangere.

"O tree most beautiful, most bright,
With regal purple richly dight!
Elect to touch with honoured stem
The limbs of such a sacred frame!

"Beata cujus brachiis
Pretium pependit sæculi,
Statera facta corporis,
Prædamque tulit tartaris."

"Blessed, upon whose arms outflung
The ransom of the whole world hung;
The balance where His body lay,
Who carried off from hell its prey."

As Dr. Neale points out, the rhymes here are for the greater part only assonant; but the principle was firmly established. A still greater step, however, was made by Venantius Fortunatus in his mastery over the trochaic tetrameter, "a measure which with various modifications was to become the glory of medieval poetry." There are one or two examples of this metre in Prudentius, but Fortunatus was the first to group it into stanzas. By way of specimen of it, I give a few verses from his famous hymn, *Pange Lingua*, as to which Daniel says, "That it must be ranked among the most beautiful, no one will deny who is not quite ignorant of the power, nay of the very nature, of sacred poetry."[1] The admirable English version is by Dr. Neale.

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[1] The Italic version reads, in Psalm xcv. 10: "Dicite in nationibus, quia Dominus regnavit a ligno."

"Crux fidelis inter omnes, arbor una nobilis, Nulla talem silva profert fronde, flore, germine; Dulce lignum, dulci clavo, dulce pondus sustinens.	"Faithful Cross! above all other, one and only noble Tree! None in foliage, none in blossom, none in fruit thy peers may be; Sweetest wood and sweetest iron, sweetest weight is hung on thee!
"Flecte ramos arbor alta, tensa laxa viscera, Et rigor lentescat ille quem dedit nativitas, Ut superni membra regis miti tendas stipite.	"Bend thy boughs, O Tree of Glory! thy relaxing sinews bend: For awhile the ancient rigour, that thy birth bestowed suspend; And the King of heavenly beauty on thy bosom gently tend.
"Sola digna tu fuisti ferre pretium sæculi, Atque portum præparare nauta mundo naufrago Quem sacer cruor perunxit fusus agni corpore."	"Thou alone wast counted worthy this world's ransom to uphold; For a shipwreck'd race preparing harbour, like the Ark of old: With the sacred blood anointed from the smitten Lamb that roll'd."

III

Venantius Fortunatus, then, definitely opened the new school, and it formed rapidly. From his time

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[1] *Thesaurus*, vol. i. p. 165.

Latin lyrical poetry lays aside entirely what Ampère calls the shreds of classical metres, and rhyme is recognized as an essential element of a hymn. A great crowd of poets from the opening seventh century developed and elaborated the system which the hymnologists of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries were to complete. Among them were the Venerable Bede, Godescalcus, St. Odo of Clugny, Notker, the inventor of the Sequence, and the authors of the hymns *Apparebit repentina*, *Veni Creator Spiritus* (attributed to Charlemagne), *Gloria laus et honor*, *Urbs beata Jerusalem*, *Deus tuorum militum.*

But the golden age of this department of literature is the period opening with St. Peter Damiani and King Robert II. of France, and closing with St. Thomas Aquinas and Thomas of Celano. It was in this period, extending, roughly speaking, from the year 1000 to the year 1300, that there flourished those supreme masters of sacred song to whom we owe what may be called without hyperbole—"the highest holiest raptures of the lyre." Chief among them, besides the four just mentioned, are Adam of St. Victor, Jacopone, Bernard of Morlaix, and his sainted namesake of Clairvaux; although, indeed, there are hymns, the work of unknown composers, little if at all inferior to theirs in lofty thought, musical sweetness, and deep emotion. In choosing a few specimens of their verses, the main difficulty arises from the number and excellence of the compositions which present themselves. Perhaps the best course will be to pass by poems more generally familiar, in favour of others less likely to be met with save by those who have made a special study of this branch of literature. And so I will not quote King Robert's hymn, *Veni Sancte Spiritus*, the loveliest, as Archbishop Trench deems, in the whole circle of sacred Latin poetry, because it is only a little less widely known than the *Veni Creator*—for which also, as we have seen, a royal author is claimed,—and, like it, may be found in almost any book of Catholic devotions. For the same reason I will not cite the *Jesu! dulcis memoria*, usually ascribed to St. Bernard. Nor shall I give the text of *Dies Iræ*. Daniel truly remarks, "Those who know no other Latin ecclesiastical poetry know this:" the grandest of all the productions of the medieval Muse, which so powerfully affected Goethe, and fragments of which were among the last words heard from the dying lips of Sir Walter Scott. Again, I may regard myself as dispensed from giving any of the four hymns[1] which have come down to us from St. Thomas Aquinas. All of them have a great place in high solemnities of the Latin Church, and one, the *Lauda Sion*, has become very widely known beyond the limits of that Communion through the music to which Mendelssohn has wedded it; music to which the highest praise that can be given is that it is no unworthy setting of the sublime verse of the Angelic Doctor. It is to another master of the art of musical sound that many owe a knowledge which probably they would not have otherwise possessed of the inimitably pathetic verses of Jacopone. To me, I confess, it is a signal proof of the depth of degradation to which ecclesiastical music has fallen in Italy, that a composer so redolent of the operatic footlights as Rossini, should have deemed the *Stabat Mater* a fitting subject for the exercise of his gifts. Still, painfully incongruous as are the "light quirks of music, broken and uneven," to which he has linked the richest offering made by medieval piety to the *Mater Dolorosa*, I am here under an obligation to him for contributing towards the widely diffused knowledge of that incomparable poem which relieves me from the necessity of transcribing it. Robert II., St. Thomas Aquinas, St. Bernard, Jacopone, and Thomas of Celano, I shall therefore pass over; nor shall I quote from Bernard de Morlaix, whose poem beginning—

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[1] All four are upon the same theme, that of the Feast of Corpus Christi, for which, at the bidding of Pope Urban IV., St. Thomas composed the office. Daniel finely remarks, "Est venerabilis sacramenti laudator Thomas summus, quem non sine Numinis afflatu cecinisse credas, nec mireris sanctum poetam postquam hoc unum carminis thema spiritale et pæne cœleste tam præclare, ne dicam unice, absolverit, prorsus in posterum obticuisse. Peperit semel, sed leonem."—*Thesaurus*, vol. ii. p. 98.

"Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus,"

first rescued from oblivion by Archbishop Trench, has been published in all its best parts by Dr. Neale, with a translation from which the hymn *Jerusalem the Golden*, now so widely popular, is taken. The greatest remaining name of those which I have enumerated is Adam of St. Victor; and it is a very great name: "the foremost among the sacred Latin poets of the Middle Ages,"[1] Archbishop Trench judges, particularly specifying among his excellences his profound acquaintance with the theology of his time, the exquisite art and variety with which for the most part his verse is managed and his rhymes are disposed, their rich melody multiplying and ever deepening at the close, the strength which often he concentrates into a single line, his skill in conducting a story, and above all the evident nearness of the things which he celebrates, to his own heart of hearts. Nothing is known about his life, beyond the fact that he belongs to the twelfth century of our era, and was a monk of the great foundation of St. Victor at Paris. He was buried in the cloisters of that monastery, and his epitaph graven on a plate of copper remained there until the French Revolution. Out of the hundred and odd sequences of his which remain to us, I shall here give only two. The following was composed for the Feast of All Saints:—

"Supernæ matris gaudia Repræsentet ecclesia; Dum festa colit annua, Suspiret ad purpetua.	"The Church on earth with answering love, Echoes her Mother's joys above; These yearly feast-days she may keep, And yet for endless festals weep.
"In hac valle miseriæ, Mater succurat filiæ; Hic cœlestes excubiæ, Nobiscum stent in acie.	"In this world's valley dim and wild, That Mother must assist the child; And heavenly guards must pitch their tents, And range their ranks in our defence.
"Mundus, caro, dæmonia, Diversa movent prœlia;	"The world, the flesh, and Satan's rage, Their differing wars against us wage;

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[1] See his *Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 57.

Incursu tot phantasmatum,
Turbatur cordis sabbatum.

And when the phantom-hosts come on,
The Sabbath of the heart is gone.

"Dies festos cognatio,
Simul hæc habet odio,
Certatque pari fœdere,
Pacem de terra tollere.

"This triple league, with fierce dislike,
At holy festivals would strike;
And set the battle in array,
To drive their peace from earth away.

"Confusa sunt hic omnia,
Spes, metus, mœror, gaudium,
Vix hora vel dimidia [1]
Fit in cœlo silentium.

"And storms confused above us lower,
Of hope and fear and joy and woe;
And scarcely e'en for one half-hour,
In silence in GOD'S House below.

"Quam felix illa civitas,
In qua jugis solemnitas,
Et quam jocunda curia,
Quæ curæ prorsus nescia.

"That distant City, oh how blest,
Whose feast-days know nor pause nor rest!
How gladsome is that Palace gate,
Round which nor fear nor sorrow wait!

"Nec languor hic, nec senium,
Nec fraus, nec terror hostium,
Sed una vox lætantium,
Et unus ardor cordium.

"No languor here, nor weary age,
Nor fraud, nor dread of hostile rage;
But one the joy, and one the song,
And one the heart of all the throng!

"Illic cives angelici,
Sub ierarchia triplici,
Trinæ gaudent et simplici
Se monarchiæ subiici.

"Mirantur nec deficiunt,
In illum, quem prospiciunt,
Fruuntur nec fastidiunt,
Quo frui magis sitiunt.

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[1] Archbishop Trench quotes from Hugh of St. Victor (*De Claus. Animæ*, c. 36, the following passage in explanation of this and the following line: "De hoc secreto cordis dictum est: Factum est silentium in cœlo quasi media hora. Cœlum est quippe anima justi. Sed quia hoc silentium contemplationis et hæc quies mentis in hac vita non potest esse perfecta, nequaquam hora integra factum in cœlo dicitur silentium, sed quasi media: ut nec media plene sentiatur, cum prætermittitur quasi: quia mox ut se animus elevare cœperit, et quietis intimæ lumine perfundi, redeunte motu cogitationum confunditur et confusus cæcatur."—*Sacred Latin Poetry*, p. 320.

"Illic patres dispositi,
Pro dignitate meriti,
Semota iam caligine,
Lumen vident in lumine.

"Hi sancti, quorum hodie
Celebrantur solemnia,
Iam revelata facie
Regem cernunt in gloria.

"The Saints whose praise to-day we sing,
Are standing now before the Throne,
And face to face behold the King,
In all His Majesty made known.

"Illic regina virginum,
Transcendens culmen ordinum,
Excuset apud Dominum
Nostrorum lapsus criminum.

"Nos ad sanctorum gloriam,
Per ipsorum suffragia,
Post præsentem miseriam,
Christi perducat gratia."

"In that serene and glorious place,
When this life's many toils are past,
Christ, of His everlasting grace,
Grant us to join the Blest at last."[1]

The other verses of Adam of St. Victor, which I shall present, are in honour of a Saint whose story has exercised a singular fascination over devout minds from the very date of her passion—"that holy child, the blessed Saint Agnes," as Cardinal Newman speaks, "who at the age of thirteen resolved rather to die than deny the faith, and stood enveloped in an atmosphere of purity, and diffused around her a heavenly influence in the very home of evil spirits into which the heathen brought her."[2] St. Jerome tells us in his rhetorical way that "the tongues and pens of all nations were employed in her praises who overcame both the cruelty of the tyrant and the tenderness of her age, and crowned the glory of chastity with that of martyrdom." St. Ambrose, St. Augustine, and Prudentius,[1] all of whom belong to the century in which she suffered, supply abundant evidence of the enthusiastic cultus of which she was the object, and which they were zealous to spread. St. Martin of Tours was singularly devout to her, and one of the most striking of the sermons of Thomas a Kempis was composed for her festival.

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[1] The English rendering, which is Dr. Neale's, is one of his best, but is marred by his unfaithfulness to the original. Without any hint to his readers, few of whom were likely to refer to the Latin text, he has omitted sixteen characteristic lines and mistranslated the last strophe, so that while professing to give Adam of St. Victor's poem, "one of the loveliest he ever wrote," he does not in truth give it, but merely an adaptation of it.

[2] *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, p. 57.

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[1] Prudentius's *Hymn on St. Agnes* is one of his best; but, like so much of his work, it is marred by undue length and ill-judged rhetorical ornament. It may with advantage be compared with the verses which I am about to cite from Adam of St. Victor. It opens finely—

"Agnes sepulchrum est Romulea in domo;
Fortis puellæ, Martyris inclitæ.
Conspectu in ipso condita turrium
Servat salutem Virgo Quiritium,
Nec non et ipsos protegit advenas
Puro ac fideli pectore supplices.
Duplex corona est præstita Martyri
Intactum ab omni crimine virginal
Mortis deinde gloria liberæ."

And not less fine is the invocation of the recent Martyr, with which he concludes—

"O Virgo felix, o nova gloria,
Cœlestis arcis nobilis incola,
Intende nostris colluvionibus
Vultum gemello cum diademate,
Cui posse soli cuntiparens dedit
Castum vel ipsum reddere fornicem.
Purgabor oris propitiabilis
Fulgore, nostrum si jecur impleas.
Nil non pudicum est quod pia visere
Dignaris, almo vel pede tangere."

Nor has the lapse of nearly sixteen centuries dimmed her memory in her native city. "St. Agnes," writes Mrs. Jameson, "is the favourite saint of the Roman women. . . . Often have I seen the steps of her church [in the Piazza Navona], and the church itself, so crowded with kneeling worshippers . . . that I could not make my way through them."[1] The sequence which the "Schiller of the Middle Ages," to use Rambach's phrase, has consecrated to her, is one of the best examples of his majestic grace in narrative, of the "easy vigour" of his verse, and of the deep unconscious earnestness of his devotion. I attempt an English rendering of it, quite inadequate, as I know too well, but reproducing as faithfully as I can, both the metres and thought of the poet—

"Animemur ad agonem,	To life's strife, our heart renewing,
Recolentes passionem	Let us gird ourselves reviewing
Gloriosæ virginis.	How the Maid the victory won.
Contractantes sacrum florem,	Flower divine! whose scents most precious
Respiremus ad odorem	As we touch its leaves, refresh us
Respersæ dulcedinis.	Till the battle's day is done.
"Pulchra prudens et illustris,	Fair and wise and well descended,
Jam duobus Agnes lustris	Agnes, twice six summers ended,
Addebat triennium:	Entered on her thirteenth year.
Proles amat hanc præfecti	Her the prefect's son beholding
Sed ad ejus Virgo flecti	Seeks, a tale of love unfolding,
Respuit arbitrium.	Which Christ's bride disdains to hear.
"Mira vis fidei,	Oh wondrous power of faith,
Mira virginitas,	Oh wondrous chastity,
Mira virginei	Oh wondrous heart beneath,
Cordis integritas.	Virginal constancy!

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[1] *Sacred and Legendary Art*, vol. ii. p. 604.

Sic Dei filius
Nutu mirabili
Se mirabilius
Prodit in fragili.

So doth our Lord most high,
By His almighty will,
To weak ones strength supply,
And with Himself fulfil.

"Languet amans, cubat lecto
Languor notus fit præfecto
Maturat remedia.
Offert multa, spondet plura
Periturus peritura
Sed vilescunt omnia.

Sick and sad the baffled lover
Lies: the prefect's eyes discover
Whence his pain: the Maid is brought;
Vain the gifts the vain man proffers,
Vile are all his richest offers,
In the faithful Virgin's thought.

"Nudam prostituit
Præses flagitiis;
Quam Christus induit
Comarum fimbriis
Stolaque cœlesti.
Cœlestis nuncius
Assistit propius;
Cella libidinis
Fit locus luminis;
Turbantur incesti.

Disrobed, was Agnes sent
To vilest den of sin,
But Christ, her Lord, hath lent
A robe to fold her in,
A marvellous growth of hair.
Then was there seen by her
An angel messenger,
Who turning into light,
That loathsome cellar's night
The lewd confounded there.

"Cæcus amans indignatur
Et irrumpens præfocatur
A maligno spiritu.
Luget pater, lugent cuncti;
Roma flevit pro defuncti
Juvenis interitu.

Blind with rage the lover fumeth,
And is, when he thither cometh,
Choked by a malignant fiend.
Mourns the father: sorrowing for him
All in Rome with tears deplore him
Who, so young, meets such an end.

"Suscitatur ab Agnete,
Turba fremit indiscrete:
Rogum parant Virgini.
Rogus ardens reos urit,
In furentes flamma furit
Dans honorem Numini.

Agnes prays, and he reviveth,
Which the crowd to such wrath driveth
That the pile for her they fire;
She untouched, the flame outleaping
Slays her foes, the Highest reaping
Glory from their furious ire.

"Grates agens Salvatori,
Guttur offert hæc lictori,
Nec ad horam timet mori,
Puritatis conscia.

Then her Saviour's power confessing,
Death no dread for her possessing,
To the lictor's axe, with blessing
Bows her head, Christ's unstained bride.

Agnes, Agni salutaris
Stans ad dextram gloriaris,
Et parentes consolaris
Invitans ad gaudia.

Lamb-like Maid, in thy bright station
By the Lamb, who brought salvation,
Thou, thy parents' desolation
Soothing, bidst them to thy side.

"Ne te flerent ut defunctam
Jam cœlesti sponso junctam:
His sub agni forma suam
Revelavit, atque tuam
Virginalem gloriam.
Nos ab agno salutari
Non permitte separari,
Cui te totam consecrasti:
Cujus ope tu curasti
Nobilem Constantiam.[1]

And lest they should mourn as perished
Thee, His bride so dearly cherished,
He, by vision, revelation
Gave them, of thy exaltation,
With His virgin glory crowned.
Pray for us; permit us never
From His faith and love to sever,
Whose thou wert in full possession,
From whom, through thy intercession
Noble Constance healing found.

"Vas electum, vas honoris,
Incorrupti flos odoris,
Angelorum grata choris,
Honestatis et pudoris
Formam præbes sæculo.
Palma fruens triumphali,
Flore vernans virginali
Nos indignos speciali
Fac sanctorum generali
Vel subscribi titulo."

Vessel choice, of fame transcending,
Flower of sweetness never ending,
Thee, the Angel choirs commending,
Hymn, for truth and pureness blending,
Show the world their type in thee.
Thou, who victory's palm art bearing,
And the Virgin's crown art wearing,
Yet, for us unworthy caring,
Send us help, some place preparing,
For us in eternity.

The next hymn which I shall give is in another key. It is from the pen of a Churchman in the eleventh century, who may stand as a type of all that was highest and best in his age, and who was only less conspicuous for ability in the conduct of public affairs than for singleness of mind and sanctity of living. A stern reformer in a wicked and adulterous generation, St. Peter Damiani was no unworthy precursor and coadjutor of one greater than he—Hildebrand, his *Sanctus Satanas*—the most Titanic figure in the long line of Roman Pontiffs, whose life and work we considered in the last Chapter. Devoted from his youth to the severest practices of the monastic institute, it needed nothing less than a Pontifical threat of excommunication to withdraw him from his cell to the cares and duties of high ecclesiastical station. And gladly did he lay down his Cardinal's hat and his Ostian bishopric, to return to his still retreat with his religious brethren at Santa Croce d'Avellano. It was probably there, in the calm evening of his laborious and ascetic day, and in the steady contemplation and expectation of its close, that these verses were written—"the *Dies Iræ* of individual life," as they are happily called by Dr. Neale, from whom I borrow the translation of the last verse; for the rest I have to thank Mr. Digby Wrangham.

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[1] On this line Daniel has the following note: "Constantia fuit filia Constantini, gravi quidem morbo affecta. Quæ auditis miraculis a Domino per beatam Agnetem factis, venit ad ejus tumulum recuperandæ sanitatis gratia. Neque eam spes fefellit."—*Thesaurus*, vol. ii. p. 77.

"Gravi me terrore pulsas
vitæ dies ultima,
Mœret cor, solvuntur renes,
læsa tremunt viscera;
Tuam speciem dum sibi
mens depingit anxia.

"O last day of life, thou mak'st me
With a weight of terror shake,
Grieves the heart, the reins are loosened,
All within doth fear and quake,
As the anxious mind depicteth
What the shape is thou wilt take.

"Quis enim pavendum illud,
explicet spectaculum,
Quum dimenso vitæ cursu
carnis ægra nexibus,
Anima luctatur solvi
propinquans ad exitum.

"For who is there can foreshadow
That dread spectacle of fear,
When life's journey well-nigh over,
From flesh-trammels to be clear,
The enfeebled spirit struggles,
And the end is drawing near?

"Perit sensus, lingua riget,
resolvuntur oculi,

"Feeling dies, the tongue grows rigid,
And the eyes dissolve in death;

Pectus palpitat, anhelat
raucum guttur hominis,
Stupent membra, pallent ora,
decor abit corporis.

Palpitates the sick man's bosom,
Gasps his husky throat for breath;
Limbs are numb and lips grow pallid,
Fleshly beauty vanisheth.

"Præsto sunt et cogitatus,
verba, cursus, opera,
Et præ oculis nolentis
glomerantur omnia:
Illuc tendat, huc se vertat,
coram videt posita.

"Then rise up old thoughts and sayings,
Habits formed, and actions done;
And, as an unwelcome vision,
Crowd upon him every one:
Turn he hither, stretch he thither,
From his sight they ne'er are gone.

"Torquet ipsa reum suum,
mordax conscientia,
Plorat acta corrigendi
defluxisse tempora,
Plena luctu caret fructu
sera pœnitentia.

"Conscience' self with gnawing twinges,
Racks within his guilty breast,
He laments the fitting seasons
For amendment that are past:
Full of grief, but wholly fruitless,
Proves his penitence at last.

"Falsa tunc dulcedo carnis
in amarum vertitur,
Quando brevem voluptatem
perpes pœna sequitur:
Jam quod magnum credebatur
nil fuisse cernitur.

"Fleshly pleasure's lying sweetness
Then to bitterness is turned,
When the endless torment follows
By its short-lived transports earned,
What he once thought great, already
As mere nothing is discerned.

"Quæso Christe rex invicte,
tu succurre misero,
Sub extrema mortis hora
quum iussus abiero,
Nullum in me ius tyranno
præbeatur impio.

"Christ, unconquered King! I pray Thee
Be a sinner's help and tower:
When the summons for departure
Reaches me at death's last hour,
O'er me let the impious tyrant
Arrogate no right, no power.

"Cadat princeps tenebrarum,
cadat pars tartarea;
Pastor ovem iam redemptam
tunc reduc ad patriam,
Ubi te videndi causa
perfruar in sæcula."

"Let the Prince of Darkness vanish,
And Gehenna's legions fly;
Shepherd! Thou Thy sheep, now ransomed,
To Thy country lead on high.
Where for ever, in fruition,
I may see Thee, eye to eye."

And now I will give a few specimens of medieval sacred verse from unknown poets. The hymn

"Verbum bonum et suave," one of the most popular throughout Europe during the Middle Ages, may come first, and I shall accompany it with an English version upon which Mr. Wrangham, undeterred by its consummate difficulties, at my request, heroically ventured. It is worthy of attention as an example of a mode of interpretation of Holy Scripture as far removed from the modern mind as is well conceivable. It does not fall within my present scope to inquire into the merits of the allegorizing method which beneath the text of the sacred writings discerns a mystical sense, or rather an indefinite number of mystical senses.[1] But, as a matter of fact, every expositor from St. Paul and St. Barnabas, not to go further back, down to Luther and Calvin, pursued that method, and most carried it to lengths at which the Biblical student of our own days, formed in other schools, stands aghast.[2] The canonical books were for them, as St. Augustine speaks, "tot paginarum opaca secreta.[3] Not only in facts and persons, but in names and numbers, were believed to be hidden "treasures of wisdom and knowledge,"[4] to the extraction of which the devoutest minds and the subtlest intellects devoted incredible labour. Throughout the

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[1] Four principal senses of Holy Scripture were recognized by the school I have in view, according to the verse—

"Litera gesta refert, quid credas allegoria,
Moralis quid agas, quid speres anagogia."

[2] Bishop Perowne characterizes the patristic interpretations as "allegorical cobwebs," and is of opinion that "for the first true exposition of Scripture, and especially of the Old Testament, we must come to the time of the Reformation."—*The Book of Psalms*, Pref. xxv.

[3] S. Aug. *Confess.*, l xi. c. l.

[4] *Ibid.*

Old Testament they saw prefigured the personages and events of the new dispensation, and, in particular, the Mother of Christ, as her cult developed, became the centre of a whole system of typical allusion. "When thou hearest that God speaks in the bush," asks Theodorus, "seest thou not the Virgin?"[1] "She is the rod of the stem of Jesse; the Eastern Gate, ever shut, through which the High Priest alone goes in and out," says St. Jerome.[2] "The mystical new heavens, the fruitful vine," says St. Ephrem.[3] "The manna pleasanter than honey," says St. Maximus.[4] Such was the system of interpretation which the religious writers of the Middle Ages received from the Fathers, nor did they fail to better the instruction. It is well known how distasteful these similitudes were to Luther, over whose Rhadamanthine severity[5] in dealing with them, Daniel heaves a gentle sigh.

"Verbum bonum et suave,
Personemus illud Ave
Per quod Christi fit conclave
Virgo, mater, filia.

"Word, good news and gladsome telling!
Forth now let that 'Hail!' be swelling,
Which fit home for Christ's indwelling,
Virgin, mother, daughter, made.

"Per quod Ave salutata
Mox concepit fecundata,
Virgo David stirpe nata,
Inter spinas lilia.[6]

"Through that 'Hail's' sweet salutation
Straight a maid of David's nation
Fruitful grew in generation,
'Mid sharp thorns a lily bred:

"Ave, veri Salomonis
Mater, vellus Gideonis

"Hail, true Solomon's maid-mother!
Gideon's fleece! whom, like none other

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[1] Harduin, *Concilia*, vol. i. p. 1655.
[2] Hier. in *Is.* xi.
[3] *Opp. Syr.*, tom. 3, p. 607.
[4] *Hom.* 45.
[5] *Thesaurus*, vol. ii. p. 93.

[6] As Daniel remarks, "Ex illa licentia, quam illius ævi homines sibi sumpsisse novimus, poeta propter ὁμοιοτέλευτον novam atque inauditam vocem sibi finxit."—Vol. ii. p. 94.

Cuius magi tribus donis
  Laudant puerperium :

" Ave, solem genuisti
Ave, solem protulisti
Mundo lapso contulisti
  Vitam et imperium.

" Ave, sponsa Verbi summi,
Maris portus, signum dumi,
Aromatum virga fumi,
  Angelorum domina :

" Supplicamus : nos emenda,
Emendatos nos commenda
Tuo nato, ad habenda
  Sempiterna gaudia."

In thy travail with man's brother,
  Wise men praise with three fold dower!

" Hail, who bore the sun from heaven!
Hail, who birth to Him hast given!
To a world to ruin driven
  Thou hast granted life and power.

" Hail, the spouse that God's word chooses!
Mary-port, bright bush of Moses!
Spray that scents' sweet fumes diffuses!
  Queen of the angelic host!

" We beseech thee, purify us ;
And, thus purified, stand by us,
When thy Son shall come to try us,
  Lest our deathless joys be lost!"[1]

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[1] "Neque tacendum est," observes Daniel, "hymnos et sequentias integras paucisque mutatis a profanis hominibus in usum suum esse conversa. Unum sufficiat exemplum sequentiæ, proprie ad Beatissimam Virginem pertinentis, nunc autem in potantium clamorem permutatæ: nam Germanos semper semperque potatores fuisse et futuros esse ex his quoque carminibus perspicuum est. Legitur autem Sequentia de vino apud Aufsessium Anzeiger, etc."—Vol. ii. p. 190—

"Vinum bonum et suave
Bonis bonum, pravis prave,
Cunctus dulcis sapor, ave
  Mundana lætitia.

"Ave, felix creatura
Quam produxit vitis pura,
Omnis mensa fit secura
  In tua presentia.

"Ave, color vini clari,
Ave, sapor sine pari,
Tua nos inebriari
  Digneris potentia.

"Ave, placens in colore,
Ave, fragrans in odore,
Ave, sapidum in ore
  Dulcis linguæ vinculum.

" Ave, sospes in molestis
In gulosis mala pestis,
Post amissionem vestis
  Sequitur patibulum.

" Monachorum grex devotus,
Omnis ordo, mundus totus,
Bibunt ad æquales potus
  Et nunc et in sæculum.

" Felix venter quem intrabis,
Felix lingua quam rigabis,
Felix os quod tu lavabis
  Et beata labia.

" Supplicamus, hic abunda
Per te mensa sit facunda
Et nos cum voce jocunda
  Deducamus gaudia."

Upon this *carmen irrisorium* Daniel judiciously enough remarks, Far more beautiful, but far less known, is a hymn on the Incarnation, printed for the first time by Dr. Neale, in his volume of *Sequences*.[1] I will venture upon a translation of it, although I despair of presenting in any degree the exquisite simplicity and "tender grace" of the original.

" Lætare puerpera,
Læto puerperio;
Cujus pura viscera
Fœcundantur Filio:

In thy joyful childbirth show
Heartfelt joy, thou pregnant one;
Whose unspotted womb is now
Teeming with the Eternal Son.

" Lacte fluunt ubera
Cum pudoris lilio:
Membra fovens tenera
Virgo lacte proprio.

Purest lily, thy breasts fill,
Nor is maidenhood defiled,
With thine own milk, virgin still,
Thou dost feed thy little Child.

" Patris Unigenitus,
Per quem fecit omnia,
Hic degit humanitus
Sub matre paupercula:

He, the Only Son, by whom
God the Father all things made,
In a lowly mother's home
With our nature clad, is laid.

" Ibi sanctos angelos
Reficit lætitia:
Hic sitit et esurit
Degens in infantia.

There to look upon His face,
Is of Angel hosts the bread;
Here He holds an infant's place,
Thirsts and hungers, and is fed.

" Ibi regit omnia;
Hic a matre regitur:
Ibi dat imperia;
Hic ancillæ subditur:

There as King of all He lives,
Here His Mother's word obeys;
There supreme commands He gives,
Here His life His handmaid sways.

" Ibi summi culminis
Residet in solio;
Hic legatus fasciis
Vagit in præsepio.

There on heaven's highest throne,
Glorious in His strength appears;
Here is swathed with many a moan,
And in manger laid with tears.

"Ecclesia, tum temporis secura et tranquilla, eiusmodi nugas eadem passa est lenitate, qua in ecclesiasticis ædificiis, quæ gothica dicuntur, monstrosas figuras et alia inepta ornamenta."—Vol. i. p. 282.

[1] "Ex Missali Noviomensi."—*Sequentiæ*, p. 10.

O homo, considera,
Revocans memoriæ
Quanta sunt hæc opera
Divinæ clementiæ.

Ponder well, O man, in thought
Bringing back to memory,
These transcendent wonders wrought
By divinest clemency.

Non desperes veniam
Si multum deliqueris:
Ubi tot insignia
Caritatis videris.

Never let despair prevail,
Many though thy sins may be,
When thou goest o'er the tale
Of God's wondrous charity.

"Sub Matris refugio
Fuge, causa veniæ:
Nam tenet in gremio
Fontem indulgentiæ.

To the Mother go for grace,
To her side for pardon fly,
Nestling close to her sweet face,
See the Fount of clemency.

"Hanc salutes sæpius
Cum spei fiducia:
Dicens flexis genibus,
Ave, plena gratia!

Oft salute her lovingly,
Give to doubt and fear no place;
Meekly kneeling on thy knee,
Say, 'Hail, Mary, full of grace!"

"Quondam flentis lacrymas
Sedabas uberibus:
Nunc iratum mitigas
Pro nostris excessibus.

Once the milk from thy pure breast
Stayed His tears and infant cries,
Now for us, with sin oppressed,
When thou plead'st, His anger flies.

"Jesu, lapsos respice
Piæ Matris precibus;
Emendatos effice
Dignos cœli civibus."

Jesus! through Thy Mother's prayers,
Look on us with pitying eye,
Heal our souls, and make us heirs
Of Thy blissful realms on high.

Nicolas well asks, "Where shall we find poetry in its most vivid reality, its most touching expression, if not here?"[1] It is like a picture of Fra Angelico's done into verse.

The following very beautiful little poem, which I take from Mone's collection, is in a different strain. My translation has the demerit of not preserving the original metre.

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[1] *La Vierge Marie*, tom. iii. p. 286.

"Filii præsentia
Mater destituta,
Gabrielum nuntium
Sic est allocuta:

"'Ave, plena gratia!'
Mihi protulisti;
Nunc amaritudine
Sum repleta tristi.

"Subsequenter inquiens:
'Dominus est tecum;'
Heu iacet in tumulo,
Non est ultra mecum.

"Omnis benedictio,
Quam tu spopondisti,
Mihi fit contraria
Propter mortem Christi."

Gone her Son, the Mother
Wept alone, alone;
And to angel Gabriel
Thus did make her moan:

"Once thy voice did greet me,
'Full of grace, all hail!'
Now all full of sorrow,
I lament and wail.

"Next, 'The Lord is with thee'
In my ear did sound:
Now He is far from me,
Lying on the ground.

"All the words of blessing
That to me were said,
Now are turned to mourning:
For my Son is dead.'"

Mone prints this poem from a MS. of the fourteenth century; but it was probably composed somewhat earlier.

During the last hundred and fifty years of the Middle Ages, if we reckon them to close with the taking of Constantinople in 1453, Latin poetry was in full decadence. The old founts of inspiration seemed to have run dry. Sinai and Calvary were deserted for Parnassus and Olympus. The Renaissance was the grave of medieval literature. In the new era, imitation takes the place of invention, pedantry of inspiration; for an Adam of St. Victor, or a Jacopone, we have a Vida and a Sannazaro. Soon the impure hand of the renascent paganism was laid upon the offices of religion, and at one time the scheme was officially entertained of replacing the whole existing body of Breviary hymns by new compositions, in the spirit, metre, and language of classical Rome. It was to Zacharias Ferrerius that Clement VII. entrusted the task of manufacturing the desiderated verses, and the following doxology may serve as a specimen of his "nova politissimaque carmina:"—

> "Unus est divum sacer imperator
> Triplicis formæ, facie sub una,
> Qui polum, terras, tumidosque fluctus
> Temperat alti."

Ferrerius published his book with the Papal approbation, and Clement authorized the use of his compositions by the clergy in the Divine Office,[1] but, according to Merati, no one availed himself of the permission, which is much to be wondered at, for the new poetry was certainly in full harmony with the spirit of the age. Unfortunately, however, the versifiers of the Renaissance did not confine themselves to the production of turgid bombast of their own. The ecclesiastical authorities, if unable to get rid altogether of the Breviary hymns, were determined to "reform" them, that is, to reduce them to classical style and metre; and for this purpose they called to their aid from time to time the most approved pedants of the day. It is not necessary for me to give here the details of the Procrustean treatment which was pursued; and I gladly pass over the miserable tale, how the most beautiful and venerable verses suffered amputation, elongation, incision, and excision, at the hands of men whose highest accomplishment was to "torture one poor word a thousand ways." It was in the pontificate of Urban VIII. that the hymns in the Offices of the Latin Church assumed the form in which they have been since current. Three members of the Society of Jesus, Famianus Strada, Tarquinius Gallucius, and Hieronymus Petruccius, were entrusted with the task of reducing them "ad bonum sermonem et metricas leges." A few escaped with very slight alteration; the great majority suffered a process of recasting, the result being not unlike that achieved by Borrimini in St. John Lateran, or by Fuga in St. Mary Major. Archbishop Trench justly observes, "Well-nigh the whole grace and beauty and even vigour of the compositions have disappeared in the transformation."[1] It was in Urban's time, too, that most of the new hymns were added to the Breviary, although some are of later date. These compositions do not fall within my present subject, and there is little to tempt one to an excursion among them; for in their frigid artificiality and tasteless pedantry they represent the last stage of poetical decay.

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[1] "Und auf dies Machwerk konnte Clemens VII. (cujus approbatio libro præfixa est) 1523, rescribiren :—ut quilibet sacerdos eosdem hymnos etiam in divinis legere et eis uti possit concedimus. Sed, ut ait Merati, nemo ea facultate usus est."—Daniel's *Thesaurus*, vol. iv. p. 294.

IV

And now let us return to the point from which we started, the great value of the body of sacred poetry of which we have taken, if I may so speak, a bird's-eye view, as a revelation of the medieval mind. The Middle Ages are rightly so called, standing as they do halfway between the ancient and modern worlds, one foot in each, but belonging to neither. The old civilizations had emptied themselves into them. In philosophic Greece, in Imperial Rome, in wild Germany, in theocratic Judæa, are the sources of their intellectual, moral, and spiritual life. And dead as they are to us in many respects, in this new time, in others they yet live. "Far off," "yet ever nigh," we come upon them in a thousand ways in our daily walk through the world. They are, perhaps, the most fruitful period in all history for the philosophical student, unhappily by no means so common a character among us as could be desired. And in the verse of the medieval hymnists we see into the inner shrine of the religion of that period—into its very heart. They interpret for us its external action, and unfold for us the secret of its most distinctive peculiarities. The works of the hands of Orcagna and Giotto, of Niccolo Pisano and Lorenzo Maitani, of the forgotten artists of storied pane and illuminated missal, have a fuller and deeper meaning for us if regarded in the light shed from the pages of the monkish lyrists, where the tale of those material monuments is "writ large" for such as have eyes to see.

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[1] *Sacred Latin Poetry*, Introd. p. 15. In the first volume of Daniel's *Thesaurus* the ancient text and the modern Breviary reading of many hymns are given side by side.

The primary and most striking characteristic, then, of the medieval period is that which is indicated in the title so often given to it of the Age of Faith. The mind of Europe was saturated with the spiritual, the supernatural, the mysterious. Things possessed were counted as dross in comparison with things hoped for; things visible faded into nothingness before the keen vision of things unseen. Every one who has the most rudimentary knowledge of the Middle Ages knows this. And, perhaps, it would not be unfair to say that many a scholar who deems his knowledge of those Ages by no means rudimentary, knows little more than this of their dominant element. But, in truth, we have made but very little progress towards a correct apprehension of the medieval mind by merely grasping the fact of its absorbing supernaturalism. Intense realization of a spiritual world is a common enough fact in human history. In Greece up to the beginning of the third century before the Christian era, in Rome until the commencement of that era, faith in invisible realities surrounding man on every side, in powers and agencies of a superhuman character, directly and intimately affecting him, was as strong, as unquestioning, as operative in the popular mind, as it was in the time of St. Bernard and St. Francis of Assisi. To understand the Middle Ages it is necessary not merely to discern the fact of their supernaturalism, but correctly to appreciate its character. It is not enough to know that they were penetrated by the most vivid conceptions of a world-transcending sense; it is essential to know also of what kind those conceptions were; and here, perhaps, comparison may serve as a most useful instrument. Pagan antiquity and medieval Christianity were both instinct with the supernatural. But in their views of it there were radical differences of vital practical importance; and those differences I shall endeavour briefly to exhibit.

The most striking fact about ancient Paganism, as it lived and ruled in the popular mind[1] of Greece and Rome, is the well-nigh total absence from it of any idea at all nearly corresponding to that which the term "God" conveys, more or less distinctly, to the European mind of the present day. It has been profoundly remarked that the word "contains a theology in itself." But even to the most uncultured and unscientific in Christian countries, it denotes—however difficult they might find it to express the notion—a Supreme Being, the Creator, Upholder, Governor, and Sovereign Lord of all: self-dependent, and the only Being who is such; Eternal, and the only Eternal; all-sufficient, all-blessed, and ever-blessed; the Supreme Good; omnipotent, omniscient, omnipresent, ineffably One, absolutely perfect; Sovereign over His own actions, though always according to the eternal Rule of right and wrong, which is himself; yet in the works of creation, conservation, government, retribution, making himself, as it were, the minister and servant of all; taking an interest and having a sympathy in the matters of time and space, and imposing on rational beings, on whose hearts He has written the moral law, the duty of worship and service.[1] Of this great idea we find but small trace in the popular theology of the ancient world. It is therefore that Clement of Alexandria, in a noteworthy passage, speaks of the polytheists of Greece as Atheists. "With reason," he writes, "I call those Atheists who know not the true God;"[2] and he refers to St. Paul's phrase, *ἄθεοι ἐν τῷ κόσμῳ*, the full force of which is generally so little apprehended. Again, in another place in the same treatise he upbraids them as "foolish and silly men," who, defaming the supercelestial region, have dragged religion down to the ground by fashioning to themselves earth-gods; and, by going after created objects instead of the uncreated Deity, have sunk into deepest darkness.

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[1] I say "the popular mind." I am far from ignoring the glimpses of this great idea which visited from time to time "those wise old spirits who," in Jeremy Taylor's happy phrase, "preserved natural reason and religion in the midst of heathen darkness." Take, for instance—and it is the most striking instance known to me—the fragment of Xenophanes preserved by Clement of Alexandria (*Strom.*, v. p. 601)—

Εἷs θεὸs ἔν τε θεοῖσι καὶ ἀνθρώποισι μέγιστοs
Οὔτι δέμαs θνητοῖσιν ὁμοίιοs οὐδὲ νόημα.

For the nearest approximation in classical antiquity to what we understand by the word "God," we must turn, not to any of the anthropomorphic deities, but to that vague, mysterious, awful power, personified as Fate or the Fates, which ruled irresistibly, not only over the generations of mortal men, but also over the "gods many and lords many" of Olympus and the Roman Pantheon. Deep down in the heart of the ancient world, underlying all religious conceptions, alike of the noblest minds and of the most vulgar, was the idea of a Supreme Will, irresistible, inscrutable, inexorable; and this all-pervading Fatalism is the key to the religions and the philosophies of Paganism.[1] There is a profound truth in the words of Petronius, "Primus in orbe Deos fecit Timor." Men turned shudderingly away from the thought of a dark unapproachable "stream of tendency," "non lenis precibus," to the intermediate existences which they supposed to direct the phenomena of the external world. As Grote observes, "Divine personal agents were invoked as the producing and sustaining powers of Nature." "Men asked themselves, 'Who rains and thunders? Who produces earthquakes?'"[2] And they peopled the heaven above, and the earth beneath, and the waters under the earth, with beings who were, indeed, superhuman, but yet were of like passions with themselves. They conceived of human life as a struggle with destiny, hopeless in the event, however protracted, and they turned to the kindly and beautiful earth-gods for aid while the struggle lasted. Those deities might, at all events, be propitiated. By omens, by oracles, by sortilege, by the science of the *Augurs*, by the art of the *Haruspices*, their pleasure might be divined. Nay, more, it was possible for man to confer upon them gratifications, and to bargain with them,—"votis pacisci," as the poet speaks. Over the dim mysterious region beyond the grave they were indeed powerless. This world was the scene of their activity; but even in this world it was only the things of sense that were under their control. They could give their votaries wealth, power, voluptuous delights: on those who neglected or offended them they might inflict all temporal misfortunes, or even death itself—the greatest of calamities; but upon the immaterial part of man what power had even "the mighty hand of thundering Jove"? The soul, the conscience, the affections, were not their domain. They were supposed, indeed, by the popular thought, to watch over the sanctity of oaths; their altars were the refuge of suppliants. But their legendary histories hardly qualified them for reverence as the guardians of the moral law, as the ministers of that righteous retribution whereof we are warned by the teachings of our natural conscience.[1]

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[1] See the very fine passage in Cardinal Newman's *Idea of a University*, p. 63 (third edition), from which the foregoing sentence has been abbreviated.

[2] *Protrept.*, c. 11, § 23.

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[1] It is not necessary to cite authorities for a proposition which will be admitted by every competent scholar. But I may remark that the words of the Chorus at the close of the noblest production of the Greek tragic Muse—

. . . πεπρωμένης
Οὐκ ἔστι θνητοῖς ξυμφορᾶς ἀπαλλαγή

(*Antigone*, 1300), sum up the whole matter as the classical mind conceived of it.

[2] Grote's *Plato*, vol. ii. p. 2, 3rd edit. Mr. Grote happily refers to Strepsiades' question in the *Nubes* (364): Ἀλλὰ τίς ὕει;

I am speaking of the *popular* cults of antiquity, not of its "wise old spirits" who witnessed for the dictates of eternal righteousness. The priests of those cults were in no sense spiritual teachers: they had nothing to offer to the inquiring mind or restless heart. Ancient polytheism witnessed, indeed, to the existence of a world of unseen beings surrounding man; but, as has been said, it confined their action to the physical order. Its office was to assuage the fear which had called it into being, and it did this by turning away men's eyes from the darker problems of human existence and concentrating their attention upon the finite. To make the most of to-day was its highest Gospel, and the function of its gods was to help men in this task. Hence what Heine calls "the cheerful intoxication of life" in pagan antiquity, a life in which there is no element of self-denial: in which both the intellect of man and the invisible immaterial powers which are above man, exist but to minister to the cravings of his bodily senses. It is not to be wondered at that philosophy, when it arose, turned away in loathing from such conceptions. The instinct of the fierce democracy of Athens was not at fault when it recognized in Socrates a foe to the ancient gods; although, indeed, it was by a very different thinker that the most deadly wound was inflicted upon the polytheism of the ancient world. It was chiefly through the influence of the school of Epicurus that the deities of classic paganism fell into contempt, and that men learnt at the same time to trample under foot the religious idea itself.

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[1] If Horace's "Immunis aram si tetigit manus" be cited against this view, it should be remembered that the poet was writing, not as the exponent, but as the corrector of the popular creed. And a similar explanation may be given of the numerous passages which may be quoted to the same effect.

But I must not linger over the decadence of classic polytheism, or pause to consider the influence exercised by the various sects of philosophy whose rise was contemporaneous with its decline. Let us repass the intervening centuries, and return to the period whose religious poetry is our immediate subject. The medieval view of the supernatural differs from the view of antique paganism in two very important particulars: first, as to its nature, and then as to its sphere of action. In the place of the idea of blind Fate which underlay the old polytheism, we find in the Middle Ages the great Theistic conception which had been transmitted from the Hebrew people: the conception of a Living God, and the Fountain of Life; a Supreme Disposer of Events, and Judge of Men, but a Hearer of Prayer; as merciful as great, and standing in the closest, the most direct, and most immediate relations with the children of men. Long the hidden treasure of a small and exclusive tribe of Northern Semites, this conception had been cast by Christianity into a new shape through the doctrines of the Incarnation and the Cross; and, stamped with the image of the Eternal Child and the Man of Sorrows, had become the "current coin" of the Western world. Through all the clouds and darkness of error and passion, the puerile fables, the ludicrous superstitions which hang over those Middle Ages, the great thought of the Infinite God revealed in the Word-made-Flesh, whom to know is life, but who, in St. Augustine's phrase, "non cognoscitur nisi amando," shines forth in luminous beauty.

This was the *Oriens ex alto*, the day-spring from on high, before whose "bright beams of light" the dark and abhorred vision of Fate fled away like a phantom of the night. And with it the earth-gods disappeared too. They were cast out together with the fear which had evoked them. But the region which they had occupied in the human imagination was not to remain vacant. It was gradually peopled by a host of glorified beings, whose cultus, as we have seen in the Second Chapter, at once assumed a prominent place in the devotions of the faithful, when the new religion passed out of what some have called its fluid state, and hardened into ritual and dogmatic forms. Nothing, however, can be more erroneous than the view which regards what a certain school terms "the Christian Mythology" as merely a new edition of that of ancient Paganism. It is a view which has been held widely, and carried far, in modern times, but which is by no means new. Fourteen hundred years ago we find Faustus, the Manichean, objecting to St. Augustine, "You have turned the idols of the heathen into your Martyrs, whom you worship with similar prayers."[1] And so writers of our own day have sought to find Apollo beneath the lineaments of Christ, and to discern in His Virgin Mother a pale and passionless Venus. It is easy to see how this theory arose. There can be no question that the Church, as she struggled upwards to Imperial power, borrowed largely from the outward ornaments of the Pagan religion for her ritual, as she used the existing philosophy for the purposes of her teaching; and Theodoret, writing in the fifth century, presses it as an argument upon the heathen that "the Lord had introduced His own dead in the place of their gods." "Of these," he says, "He hath made a riddance; their honour He hath conferred upon those."[2] But even in the most ignorant and superstitious minds

[1] St. August., *Contra Faust*, xx. 4.

[2] Theod., *Adv. Gentiles*, viii.

among the adherents of the new faith, confusion could hardly have arisen between the anthropomorphic divinities whom they had forsaken, and the new objects of their veneration. If any fact stands out as clear beyond a doubt in the history of Christian teaching, where so much is doubtful, it is this—that from St. Paul to Savonarola the deities of classic Paganism were undeviatingly regarded as devils. Such resemblances as may be traced between the old gods and the supernatural protectors, intercessors, patrons, to whom men looked in medieval Christendom, are confined to the accidental externals of worship. Not only was there the widest difference between their attributes, their legends, and the manner in which they were conceived to operate; but above and beyond this, it is certain that, however far the cultus of angelic existences and "Divine men" was carried in the Middle Ages, the supreme religious honours of the altar were never paid to them. The Eucharistic Sacrifice, round which Christianity centres, has ever been offered to God alone.[1]

So much as to the essential difference between the classical and the medieval view of the nature of the powers invisible to man's bodily sight, but potent over human life. Nor is the difference less in the view taken of the sphere of their action. The life-theory of paganism is as far removed as possible from that of the Middle Ages. The ancient Greek or Roman, to whom human life was its own end, turned away from the tomb, little curious to pry into its desolating darkness, or, if he at any time admitted the thought of it, sought thereby to enhance the value of the fleeting hour—to "spice his fair banquet with the dust of death."

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[1] So St. Augustine, in words as applicable to every Christian century as to his own: "Quis autem audivit aliquando fidelium stantem sacerdotem ad altare etiam super sanctum corpus Martyris ad Dei honorem cultumque constructum, dicere in precibus, 'Offero tibi sacrificium, Petre, vel Paule, vel Cypriane'? . . . Non autem esse ista sacrificia Martyrum novit, qui novit unum, quod etiam illic offertur sacrificium Christianorum."—*De Civ. Dei*, l. viii. c. 27.

Far other was the aspect in which the grave presented itself to the men of medieval Christendom. For them it was not dark, or, if dark, only so "with excessive bright." Their eyes were steadily fixed upon it in trembling hope, as "the gate of life," and in the illumination from the next world which streamed through it, they looked at their present scene, and judged of human existence. And their judgment of human existence had this in common with that of classical antiquity, that they regarded it as a conflict. But it was no longer a hopeless conflict. Man from a victim had become a warrior. He might serve under an invincible Captain, and be more than conqueror, not only over "mors indomita," but over a very different class of enemies, of whose existence the Roman poet had never dreamed. The great battle-field of the world, as medieval thought judged, was the heart of man, and the supremely important fact about man was that he was "master of his fate;" his will was free; he might choose his side. His real enemies were not the sufferings of this present life, but ceaseless unseen foes, who had their best allies in the cravings of his own lower nature. Ever to war against these—"to resist," if need be, "unto blood, striving against sin" —such was the medieval view of man's true part in the fragment of his life *here*. His reward was *there;* the victor's crown beyond the grave: the beatific vision "far in the spiritual city."

It is manifest how this view of human existence must have transformed the world for those who held it, not otiosely, as a notion, but with the most vivid and real apprehension, as a fact. The material universe, and the senses whereby it appeals to us, which had been all in all to antique Paganism, are no longer the end of life, but instruments of probation. Self denial and patience, "continere et sustinere," as St. Augustine sums the matter up, to give no credence to the world's estimate, whether of felicity or infelicity—such are the two great principles proposed for the regimen of life. The whole body of medieval religious verse may be truly said to be a long refrain upon the theme *De Contemptu Mundi.* But it is curious to observe how through the fierce asceticism of the age there thrills a strain of the loftiest and most exultant jubilation, such as the world had never known before. Life was not sad to those grown-up children, stern as was the way in which they viewed it. The literature of the cloister, in which that view found its most perfect expression, was not the work of unhappy men. We take up, for example, the letters written by St. Anselm while a monk at Bec, and we are amazed at what Dean Church happily calls the "almost light-hearted cheerfulness" which breathes through them.

And yet he and his fellows had given up all which in the ordinary judgment of mankind makes life worth living—worldly wealth, the tenderest and most sacred human relations, nay, even their own wills. They might well seem to have lost their life. They appear to have found it. Nothing is more striking than the contrast between the joy and peace which breathe through the austerest medieval verse, and the deep undertone of melancholy pervading the strain of the most voluptuous of the ancient poets.

The great difference, then, between the conception of the sphere of supernatural action in the two epochs, arose from this, that medieval religion embraced, and judged of supreme importance, that immaterial side of man's nature which Greek and Roman Paganism ignored. The visible manifestations of the unseen spiritual powers were indeed believed by our forefathers in the Middle Ages to be matters of the most ordinary occurrence. Like the ancients, they accounted as miraculous everything abnormal in the physical order; or, to speak more correctly, they drew the slightest distinction between the ordinary and the extraordinary action of the Divine volition to which they referred all phenomena. But, unlike the ancients, they recognized with a keenness which it is very difficult for us properly to appreciate, the direct influence of the spiritual order upon the soul of man. It was as if their eyes had been opened, and they saw the things which transcend sense, as objective realities. The visible world fades into nothingness before the "vision splendid" of the open heavens, or only retains its power to please because of the "celestial light" wherewith it is apparelled. The first of the long succession of hymnists of whom I have been writing, struck the key-note of all, in accounting the most coveted prizes of life "false and frivolous as visions of the night."[1] It was the unseen which was true and real: the seen which was delusive and phantasmal.

The great fact to the men of Christendom was that they were citizens of a spiritual empire not subject to the conditions of time and space, in which the Saint who, hundreds of years before, had thrown off "this earthly load of death called life," was side by side with them, though their eyes were holden that they saw him not. It was no mere flight of the imagination when the monkish poet turned to the martyred Roman maiden for help in life's strife; or when the knightly Crusader, bowing his head to the Saracen's axe, found comfort by thinking of his fellowship in the Passion of his glorified Patroness.[2] It was just in this spirit of realization of the timeless unseen that the medieval artists worked. Not time but eternity, was the medium in which they saw the sacred persons and events they set themselves to body forth. Thus it is that they bring together, without a thought of anachronism, Saints whose work was done in ages widely differing: thus that they depict the Apostles, not as Syrian peasants, but as Princes over all the earth: thus that they invest the Mother of the King of Saints with "the crown of pure gold" and the "raiment of needlework." They were realists in their way, and of an intense kind. But it was the realism, not of sight, but of faith. The great difference between the view of the classical and the medieval mind as to the relations of man with the supernatural, may be summed up in the statement, that the one projected this world into the invisible, the other brought the invisible world into this; that the one materialized the unseen, the other spiritualized the seen.

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[1] "Sunt nempe falsa et frivola,
Quæ mundiali gloria
Ceu dormientes egimus:
Vigilemus, hic est veritas.

"Aurum, voluptas, gaudium,
Opes, honores, prospera,
Quæcunque nos inflant mala,
Fit mane, nil sunt omnia."

Prudentius, *Hymnus ad Galli Cantum.*

[2] "Et lors me seignai, et m'agenoillai au pie de l'un d'eulz qui tenoit une hache danoise à charpentier, et dis; 'Ainsi mourut sainte Agnès.'"—Joinville.

V

It is often said that history is ever repeating itself: and in a certain sense this saying is true. Especially interesting and instructive are the similitudes which may be traced between the movements of man's intellect in different ages, and under diverse conditions of life. Thus a parallel curiously close, in some respects, might be drawn between the progress of the European mind from the age of Socrates to the age of Juvenal, and from the close of the medieval period to our own day. The philosophy called Baconian has proved as powerful a solvent as the doctrine of Epicurus. As physical science has advanced, phenomena of the material universe, once most mysterious and awful, have yielded up their secrets; while in the limelight of criticism, sacred stories long received as veritable histories, have been exhibited as legendary myths, and documents for ages venerated for the great names attached to them, as mosaics unskilfully put together long after their reputed authors had passed away. Man may say in the twentieth century—

"It is not now as it hath been of yore,
Turn where I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more."

"Heaven" no longer "lies about us" as it encompassed the men of medieval Christendom. The supernatural, with its "trailing clouds of glory," recedes from our view: as we gaze, we perceive it

". . . die away, '
And melt into the light of common day."

The action of a Divine Will is denied alike in the physical and the spiritual order: nay, the very existence of the spiritual order is denied, and with it conscience, free volition, and moral responsibility. Matter and force, we are told, explain everything: and force, we are assured, "is a quality of matter," whatever that may mean. Again the shadow of an iron necessity falls upon the world. On every hand we witness what has been called "the sad and terrible spectacle of a generation of men and women, professing to be cultivated, looking around in purblind fashion and finding no God in the universe." Nor is this all. The spirit of the age has penetrated within the Christian camp, and even in those whose devotional instincts are the strongest, and whose spiritual aspirations the most fervent, religion has lost much of its objective character. Religion is becoming less a creed and more an emotion: it is passing from the region of persons and things to the domain of phrase and sentiment. It is no longer the great fact upon which the public order is based, but a private opinion or an individual speculation.

Such is, in brief, the change which has come over European thought with regard to the supernatural since the close of the Middle Ages; and it is a change which fills many pure and pious souls with dismay. The devout mind turns sadly from such a time as ours to the earlier and simpler epoch, when the questionings of the modern spirit had not perplexed the understanding nor troubled the heart of man; reverts fondly to it, as age reverts to the walks of childhood. It is natural: nor, remembering always that our work is in the age in which our day is cast, not "among the mouldered lodges of the past," is such retrospection without its use. The man may learn from the child: the twentieth century from the thirteenth. Things hidden from the wise and prudent are revealed to babes. The folly of the superstitious may be wiser than the wisdom of the sceptic.

The existence of the supernatural is the question of the day. It is too large a question for me to enter upon here: nor, indeed, does its discussion fall within my present scope. I will merely observe how fatal it is in such matters to put aside facts for speculations, to take "the high *priori* road," and to ignore the collective experience of the human race which we call history, as well as the individual experiences for a knowledge of which such countless sources are open to us. The aspirations and emotions of the soul are *facts*. The physicist may ignore them if he pleases—they do not come within his sphere—but they are still *facts*. Faith rests upon the need of believing. The surest foundation of religion lies in man's spiritual intuitions, in the voice of conscience, in the longing for the Infinite. No philosophy can long satisfy him which ignores those intuitions, which refers that voice, whether to the action of the physical organism, or to "the habit of judging from the point of view of all, not of one;" which, in place of "living bread," offers him the stone of natural science to satisfy an immortal hunger.

These are, indeed, what Pascal calls "reasons of the heart." But who that knows human nature can deny the cogency of such reasons? The philosophers of materialism do not know human nature. Their capital error is that they only see one side of it, the lowest, which they mistake for the whole. Their "learned ignorance" is just now predominant in the world. This is their "hour, and the power of darkness." But it will not last. All things in the affairs of men have their ebbs and flows. That great stream of religious faith which so long watered the earth and blessed it, has, for a season, been receding. Bare are many portions of its ancient bed; parched are many lands which once drank of its waters. But let no man dream that it shall be dried up. Its sources are in the everlasting hills. However changed its course by the moral and intellectual earthquakes which shake the world, it will flow on through the ages and acquire—

> ". . . if not the calm
> Of its early mountainous shore,
> Yet a solemn peace of its own,
> As it grows, as the towns on its marge
> Fling their wavering lights
> On a wider, statelier stream:
> As the banks fade dimmer away—
> As the stars come out and the night-wind
> Brings up the stream,
> Murmurs and scents of the Infinite Sea."

CHAPTER VI

THE INQUISITION

I

IN this Chapter I shall speak of the action of the Catholic Church in respect of what is called "heretical pravity." I shall first briefly present the facts. I shall then consider them in their relations with Modern Civilization.

From the very beginning of Christianity, the extremest importance was attached by the Church to orthodoxy. Thus, in her First Age, St. Paul, writing to the Galatians, smites with anathema teachers who deviate from his doctrine; in the Epistle to St. Titus it is enjoined that a heterodox person, who after due admonition persists in misbelief, is to be rejected; and in the First Epistle to St. Timothy we read of the delivery to Satan, for the destruction of the flesh, of persons who, apparently, had been guilty of heretical blasphemy. During the Age of the Martyrs the purity of the faith was not less jealously guarded than in the previous epoch. Only spiritual weapons were then available for restraining or resisting teachers who sought to corrupt the Church's message or to contravene her decisions. But those who had suffered so much from the Empire when it was Pagan, discovered that, after it had become Christian, its employment of the civil sword for such ends was legitimate, nay, obligatory. Very soon, heresy was accounted a crime, and was punished as such by the Imperial tribunals. The principle is succinctly formulated in the Theodosian Code (438): " What is done against the Divine Majesty, is an injury to all." And as time went on, this principle increasingly found embodiment in the laws of the Christian State. The first instance of capital punishment for heresy appears to have occurred in 385, when the Emperor Maximin put to death Priscillian and six of his disciples. St. Martin of Tours disapproved of this severity. But Pope Leo I., writing in 447, justifies it, and declares that if followers of opinions so damnable were allowed to live, there would be an end of all law, human and divine. In successive Imperial edicts death was the punishment decreed for Manichæan ringleaders. We may note, in passing, that the name *Inquisitor* appears first in an edict of Theodosius I. This Emperor directs the pretorian prefects to appoint officials bearing that title for the discovery and prosecution of Manichæans.

From the fourth century to the thirteenth, the civil sword was used throughout Christendom, more or less effectively, for the extirpation of heresy, on its existence being notified by the Bishop to the secular tribunals. But the first instance of an organized campaign against it, is supplied by what is called "The Albigensian Crusade." This "Crusade" was really a war waged, for twenty years, with extreme cruelty and perfidy, its chief object—there were other objects of a political kind—being the extermination of the Cathari dwelling in the South of France. A vast multitude of those sectaries perished by the sword, the stake, and other forms of death; but a considerable remnant was left to be dealt with when the "Crusade" was over. Nor, of course, were the Cathari confined to the South of France. They were spread throughout Christendom, as were other heretical sects. The public opinion of that Age of Faith demanded their extirpation; and the existing machinery was inadequate for the purpose. Heretical pravity came within the purview of the spiritual court attached to each episcopal see. The Bishops were *ex vi termini* Inquisitors within their respective dioceses. But overwhelmed as they were with other employments, they were insufficient for the inquisitorial duty. Pope Gregory IX. determined, therefore, upon the creation of a special tribunal to attend continually upon this very thing. In 1229 he formally established the Papal Inquisition. I observe, in passing, that there is no contemporary evidence for the statement which represents it as having been founded some years earlier, with St. Dominic as its head. Milman appears well warranted when he observes that this statement belongs not to history, but to legend. "Technically," writes Mr. Lea, "there was no difference between the episcopal and the papal Inquisitions, . . . yet the papal Inquisition was an instrument of infinitely greater efficiency for the work in hand. However zealous an episcopal official might be, his efforts were necessarily isolated, temporary, and spasmodic. The papal Inquisition, on the other hand, constituted a chain of tribunal throughout Continental Europe, perpetually manned by those who had no other work to do: [it] had a long arm, a sleepless memory; and we can well understand the terror inspired by the secrecy of its operations, and its almost supernatural vigilance."[1]

II

Such was the institution which Gregory IX. launched upon its long career in 1229. Until towards the close of the eighteenth century it was in good working order throughout Southern Europe. Nay, even in the nineteenth century it was re-established, though with attenuated attributes, after the Congress of Vienna, in Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, and the Papal States. Its new existence in the first three mentioned countries was indeed brief. But in Rome it lingered as a spiritual tribunal, with power to inflict temporal penalties, until the downfall of the Pope's Civil Princedom in 1870. I shall now give some account of its procedure, and we shall do well, for this purpose, to consider it in its last phase, which we may date from the issue of Paul III.'s Bull, *Licet ab initio*, in 1542, because its practice, though in its essentials the same as in earlier ages, had then become more regular, more settled, more, if I may use the word, scientific.

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[1] *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 364.

And in doing this I shall found myself entirely upon the *Sacro Arsenale* of Father Elisha Masini, a *vade mecum*, so to speak, of Inquisitorial procedure, very much valued and very widely used by officials of the Holy Office. The compiler of this Manual, a religious of the Order of St. Dominic, was for many years a highly esteemed Inquisitor at Bologna, where he made full proof of his ministry, wielding with much effect the weapons which he has, so to speak, collected and arranged for the use of his brethren. The edition which I possess is the third, and is dated Rome and Bologna, 1716. It is enriched by the insertion of several rules made by Father Thomas Menghini, of the same religion, also a famous Inquisitor in his day, first at Ancona and then at Ferrara; and by copious notes from the authoritative pen of Dr. John Pasqualone, Fiscal of the Supreme General Inquisition of Rome. It was, of course, published with proper authorization—*Con Licenza de' Superiori*—and bears due episcopal *Imprimatur* and *Reimprimatur*. It is written chiefly in Italian, with a not unpleasing admixture of Latin. Thus, in the specimens which it gives of the examinations of accused persons and witnesses, the interrogatories are in the learned tongue, and the replies in the vernacular. It is a practical book for practical men; and unquestionably merits the praise which it obtained as a complete and admirably arranged manual. If, as certain teachers of the present day assert, the test of goodness is adjustment of means to ends, the *Sacred Arsenal* must be esteemed a superlatively good book. It is most admirably adjusted to its end—the formation of a perfect and complete Inquisitor, lacking nothing necessary to the effective discharge of the work of the Holy Office. That commendation cannot honestly be withheld from it.

The key-note of the work, so to speak, is struck in Father Masini's Dedication of it to "Peter, the Great Martyr, the most unconquered Champion and most firm Rock of the Holy Faith, the Honour and Glory of the Domenican Order, and the Egregious Captain (*Capitano Egregio*) of Apostolic Inquisitors." This Peter, it may not be amiss to explain for the benefit of those unversed in Catholic hagiology, is the St. Peter Martyr so often represented by Italian painters with an axe in his head. He was born in Verona about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and, in early youth, was a convert to Catholicism from the sect of the Cathari, whom, after he had become a Domenican and an Inquisitor, he did his best to exterminate. He was murdered on the 7th of April, 1252, at the bidding of certain Venetian gentlemen who had suffered many things of him; and was canonized within a year by Pope Innocent the Fourth. He soon became one of the most popular saints in Italy. I suppose most of my readers will remember the wonderful Titian at Venice, of which his martyrdom is the subject: "the most perfect scenic picture in the world," it has been called—perhaps justly.

The *Sacred Arsenal* is introduced by an excellent summary of contents, and concludes with a copious index. And what renders it of peculiar value is that it gives us the actual text of the documents used in the Holy Office: Forms of Citation, of Caption, of Abjuration, of Canonical Purgation, of Decrees of Torture, of Confiscation, of Final Sentence, and the like, together with several important Papal Constitutions and Decrees of the Roman Inquisition: all finding their proper place in one or other of the ten parts into which the work is symmetrically divided. It is not necessary for my present purpose that I should go into detail upon all this. I mention it merely to show the claims which the work has upon our confidence. What I shall go on to do is to use the copious and authoritative materials provided by Father Masini, in order to describe the course of a trial before the Holy Office in the eighteenth century, when I suppose its practice had been brought most nearly to perfection. But first let us see what the learned and pious author has to tell us regarding the functions of the Inquisitor and the persons against whom they were exercised: topics to which is devoted Part I. of the *Sacred Arsenal*.

"Great," he tells us, "is the dignity, sovereign the authority, and eminent the office of the Inquisitor." And he gives three reasons why this is so. The first is because "the Inquisitor is immediately delegated by the Holy Apostolic See[1] to take cognizance of, and to determine, causes concerning the faith and religion, and holds the place of the Sovereign Pontiff, and represents the person of His Blessedness." The second reason is because of the excellence, majesty, and number (*dall' eccellenza, e dalla maestà, e dalla copia*) of the great personages who, from the beginning of the world to our own times, have followed that calling; conspicuous among them being Almighty God himself—a marvellous and astonishing Inquisitor (*Inquisitore maraviglioso fù Iddio benedetto*), as Adam and Eve, the people of Israel, and many others experienced—David, Nebuchadnezzar King of Babylon, Christ our Redeemer, the First and Supreme Inquisitor of the Evangelical Law, St. John the Evangelist, St. John the Baptist, St. Peter who condemned to death Ananias and his wife, St. Peter Martyr, and St. Pius the Fifth. The third reason is because of the ample jurisdiction of the Holy Office, extending, as it does, over all sorts and conditions of men, living and dead, and conferring, as it does, the power to command, prohibit, cite, examine, torture, decree, sentence, absolve, and condemn, and also to confiscate temporal goods, and to deprive of honours and dignities: to the great terror of the wicked (*huomini cattivi*) and the inestimable consolation of the good. Such is the divine, the heavenly occupation followed by the Inquisitor (*divino e celeste è il carico ch' egli tiene*) for the conservation of the doctrine of Christ, the maintenance of the Catholic faith, and the increase of the glory of God.

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[1] The Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition, founded by Paul the Third in 1542, ranks first among the Roman Congregations. The Pope himself is its Prefect, and the Senior Cardinal is its Secretary.

Five classes of persons against whom the Holy Office proceeds are enumerated in the *Sacred Arsenal*: (1) Heretics and Suspected Heretics; (2) Fautors of

Heresy; (3) Magicians, Wizards, and Enchanters; (4) Blasphemers; (5) Persons who oppose the Holy Office or its officials.[1] A few words of explanation may be necessary with regard to the first, second, and fourth of these classes. The difference between Formal Heretics and Suspected Heretics is this: Formal Heretics are those who impugn, in terms, whether by speech, signs, or writing, some tenet of Catholicism; and "those who deny the Holy Faith, making themselves Turks or Hebrews" (*quelli che rinegano la Santa Fede, facendosi Turchi, ó Hebrei*). A Suspected Heretic is one who, by his words or actions, gives reason to suppose that he is no good Catholic: who, for example, uses language concerning matters of faith which offends pious ears; or who abuses any Sacrament of the Church, or Sacramental Things, such as Holy Water or Blessed Candles; or who possesses, or gives to others, books prohibited by the Index; or who does not make his Easter Communion, or observe days of fasting and abstinence; or who listens—even once—to heretical sermons; or who is on terms of amity with heretics; or who, when cited to appear before the Holy Office, contumaciously disobeys. Among Fautors of Heresy are such as defend, favour, or aid those against whom the Holy Office proceeds, and such as knowing any person to be a Heretic, or Suspected Heretic, do not denounce him to the Holy Office. Not all

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[1] F. Masini points out that if a secular judge does not immediately comply with a requisition of Bishops or Inquisitors in causes of faith, he incurs *ipso jure* excommunication; and if he continues it for a year, he may be condemned as a heretic.

Blasphemers are within its jurisdiction. Although, as the pious author of the *Sacred Arsenal* observes, all blasphemy is worthy of grave punishment, the Holy Office takes cognizance of only one kind of blasphemy, namely, *heretical:* by which is meant blasphemy that impugns some article of the faith; for example, any of the attributes of God—say His Sanctity. It may be noted that Jews, Idolaters, Mohammedans, and other sects of Infidels, were not ordinarily subject to the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, although they might have brought themselves within it in various ways, as by blasphemous speeches, or by the possession of prohibited books, such as the Talmud.

III

And now, having thus cleared the ground by these explanations, let us go on, with the *Sacred Arsenal* as our guide, to the procedure of the Inquisition. A trial before it might have been instituted in two ways:[1] first by Denunciation, when any one appears before an Inquisitor, and, whether for the relief of his own conscience, or out of zeal for religion, or in obedience to his confessor, or through fear of himself getting into trouble as a Fautor of Heresy, denounces a man or woman as guilty of some offence of which the Holy Office takes cognizance. In the absence of such Denunciation, the Inquisitor might himself have proceeded by way of Inquisition, rumour (*fama o voce publica*) having reached him of the perpetration of some offence against the Holy Faith within his jurisdiction. But the way of Denunciation was the commonest, and for the sake of brevity we will confine ourselves to that, and follow the course of proceedings so instituted.

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[1] There was also the way of Accusation, the *Sacred Arsenal* informs us; but the object of the volume being practical, that way is not dwelt upon, as it was very rarely followed, and did not materially differ from the way of Denunciation.

Let us picture to ourselves, then, the Inquisitor sitting on the judgment-seat in the Examination Hall of the Holy Office, a Notary by his side, and the Denunciator appearing before him, as the formal opening of the Process duly records—

"Die 5 mensis Junii anni 1710 comparuit personaliter sponte coram M. R. P. F. N. Inquisitore N. sedente in Aula Sancti Officii N. in meique Notarii," etc.

The first thing, of course, was to swear the Denunciator to tell the whole truth. The next, to take down his story in his own words. Then "Particular Interrogatories" were put to him to elicit whether he spoke of his own knowledge or from hearsay, who else were acquainted with the circumstances narrated by him, and other necessary particulars. After these followed "General Interrogatories," questions as to his relations with the Accused, as to his own fulfilment of the duties of the Catholic religion, and the like. But it will be best to avail ourselves here of the model or skeleton of a Process drawn up by Father Masini for the instruction of his Vicarii Foranei in a case of Blasphemy. The Denunciator, Titio Cerari, all particulars about him being duly noted, deposes as follows:—

"About a year ago, I don't remember the precise day, nor the month, but it was a little before or after Whitsuntide (*Pasqua Rosata*), I chanced to be in the Piazza, near the City Gate called the 'Great Gate,' and there, on the left side of the gate, Martio Belloni, Florido Gellanti, and Beltramo Agosti, all shoemakers, were playing at dice. And Beltramo, because he lost, said in anger four or five times, *Puttana di Dio*.[1] And I know it, because I was present, and heard him with my own ears. Beltramo was reproved by Martio; but instead of correcting himself, said, 'Don't bother me (*non me rompere la Testa*), unless you want me to hit you.' And I have come here to ease my conscience by order of my confessor."

The Inquisitor. Do you know, or have you heard, that the said Beltramo has blasphemed upon other occasions?

The Denunciator. Father, I do not know, and have not heard, that Beltramo has, at any other time, blasphemed.

The Inquisitor. Why have you so long delayed to denounce the said Beltramo to the Holy Office?

The Denunciator. I did not come before because I did not think I was obliged to; but my confessor having opened my eyes, I have come to fulfil my duty.

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[1] A shocking expression, which I must be excused from translating.

The Inquisitor. What sort of a character does the said Beltramo bear?

The Denunciator. He is a passionate man; but I know nothing else against him.

This ends the Particular Interrogatories. Then the General Interrogatories follow, viz.: Whether the Denunciator is at enmity with Beltramo, because in that case, as Dr. Pasqualone observes in a note, his allegations will be entitled to less credence, but still must be received for what they may be worth—unless, indeed, the enmity is of a deadly kind—inquiry being made into the cause of it, and whether there has been a reconciliation. If enmity be denied by the Denunciator, he must be asked whether he is actuated by regard *per amore*—for the Accused,[1] or by a wish to serve any one at his expense. Another General Interrogatory is whether the Denunciator confessed and communicated during the past year, at least once, viz. at Easter, as Holy Church requires. These Interrogatories and such others as are judged necessary, being put and satisfactorily answered, the deposition is read over to the Denunciator, and corrected if he desires it, and then his signature is taken, and he is dismissed, having made oath of silence (*quibus habitis, et acceptatis dimissus fuit, juratus de silentio, et perlecto ei suo examine, se subscripsit*). The signature of the Notary follows the signature of the Denunciator, and the Denunciation is complete.

The next step is to summon the witnesses. This might be done by formal citation. But the course usually adopted, for the sake of secrecy, was to despatch to each witness the mandatory of the Holy Office, with a verbal message that the Father Vicar wanted to say a word to him (*che il Padre Vicario del Santo Officio gli vuol dire una parola*). And now I will give, in a somewhat compressed state, the examination of the First Witness, Martio Belloni. The usual oath being administered, and the usual questions as to his name, occupation, and so forth, being asked, the Inquisitor proceeds—

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[1] Such regard, I suppose, exhibiting itself in a desire for his chastisement, to his spiritual profit, by the Inquisition.

The Inquisitor. Do you know, or imagine, the reason of your summons here, and of your present examination?

The First Witness. No; I do not know or imagine why your Reverence has sent for me, and now wishes to examine me.

The Inquisitor. Are you acquainted with any Heretic, Magician, Blasphemer, Polygamist, or with any one in any way suspected of heresy?

The First Witness. I don't know any person of that sort.

The Inquisitor. What were you doing last year? How were you occupied? With whom were you intimate?

The First Witness. I was in this city the whole of last year. I am a shoemaker by trade, and have been occupied in making shoes. In the evening I amuse myself with my companions.

The Inquisitor. State your amusements, and the place and hour of them, and name your companions.

The First Witness. Sometimes I play at ball (*palla*), sometimes at cards, sometimes at dice. We play at ball from one end to the other of the Piazza, and at cards and dice the other side of a big stone set up on the left of the gate of the city called the 'Great Gate.' I have a good many companions, but my special intimates are Beltramo Agosti and Florido Gellanti, and I am in the habit of playing with them about twenty-three o'clock.

The Inquisitor. Do you remember playing last year at Whitsuntide, at the hour you mention, at dice, by the stone of which you speak; and who were your companions?

The First Witness. I do not remember precisely what you are asking me about. But I do remember that one day, last year, towards evening, I was playing at dice with my two companions, when a woman, by name Marfisa, passed with a bunch of roses, and I took them out of her hand, and helped myself to one, giving her back the rest. And from that I guess that it might be a little before or after Whitsuntide (*Pasqua Rosata*). Who my companions were, I don't for certain remember, but I feel pretty sure that they were Florido and Beltramo, with whom I am in the habit of playing most frequently, they being of my trade.

The Inquisitor. At the place and time in question did any one, having lost at play, *blaspheme?*

The First Witness. I don't recollect.

The Inquisitor. At the time and place in question did any one, having lost his temper, *blaspheme against God?*

The First Witness. Not that I know of.

The Inquisitor. At the time and place in question did any one, having lost at play, in his anger, *blaspheme against God, saying Puttana di Dio,*[1] four or five times, and then, when one present rebuked him, reply, "Don't bother me, or I'll hit you"?

The First Witness. I don't recollect.

The Inquisitor. We have it in the Process (*in Processu*) that this was so. Why don't you candidly tell the truth?

The First Witness. I say that I heard nothing of the kind.

The Inquisitor. You had better tell the truth, for should the Holy Office discover that you have concealed the truth, it will punish you as a perjurer, and you will, moreover, incur excommunication, from which only the Holy Office itself can absolve you.

The First Witness. Now I *do* remember[2] that last year—it must have been about Whitsuntide, by token of the rose I took from the hands of that woman—while I was playing, in the place I have mentioned, at dice with Beltramo and Florido, Beltramo, on account of his great ill luck in losing, began to blaspheme against God, saying several times, but how often I don't remember, *Puttana di Dio.*

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[1] Dr. Pasqualone, whose running commentary on the Process is most interesting, and must have been extremely helpful to neophytes of the Holy Office, points out that the interrogation, now coming to the capital point of the alleged blasphemy, begins with the *genus*, proceeds to the *species*, and ends with the *individual*. First, on the occasion in question, did any one *blaspheme?* Then, did any one *blaspheme against God?* (The blasphemy might have been against the Blessed Virgin or the Saints, which, though bad enough, would have been less grave.) And lastly, did any one *blaspheme, using the words Puttana di Dio?*

[2] It will be seen that The First Witness prudently gives in to the Inquisitor's threat. Had he not done so, he might have been subjected to the Torture which the Holy Office had the power to employ against a recusant witness presumed to be well informed (*Testimonio che si presume verisimilmente informato, e nega*). At page 263 of the *Sacred Arsenal* the form of a Decree of Torture against such a witness is given.

The Inquisitor. Was Beltramo, at the said place and time, and on the said occasion, reproved by any person or persons?

The First Witness. I cried out to Beltramo, but that made him all the more angry, and he threatened to hit me.

The Inquisitor. Who was present besides Florido when Beltramo uttered the said blasphemies?

The First Witness. There were many standing by to look at the play; but I don't remember who they were.

The First Witness is then interrogated as to Beltramo's character, and the terms he is on with him, and as to his own fulfilment of his Easter duties, just as the Denunciator was, and the oath of silence being administered to him, his Deposition closes in the same way as the Denunciator's.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the evidence of the Second Witness, Florido, who, when called, corroborates the testimony of Martio. The witnesses, it must be remembered, were very seldom examined in the presence of the Accused—although that course might be adopted if the Inquisitor saw fit—the reason given being that "such a procedure is not fitting for so sacred a tribunal" (*ciò non si conviene a così santo Tribunale*). The next step is to secure the presence of the person denounced by writ of citation or caption, although, if the Holy Office thought fit, he might have been arrested at an earlier stage. Let us suppose Beltramo taken into custody by the familiars of the Inquisition, and lodged in its secret prison. In course of time—it was sometimes rather a long time—he is brought up for examination. His name and all other particulars being taken down by the Notary, an oath to speak the truth, and to keep the proceedings secret, is administered to him. And then his interrogation begins. The first question put to him is whether he knows or suspects the cause of his incarceration, and of the present examination. If he answers affirmatively, he is asked to explain himself further; and if he acknowledges the commission of the blasphemy alleged against him, his confession is minutely recorded. Then, as heretical words[1] raise a presumption of heretical intention—which suspicion may be light, vehement, or violent—Beltramo is examined about his theological views; and this examination may be of the kind called *rigorous*, that is, under torture, concerning which I shall have to speak presently. If, however, Beltramo does not confess, he is solemnly exhorted by the Inquisitor to speak the truth and relieve his conscience; since it does not seem probable that witnesses would have sworn they had heard him blaspheme unless they really had. He is further admonished that otherwise he will be kept longer in confinement, and his cause protracted, and that he will be more severely punished if convicted on the mere evidence of the witnesses, without his own penitent confession. Should he continue obstinate in his denial, he is conducted back to prison.

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[1] The jurisprudents of the Holy Office were strict logicians. "Evil words," they held, "raise a presumption of evil premeditation" ("Le parole malamente dette, e scritte, si presumono anco malamente premeditate. Che perciò ben dice quel dottissimo Giurisconsulto: 'Nemo credendus est dixisse quod non prius mente agitaverit'").

Special care is taken in the examination of the Accused that he does not get to know who his Denunciator is, or who are the witnesses against him. Should he affirm that the charge has been got up against him by his enemies, and should the persons on whose information the Holy Office has, in fact, proceeded be among those whom he specifies as such, the Inquisitor and Notary are warned to be on their guard against any word, act, or gesture which might lead him to guess that this is so. And all his demeanour while he is under examination is to be carefully noted: whether he is pale, or trembles, or is involved in speech, or is proud, or arrogant, or angry, or disdainful.

We left Beltramo remitted to his prison. At such time as the Inquisitor thinks fit, he may again be brought before the Tribunal and re-examined. The Inquisitor asks him whether he has more carefully examined his conscience—*an melius cogitavit super conscientiam suam*—and is in better dispositions to speak the truth. The depositions of the Denunciator and the witnesses may be read over to him, their names, and all that would give a clue to them, being left out—*suppressis supprimendis* is the technical phrase—and he may be significantly threatened that the resources of the Holy Office are not exhausted. If Beltramo still persists in his denial—and we will take it that he does—he is sent back to prison. Or, in the words of the Process, "Et cum nihil aliud ab ipso posset haberi, demissum fuit examen, et ipse Constitutus remissus fuit ad locum suum."

But it may be said—Has the Accused no power of defending himself? The Holy Office, we read in the *Sacred Arsenal*,[1] fully recognizes that the accused person is entitled by natural right to make a defence, and, should he think well to make one, will provide him with an Advocate—the *Advocatus Reorum Sancti Officii*—unless he prefers to choose an Advocate of his own. And the Advocate is furnished with a copy of the Process *suppressis supprimendis*. He is bound over by oath to secrecy as to the cause; he is bound also, in case he thinks the Accused culpable, to urge him to confess and sue for penance; and he has to walk very warily in defending his client, lest he should himself incur suspicion of heresy, or render himself culpable as a Fautor of Heresy.[2] Of course, nothing in the nature of cross-examination of the Denunciator and witnesses against the Accused can take place. The principal functions of the Advocate are to procure evidence rebutting that of the Process as to the alleged criminous fact—*corpus delicti*—alleged against his client, and in favour of his character as a good Catholic. He may also serve his client by showing who are his enemies, and what their machinations and threats against him have been; and if the Denunciator and the witnesses who corroborate him are among these, their credit will of course be shaken, in greater or less degree.

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[1] Father Masini finds here a signal proof of the compassionateness and just dealing of the Holy Office. "Tanta, e cosí segnalata è la pietà, e integrità del Santo Tribunale dell' Inquisitione, che al Reo non pienamente convinto, nè confesso, non solamente non si negano avanti la Tortura giammai le difese, ove egli le domandi, ma spontaneamente anche gli si offeriscono."

[2] Or even as a heretic. "An Advocate who tries to make out that not to be heresy which is really such, must be esteemed a heretic," we are told: "L' Avvocato, che piglia à defendere, non esser eresia quella che veramente è eresia, deve essere stimato Eretico."

The Holy Office has for its object not only the eradication of heresy, and the punishment of heretics and their fautors, but also the salvation of the souls of heretics. This is one reason why it attaches so much importance to their confession of their heresy. And if there is a sufficient case against, and the Accused makes no defence or an inadequate defence, and will not confess, he may be tortured in order to make him confess; the Torture being, when applied by the Holy Office, "not a punishment, but a remedy for getting out the truth" (non péna ma remédio *ad eruendam veritatem*). The sixth part of the *Sacred Arsenal* is devoted to the methods of interrogating in torture; and begins with an apology for that mode of examination—*Rigorous Examination*, it is termed—which I will translate.

If the Accused denies the offences laid to his charge, and they are not fully proved, and if within the time assigned him for making his defence he has not stated anything in his exculpation, or, having attempted a defence, has not in any way cleared himself from the charge which results against him from the Process, it is necessary, in order to have the truth of it, to subject him to *Rigorous Examination*, the Torture having been expressly devised to supplement the oral testimony of the witnesses when they cannot bring complete proof against the Accused. Nor is that at all inconsistent with ecclesiastical mildness and benignity. Even when the proof is legitimate, clear, and, as the phrase is, conclusive *in suo genere*, the Inquisitor may, and ought, without in any way incurring blame, to employ it, in order that the Accused, confessing their crimes, may be converted to God, and, by means of this chastisement, may save their souls. It would be an unbecoming and unjust thing, repugnant to all laws, human and divine, to subject any one to torments save in a lawful way and upon evidence; and besides that, the confession so obtained would be invalid and of no account, even though the Accused should persist in it,[1] for we must never begin with torture, but with evidence. And even if subsequently evidence should be forthcoming, such confession would not be validated. But since in a matter of so great importance errors may easily be committed, either to the notable prejudice of justice, if crimes remain unpunished, or to the most serious and irreparable loss of the Accused, the Inquisitor, in order to proceed cautiously, should put before the Consultors of the Holy Office the case for the accusation and for the defence, and be guided by their learned and wise opinion—although they have only a consultative, not a decisive voice. Or, if the matter be grave, let him put it before the Sacred and Supreme Tribunal of the Holy and Universal Roman Inquisition.

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[1] But if, after a considerable interval of time (*doppo qualche notabile intervallo di tempo*), he is summoned by the Judge and questioned concerning the confession thus wrongfully obtained, and repeats it, the *renewed confession* will be esteemed voluntary and spontaneous (*libera e spontanea*).

The learned Inquisitor then proceeds to consider the various forms of *Rigorous Examination* according to the variety of cases which may occur in the Holy Tribunal. Thus the Torture may be given merely to ascertain the criminal fact—*sopra il fatto;* or *pro ulteriori veritate et super intentionem*, when the Accused confesses only one portion of the things laid to his charge and denies heretical opinions (*la mala credenza*). It may be given to make the Accused disclose his accomplices; it may be given to witnesses who vary, vacillate, or contradict themselves, or who have extra-judicially affirmed what they deny when examined by the Holy Office. It might be repeated after a proper interval, and, in some cases, it might be given a third time. There is an interesting section of the *Sacred Arsenal* in which the process of confronting in Torture the Accused with an alleged accomplice is described—*Modo di confrontare un Complice con l' altro Complice Reo in Tortura.* B., the Accused, in the course of his examination, has confessed, and has named N. as an accomplice. The Inquisitor orders N. to be brought and confronted with B., who is then asked whether, upon the oath administered to him, he is ready to maintain, under Torture, if necessary, in the face of N. here present, what he has laid to that person's charge. If he replies affirmatively, he is taken at his word, and is conducted to the Torture Chamber, as is also N. Thither the Inquisitor also proceeds, together with the Bishop or his Vicar, whose presence is always required when the Torture is administered.

> Then [the Process continues], in order to remove all doubt which might arise concerning the person and utterances of the said B. and the alleged complicity, as also all stain (*maculam*) which might thereby attach to his person, and to make a greater impression (*ad magis afficiendum*) upon the said N., and for every other better end and effect (*ac ad omnem alium meliorem finem et effectum*), and also to the effect of getting from the said B. the truth concerning his intention and belief, the said Judges commanded the said B. to be led to the place of Torture. Who, being brought thither, was benignly admonished by the Judges, and advised to have the fear of God before his eyes, and to confess the pure and simple truth, and to take great care not to inculpate unduly any person, because he would have to answer for that in this world and in the next.

And was then tortured.

The Strappado was the Torture specially affected by the Italian Inquisition. The hands of the person to be tortured were fastened behind his back, and he was attached by his wrists to a cord, and elevated by means of a pulley almost to the roof of the Torture Chamber, and was then let fall, with all the weight of his body, to within a short distance of the floor. Sometimes plummets were attached to his feet, to increase the severity of this Torture. The Torture of Fire had its admirers. It consisted in exposing the feet of the Accused, well anointed with lard and securely fastened, to fierce heat. But, although persuasive of confession, it was found to be very dangerous (*molto pericoloso*), and on that account was seldom used, as repugnant to the mildness and benignity of an ecclesiastical tribunal. The Boot and the Thumb

Screw were occasionally employed for those who were medically or surgically declared to be unfit subjects for the Strappado. But fancy Tortures—if one may so speak—were disallowed. And a wise provision enjoined that no Torture should be given until nine or ten hours after food. Of course, all confessions made under Torture would not receive equal credence. If the Accused confessed things wildly improbable—*maria et montes* was the cant phrase in the Holy Office[1]—a judicious Inquisitor would receive them with prudent scepticism. And any confession obtained by *Rigorous Examination* had to be subsequently ratified in cold blood, if the expression may be allowed. Refusal to ratify would expose the recusant to a repetition of the Torture. It may here be noted with what pains the jurisprudents of the Holy Office applied themselves to determine equitably nice points which arose from time to time in their practice. Take, for example, the question: "If the Judge in the Tribunal of Examination—not in the Torture Chamber—should say to the Accused, 'Confess, or I will give you the Strappado,' and the Accused accordingly confesses, should such a confession be regarded as extorted by fear of the Strappado?" "No," answers Father Masini, "for it is a light menace (*e lieve territione*), and seems rather a bit of bragging by the Judge than anything else (*e sembra*

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[1] Because, as Father Masini wisely observes, the Accused might perhaps, through the force of the torments, have confessed things which he never even thought of doing: "potendo essere, che il Reo per forza di tormenti habbia confessato quelle cose che non hebbe mai in pensiero d' operare."

più tosto una cotal giattanza del Giudice che altro), always provided that the Judge is not a person of terrible aspect, and accustomed to say such things and to do them; for in that case the confession *should* be regarded as obtained by fear of torments."

But we have no time to linger over these niceties of Inquisitorial jurisprudence, interesting and important as they are. Let us return to Beltramo. We left him consigned to prison a second time, on his denial of the blasphemy alleged against him, with a threat of further proceedings—that is to say, of the Torture. The threat is now to be carried out, and he is to be examined on the Strappado as to the alleged criminal act (*sopra il fatto*). He is brought into the Judgment Hall, where the Inquisitor and the Bishop, or the Bishop's Vicar, are seated; the usual oaths to speak the truth and to observe secrecy are administered to him, and his examination begins and is duly recorded by the Notary. His Advocate, it should be observed, is not allowed to be present at this stage of the proceedings. The interrogation is now of a much simpler character, the circumlocutions used in the former examinations being avoided. Let us follow the graphic sketch of it given in the *Sacred Arsenal*.

The Judges. Does it occur to you to say anything further about your case?

The Accused. No; I have nothing more to say.

The Judges. Did you blaspheme, using the words *Puttana di Dio?*

The Accused. I did not.

The Judges. You had better tell the truth, and at last withdraw from your numerous falsehoods, for you must yourself see that there is no room for denial left to you.

The Accused. I have nothing more to say.

The Judges. Unless you make up your mind to tell the truth, we must take further proceedings against you.

The Accused. I have told the truth.

The Judges. We shall have to torture you.

Then [proceeds the *Sacred Arsenal*] their Lordships on the Seat of Judgment (*D. D. Sedentes*), considering the pertinacity and obstinacy of the Accused, and having seen and maturely considered the whole tenour of the Process, and all and everything contained in it, perceiving that it exhibits sufficient evidence why the Accused may be, and ought to be, tortured (*quæstionibus exponi*), decreed—the Procurator Fiscal of the Holy Office so demanding—that the said Accused should be tortured in order to arrive at the truth concerning the alleged blasphemy, and further ordered that he should be conducted to the place of torture and there stripped, bound, and fastened to the rope. And while the Accused, duly conducted to the place of torture, was being stripped, bound and fastened to the rope, their Lordships benignly and paternally admonished him at last to tell the truth, and to recede from his obstinacy, and not to wait until he is elevated on the rope, as he assuredly will be if he persist in his obstinacy (*nec expectet quod in funem elevetur, prout elevabitur, quatenus adhuc in ejus obstinatione persistat*). And seeing that he altogether refused to confess the truth, they ordered the executioners to proceed, and during the Torture they interrogated him from time to time whether he uttered the blasphemy or not.

The replies of the Accused were, of course, carefully recorded by the Notary, whose business it was also—as we read in the *Sacred Arsenal*—not only to note any speeches and gestures (*ragionamenti e moti*) which he might make while on the Torture, but also all his sighs, cries, laments, and tears (*anzi tutti i sospiri, tutte le grida, tutti i lamenti, e le lagrime, che manderà*). As for example—

> Qui, sic elevatus, cœpit dicere, Ohimè, Ohimè, O Sancta Maria. Deinceps tacuit.

If the Accused promises to confess, the Judges order him to be taken gently off the Torture and put upon a wooden bench (*leviter de Tortura deponi et super scamno ligneo deponi*), and if he fulfils his promise, his confession is duly written down. If he does not fulfil his promise, he is put back on the Torture. Should he persist in denial, the examination concludes as follows: "And since nothing more could be got from him, their Lordships ordered the said prisoner to be gently taken down from the Torture, to be unbound, to have his arms put in joint (*brachia reaptari*), to be reclothed and taken away to his place [*i.e.* his prison], after he had been on the Torture for half an hour."

It should be noted that if Beltramo confessed, whether in *Ordinary* or *Rigorous Examination*, the criminal fact—the blasphemous words—but denied heretical intention in uttering them, he might be subjected to *Rigorous Examination* to make him confess such intention.

And now let us come to the last stage. The learned author of the *Sacred Arsenal* enumerates twelve ways in which a Process in the Holy Office may be ended. It will not be necessary, for our present purpose, to follow him here in detail. One way, of course, is by acquittal. If it should appear that the witnesses against Beltramo—to return to that concrete instance—were false, and were animated merely by deadly enmity against him, he will be released. If the case against him as to the fact alleged—the utterance of the blasphemy—is too weak for a conviction, but strong enough for suspicion, whether light, vehement, or violent, he may be admitted to Canonical Purgation. This consists in his making oath of his innocence and orthodoxy, in his providing unimpeachable witnesses to aver that they believe him, and in his receiving Absolution from the Inquisitor with the caution to be more careful in future: "Sis cautior in futurum et ab iis omnibus maxime abstine unde hæresis suspicio possit oriri." But if it be clearly established that Beltramo did use the heretically blasphemous words alleged, the case will be much graver. "Heretical words," Father Masini lays down, "are of such a nature and kind that they induce the suspicion of heretical intention. And although the Accused confessing this fact denies, even in Torture, such intention, he does not clear himself from suspicion of heresy, but only from formal heresy:" "Sua negativa altro effeto non opera giammai, se non ch' egli non si hà per Eretico formale." The suspicion again may be light, vehement, or violent, and the sentence will vary accordingly. In the first case, Abjuration, and a more or less severe penance, would suffice; in the second, seven years of the galleys (*servire per remigante alla Galera per sett' anni*) is mentioned as an appropriate punishment which might be added to this; in the third, perpetual imprisonment.[1] The best that Beltramo could reasonably hope for would, perhaps, be a conviction and sentence *de Vehementi.* Dellon, in his extremely interesting narrative of his own experiences of the Inquisition at Goa, tells us of a case in point. "At the *Act of Faith* I observed one who had a gag in his mouth fastened to his ears with a pack-thread. I learned from the reading of his Process that this punishment was inflicted upon him for having used divers blasphemies in play. This blasphemer, besides the shame of appearing in that equipage, was moreover condemned to a banishment of five years." Of course Beltramo might console himself for figuring at the *Act of Faith* in such an equipage, by the reflection that he might conceivably have been condemned to appear in a still more disagreeable one, namely, the sanbenito of, say, a pertinacious heretic delivered over to the secular arm to be burnt "all alive," as the *Sacred Arsenal* emphatically puts it. "L' Eretico pertinace, cui non havra uffitio alcuno di Christiana pietà potuto indurre a convertirsi, dovra non solamente al Braccio Secolare rilasciarsi, ma anche vivo vivo abbruciarsi."

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[1] Violent suspicion of heresy is defined as a most strong presumption, called by the learned *juris et de jure*, which forces and constrains the Judge to believe that the Accused is a heretic: "una gagliardissima presuntione chiamata da i Dottori *juris et de jure*, che sforza et costringe il Giudice à credere che il Reo sia Eretico."

It is curious to reflect that the scene so vividly pictured by the devout author of the *Sacred Arsenal*, was of frequent occurrence during the eighteenth century.[1] I suppose that it is impossible for any one at this day, however inured to spectacles of horror, to think without shuddering wonder of the shoemaker Beltramo on the Torture, and the Judges —the Inquisitor and the Bishop—benignly admonishing him to confess the alleged blasphemy, or interrogating him as to his theological intention in uttering it. We realize with difficulty that we are so near an era in which such things were still possible throughout a not inconsiderable part of Europe. Perhaps this difficulty is one of the most satisfactory proofs of the real advance which European society has made since "in ruins fell that outworn world," overthrown by the French Revolution. I am not one of those who are constantly raising pæans over the glories of this enlightened age. Surely, however, the disappearance from Europe—for ever, as we may believe—of that savage jurisprudence, does indicate a progress in man himself: does denote a rise in the moral level of humanity: does lead us to recognize the truth that the world, with whatever retrogressions, moves upwards and onwards: *E pur si muove.*

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[1] During the reign of Philip the Fifth of Spain (1700–1745), 1500 persons—perhaps the figures are not quite trustworthy—are stated to have been burnt alive by the Spanish Inquisition.

IV

But let us look, from the point of view of first principles, at the whole question of the repression of what is accounted religious error. The conception of the State prevailing throughout Europe up to the French Revolution was theological. It had never crossed the minds of men that a State without religious *credenda* and religious rites, binding on its subjects, could exist. The very idea of a polity appeared to them to involve the public profession of a common faith. Religion was regarded both as the greatest bond of political unity, and as the most effective instrument of public morality. When the vision of the seer of Patmos was realized, and "the kingdoms of this world"—or at all events of the Western world—had become "the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ," the first note of the State was Christianity. It was no idle form of words when Monarchs declared themselves to reign "by the grace of God:" nor did any one doubt that their first duty had reference to religion. "The end," writes Aquinas—as we saw in the Third Chapter—"which the ruler should chiefly keep in view, both for himself and for his subjects, is eternal beatitude." All other ends of government were held subordinate to that end, and of infinitely less importance.

Hence the transcendent guilt which, in the days of the Christian State, attached to heresy. It was accounted not merely as bad as treason, but far worse, since it was a rebellion against a Divine, not a human, lord. And this principle was carried out to its juridical consequences. Every one was bound to inform against the heretic, as against the traitor. In trials for heresy, as for treason, the names both of accuser and witnesses might be withheld from the accused, and torture might be employed to extort confession. The convicted heretic, like the convicted traitor, suffered not only death, but confiscation of property, of which his children and heirs were likewise deprived. The capital penalty, of course, was never actually inflicted by the Inquisition. The heretic judged to deserve that fate, was handed over to the secular arm. And here it may be noted that "the practice of burning the heretic alive was not the creature of positive law, but arose gradually and spontaneously: and its adoption by the Legislature was only the recognition of a popular custom."[1] It is certain that the procedure of the Inquisition was not more severe than that of the secular tribunals which, in countries where it was not established, took cognizance of the same class of offences. Beltramo assuredly would not have fared better in eighteenth-century France than in eighteenth-century Italy. This may be seen from the case of the Chevalier de la Barre, who, like Beltramo, was accused of heretical blasphemy. The following perfectly accurate account of the matter is given in Voltaire's *Philosophical Dictionary*:—

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[1] Lea's *History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 222.

> "Lorsque le Chevalier de la Barre, petit-fils d'un lieutenant général des armées, jeune homme de beaucoup d'esprit, mais ayant toute l'étourderie d'une jeunesse effrénée, fut convaincu d'avoir chanté des chansons impies, et même d'avoir passé devant une procession de capucins sans avoir ôté son chapeau, les juges d'Abbeville, gens comparables aux sénateurs romains, ordonnèrent, non-seulement qu'on lui arrachât la langue, qu'on lui coupât la main, et qu'on brulât son corps à petit feu; mais qu'ils l'appliqueraient encore à la torture pour savoir précisément combien de chansons il avait chantés et combien de processions il avait vues passer, le chapeau sur la tête. Ce n'est pas dans le treizième ou dans le quatorzième siècle que cette aventure est arrivée, c'est dans le dix-huitième."

We must agree, then, with Mr. Lea, that "the Inquisition was not an organization arbitrarily devised and imposed upon the judicial system of Christendom by the ambition or fanaticism of the Church: it was rather a natural—one may almost say an inevitable—evolution of the forces at work in the thirteenth century."[1] And, of course, the men of the Middle Ages found a justification for its worst severities in the Sacred Scriptures. For what, indeed, have men not found a justification there? In support of the punishment of death by fire a verse of St. John's Gospel was confidently relied on: "If a man abide not in Me, he is cast forth as a branch, and is withered: and men gather them together, and cast them into bundles, and they are burned." It then appeared, both to the rulers and the people, that the only way to extirpate heresies was to extirpate heretics. And the task was congenial to the spirit of those times. Hemans notes that in the fourteenth century "the disposition to expatiate on the horrors of eternal punishment, and continually to direct the mind to the contemplation of them, becomes more and more marked in the range of Art, Literature, and Theology." He conjectures that "the habit of contemplating such dreadful pageantries of eternal woe as art was now constantly holding up to contemplation, may have confirmed the temper with which heretics or supposed sorcerers were hunted to death; or the disposition to look with approval—if not with actual pleasure—on such sufferings as were publicly inflicted on men and women accused before spiritual tribunals." And he refers to "the view maintained by St. Thomas Aquinas, that the joy of the blessed throughout eternity will partly consist in *beholding* the sufferings of the damned (*Beati in regno cœlesti videbunt pœnas damnatorum ut beatitudo illis magis complaceat*)."[1]

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[1] *A History of the Inquisition of the Middle Ages*, Preface.

It is not necessary here to pursue further this train of thought. Certain it is that when Christians once obtained the power of the civil sword, they proceeded to use it in defence of their faith; and that, viewing the matter as their first principles led them to view it, a justification, logically sufficient, may be found for them. Certain is it also that in so doing they were following the most authoritative precedents of the world's history. Of the Hebrew legislation against heresy it is unnecessary to speak: every schoolboy is acquainted with it. But it may be well to recall the fact that Plato, in his *Laws*, uses language which, Bishop Creighton justly observes, "does not materially differ from that of the Inquisition;"[1] and that—to quote Renan's graphic expression—"Athens had a veritable Inquisition."[2] We cannot too strongly impress upon our minds that the principle of toleration is essentially modern. It is to some extent—I am far from saying altogether—the outcome of religious scepticism and religious indifference: of the spirit which led Montaigne to protest that "to roast a man alive in honour of one's conjectures, is really to rate them too highly."

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[1] *Medieval Christianity and Sacred Art*, p. 590.

Such, then, is the explanation why Christianity adopted penal legislation in defence of its teaching. "The Catholic Church," observes Cardinal Newman, "as Protestantism also, has availed herself of the civil sword . . . because, in certain ages, it has been the acknowledged mode of acting, the most expeditious and open, at the time, to no objection, and because, where she has done so, the people clamoured for it, and did it in advance of her."[3] But what, it may and should be asked, was the effect of this upon Modern Civilization? Well, so far as the medieval period is concerned, it seems not too much to say that the severe measures adopted against heretical pravity

[1] *Persecution and Tolerance*, p. 7.

[2] *Conférences d'Angleterre*, p. 26.

[3] *Discourses to Mixed Congregations*, p. 254.

saved the social order then existing. "The sects of the Gnostics, the Cathari, and Albigenses," writes Döllinger, "against whom it was necessary to wage a sanguinary warfare, were the Socialists and Communists of the times. They attacked marriage, the family, and property. Had they triumphed, the consequence would have been general ruin, a return to barbarism and heathen licentiousness."[1] Not less strongly, a writer of a different school, Archbishop Trench, declares that "what the triumphs of Islam were in the East, such would have been the triumph of any one of these sects in the West."[2] Whether the battle against them might have been fought, and won, by any means and weapons other than those actually employed, who can say? At all events, the battle *was* fought and won. So much must be allowed.

And if we come to later centuries, say the seventeenth and eighteenth, it cannot be denied that in those countries where the Inquisition had a free hand, so to speak, such as Spain and Italy, anti-Catholic propagandism was effectually checked. No doubt, from the point of view of the Inquisitor, this was so great a gain as to outweigh all loss. But the merely secular historian cannot fail to observe that the loss *is* as manifest as the gain. Nothing is more striking than the intellectual torpor in which the Inquisition left Spain and Italy. In religion, as elsewhere, perpetual combat seems the law and the condition of vitality. Is not that the moral pointed by the condition of the

[1] *Kirche und Kirchen*, p. 51.

[2] *Lectures on Medieval Church History*, p. 227.

Church of England in the eighteenth century, fenced in by penal enactments, accorded a monopoly of political power, exposed to no struggle for existence with rival communions—and sunk into a mere ineffective system of moral police?

The Church is in the world, and the world is in the Church. During fifteen Christian centuries the spiritual, like the temporal polity, acted upon the principle of repression. It could not help itself. Blame would be out of place. But, as a matter of fact, both in the spiritual and in the temporal polity, the principle of repression is played out, and the principle of toleration, so slowly evolved during those long ages of persecution, has taken its place. St. Bernard admonished a contemporary Pope, bent on proceeding against religious dissidents, "Attack them, not with the sword, but with the word (*Aggredere eos, sed verbo non ferro*)." The Saint's counsel could not be acted upon in those days. It is realized, however imperfectly, in our own. Who can doubt that it is the "more excellent way"? That the mind of St. Bernard on this matter is most consonant with the mind of Christ?

CHAPTER VII

HOLY MATRIMONY

I

EVERY moral revolution which has taken place in the world, and which has changed it, for better or for worse, is the manifestation of an idea. What is the idea peculiar to Modern Civilization? Hegel replies that it is the idea of human personality. "Entire quarters of the globe," he tells us, "Africa and the East, have never had, and do not now possess, this idea. The Greeks and Romans, Plato, and Aristotle, and the Stoics had it not. It came into the world through Christ." This statement certainly requires modification. Still certain it is that in Modern Civilization personality bears a new significance, which is derived from Christianity. "A person is a man endowed with a civil status" (*civili statu prædītus*), was the definition of Latin jurisprudence. And this was the conception of personality which Christianity found in the Roman Empire, and transformed. Far other was its teaching as to personality. Christianity revealed human nature to itself, exhibiting man as self-conscious, self-determined, morally responsible; as by his very nature invested with rights inalienable and imprescriptible, and encompassed with correlative duties; as lord of himself in the sacred domain of conscience, and accountable there only to Him whose perpetual witness conscience is. It was, in fact, a new principle of individuality. The individual of the later Roman jurisprudence was the citizen, just as the individual among the Germanic invaders of the decadent Empire was the member of the tribe. Slaves were regarded as mere things. Christianity vindicated the moral and spiritual freedom of men as men, proclaimed their universal brotherhood as children[1] of God, and insisted that before their Creator and Judge, rich and poor, bond and free, meet together in the essential equivalence of human personality. Victor Hugo's picturesque saying is literally true—truer even than he realized: "The first Tree of Liberty was that Cross on which Jesus Christ offered Himself in sacrifice for the liberty, equality, and fraternity of mankind."

So much as to the root-idea of Modern Civilization: the idea differentiating it from all other civilizations: the idea of human personality. "Tu homo, tantum nomen si te scias"—"How great, O man, is the name thou bearest, if thou only knewest!"—said St. Augustine. But by this revelation of the dignity of human nature—I might say the sanctity, *homo res sacra homini* —the weaker half of humanity benefited far more than the stronger half. The proclamation of the spiritual equality of woman with man in the new order—"In

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[1] Or "offspring" (γένος), as St. Paul puts it, in his sermon on Areopagus, quoting, with approval, the striking line of Aratus.

Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female"—notwithstanding her natural subjection to him, economically, brought about what may well appear the most wonderful part of the great change due to the influence of Christianity. The estate of woman in the Roman Empire has been pithily described by one of the most recent, and not the least authoritative, of its historians. "She was degraded in her social condition," writes Merivale, "because she was deemed unworthy of moral consideration; and her moral consideration, again, sank lower and lower, precisely because her social condition was so degraded."[1] Among the Jews, at the beginning of the Christian era—and we must never forget that Christianity first came before the world as a Jewish sect—her place was no higher. Divorce was practised by the Hebrews to an extent unknown even in the lowest decadence of Imperial Rome. The text in Deuteronomy authorizing a man to put away his wife if he found in her some blemish—*aliquam fœditatem*, as the Vulgate has it—was interpreted most liberally by the Rabbis. Any cause of offence was sufficient, according to Hillel; for example, if a woman let the broth burn: and Akiva lays it down that a man might give his wife a bill of divorcement if he could find a better-looking spouse. Polygamy, too, was at the least tolerated, if it was not largely practised; indeed, it still survives among the Jews of the East, and did not disappear among those dwelling in the West until the prohibitory law of Rabbi Gershom ben Jehudah was passed in the Synod of Worms (A.D. 1020).

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[1] *Conversion of the Northern Nations*, p. 144.

But Christianity did not merely vindicate the personality of woman. It protected her personality by what a learned writer has well called "the new creation of marriage." There are few things in history more astonishing—we may say, in the strictest sense, miraculous—than the fact, for fact it is, that a few words spoken in Syria two thousand years ago by a Jewish peasant, "despised and rejected of men," brought about this vast change, which has wrought so much to purify and ennoble Modern Civilization. De Wette remarks, with his usual judiciousness, "Christ grounds wedlock on the original interdependence (*Zusammengehörigkeit*) of the two sexes, established by God, and lays it down that as one cannot exist without the other, the inseparability of their union should follow. This union is, indeed, the work of man; but it takes place, and ever should take place, through an inner tendency (*Drang*), proceeding from the original interdependence of the sexes, through *love*. The separation, on the other hand, . . . [of those who thus come together] takes place through human arbitrariness (*Willkür*), or through lusts and passions, which unfairly or inconsistently annul what was ordained in conformity with the original law of Nature."[1]

This is the Magna Charta of woman in Modern Civilization: this lifelong union of two equal personalities: this gift of one woman to one man as *adjutorium simile sibi*, a help like unto him—"not like to like, but like to difference;" a union, a gift, consecrated by religion and made Holy Matrimony. But, I may observe in passing, Christianity did even more than this to secure the position of feminine humanity in that new order of society which it was potently to influence. Soon—how soon the Catacombs bear witness—the type of womanhood idealized in the Virgin Mother assumed a prominent place in the devotions of the faithful; and as this idea germinated in the Christian consciousness, Mary received a worship inferior only to that offered to her Son. The conception presented by the Madonna would have been foolishness to the antique Greeks, and Romans too. It was a stumbling-block to the Jews, contemptuous of the daughters of her who figures so poorly in the account received by them "of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree." The Christian Church, from the earliest times, delighted to think of Mary as "the Second Eve," who had undone the work of the first, and had brought life instead of death into the world, *mutans Evæ nomen;* changing the name of the temptress into the "Ave" of the angelic salutation. And when a thousand years had passed away, and chivalry arose, the "all but adoring love" of Christians for her, powerfully stimulated the quasi-religious veneration paid in the Middle Ages to the graces of feminine nature: a veneration which, striking a note before unheard in the world, has inspired the highest poetry of Modern Civilization. Such was the influence exercised on the place of her sex in the new order of society by "the

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[1] *Kurzgefasstes exegetisches Handbuch zum Neuen Testament*, vol. i. p. 202.

Mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope." "Born of a woman" is the true account of the modern home, with its refined and elevating influences. That is the characteristic specially marking off the Christian family from the other families of the earth. It is founded on woman, not on man.

II

We must, however, remember that the conception of Holy Matrimony, which was so powerfully to affect Modern Civilization, was not fully and firmly established for centuries. Lotze excellently observes, "The relation of Christianity towards the external condition of mankind, was not that of a disturbing and subversive force. But it deprived evil of all justification for permanent continuance . . . when the spirit of Christian faith made itself felt in the relations of life."[1] The Church at the beginning accepted, generally, the marriage customs prevailing in the Roman Empire.[2] The Christian bride, like her Pagan sisters, wore the long white robe with the purple fringe, the yellow veil, the girdle which the bridegroom was to unloose. The ring, the coronation—still retained in the Eastern Church—the joining of hands, continued to beautify the nuptial rite for the votaries of the new faith. But, for them, it was hallowed by a prayer of benediction, offered by a bishop or priest; and, sometimes, by the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Again, the Church, like the Roman legists, recognizes the essence of marriage as residing in the free consent of the man and woman contracting it. But, from the first, she regarded it as something more than a contract—as a state of life divinely ordained for ends of the natural order, but hallowed by a supernatural significance into an august mystery of religion. And therefore she utterly rejected the view which she found prevalent in the Roman Empire, that, as it had been contracted by mutual consent, so by mutual consent it might be dissolved. From the first she insisted upon its permanency as well as upon its unity. So much is absolutely certain. But was it possible for this sacrosanct bond to be dissolved in its essential character? It is quite clear that the early Church never held as lawful the remarriage of either husband or wife during the lifetime of either,[1] if separated for any other cause than adultery. It is equally clear that on the question whether, if adultery did invalidate the bond, both the innocent and the guilty party, or either of them, might remarry, the Church gave no certain sound for long centuries. The balance of authority among her weightiest teachers is against all such remarriage. But they are divided in opinion; nay, some of the greatest of them waver in their judgment, inclining now to one side, now to the other. Gradually the loftier and sterner view of the Christian concept was apprehended in the West, and maintained by the Roman Pontiffs,[1] though not till the opening Middle Ages was the absolute indissolubility of marriage, rightly contracted, save by the death of one of the contracting parties, firmly established in the canon law. It is the doctrine set forth by Gratian, whose *Decretum* (A.D. 1140), a work of supreme authority, is the basis of the *Corpus Juris Canonici;* and from his time to our own it has been universally accepted throughout the Catholic Church. In the Greek Church it has never been accepted at all. Consensual divorce, indeed, the Eastern patriarchs and bishops always opposed. And their opposition resulted in its prohibition from the beginning of the tenth century. But with this exception marriage among the Greek Christians, from the time of Justinian, has always been almost as easily dissoluble as among the Pagans of decadent Rome. And so it is still. A wife may be divorced not only for adultery, but "for sharing repasts of strange men, or visiting the baths in their company;" "for attending the circus or the theatre without her husband's knowledge or against his command;" "for spending a night away from the conjugal dwelling, save in her parents' house, without his permission." Her facilities for divorcing her husband are much less ample. It is notable that in the Greek Church a married man's intercourse with an unmarried woman is not accounted adultery—a view which admits, indeed, of plausible defence. Another peculiarity of that Church, more notable still, is its regarding sponsorship as a dissolvent of matrimony. A husband or wife desiring divorce, has only to stand as godparent to one of their children. This mode of cancelling the nuptial bond is much in favour.

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[1] *Microcosmus*, Book VII. c. v.

[2] Mgr. Duchesne observes, "Sauf ce qui a un caractère nettement religieux, surtout l'aruspicine et les sacrifices, tout le rituel nuptial romain a été conservé dans l' usage chrétien."—*Origines du Culte Chrétien*, p. 419.

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[1] And a second marriage, after the death of husband or wife, was regarded with much disfavour, as it still is in the Greek Church. Athenagoras calls it "a decent adultery;" Clement of Alexandria, "fornication." St. Gregory Nazianzen, while conceding to the digamist "pardon and indulgence," terms a third marriage "iniquity," and pronounces that he who exceeds that number is "manifestly bestial." St. Jerome allows that those who contract more than one marriage may remain in the Church, but on sufferance only, and likens them to the unclean beasts in Noah's ark.

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[1] Even so late as A.D. 726 Pope Gregory the Second, in a letter to St. Boniface—it will be found in Harduin, *Coll. Concil.*, tom. 3, p. 1858—while recommending that a man whose wife's health forbade conjugal intercourse should not marry again, left him free to do so, provided he maintained her. Gratian remarks that this concession "is altogether opposed to the sacred canons; nay, even to the Evangelical and Apostolic doctrine." It is certainly opposed to the view taken by all Gregory's successors in the Roman See, and, so far as we know, by all his predecessors.

Nothing has been more strongly marked during the last fourteen centuries of the Christian era than the difference of ethos between the Christians of the Roman and of the Eastern Patriarchates. In the Greek Empire, society was from the first stationary or decadent. There was no advance in æsthetics, in literature, in industrial inventions, in political conditions; there was rather retrogression. Meanness and mediocrity are stamped on public and private life. Hardly a trace can be found of the robuster virtues, or even of the robuster vices. The women least open to reproach have the minds of courtesans; the men at their best have the merits of *castrati.* The triumph of the Ottoman invaders was due as much to internal decay as to external defencelessness. Far otherwise was it in that Christendom which the Roman Pontiffs created and nurtured, and which the teaching of the Latin Church informed. There we find a progressive energy, a vital and spermatic force, whence resulted the masterpieces of poetry and art, the progress in the physical sciences, and the amelioration of political institutions, which are the special glory of Modern Civilization. The dominant note of Western society in the Middle Ages is precisely that which is wanting in Byzantine—it is virility. Montalembert is amply warranted when he writes, "In public life, as in private, what is manifested above all things is vigour, is magnanimity; great characters, great individualities abound. This—we shall do well to note it—is the true, the incontestable superiority of the Middle Ages, that it was an epoch fruitful in men: *magna parens virum.*"[1] Such was the manifest superiority of Western society over Eastern. And who can doubt that one main cause of this—I do not say the sole cause—was the higher position which woman occupied in the West, a position unquestionably resting on the indissolubility of marriage? It is a true saying that a man is formed at the knees of his mother. The kind of men found in a social order depends upon the kind of women found in it. The ethos of society—what Burke called "the moral basis" —is determined by women. And their goodness or badness, as our very language bears witness, depends upon their purity. That is the root of all feminine virtues, and the source of a people's genuine greatness. Renan's saying is so true as to be almost a truism: "La force d'une nation c'est la pudeur de ses femmes." And the great bulwark of woman's chastity is the absolute character of matrimony.

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[1] *Les Moines d' Occident,* Int. cclvi.

III

We owe, then, to the severe teaching of the Catholic Church that institution of indissoluble monogamy which, more than anything else, marks off our Modern Civilization from all other civilizations. It is matter of history, over which we need not linger, how unflinchingly the Catholic Church[1] has upheld the integrity of that institution throughout the ages. Nor need we examine the arguments adduced by her divines in support of it. I may, however, make an observation on the criticism to which one of those arguments is manifestly open. Theological writers, when maintaining that indissoluble monogamy is divinely instituted—and surely with reason, for it issues from the divinely ordained nature of things in their ethical relations—have been confronted with the obvious difficulty presented by the practice of Hebrew patriarchs and kings, of acknowledged sanctity, with whom they claimed solidarity. One favourite expedient for meeting this difficulty is the hypothesis that a divine dispensation for polygamy was granted to the human race from the time of the Flood, associated with that familiar figure of our childhood, the Noachian ark, and was revoked by Christ. It is objected that the manner in which this stupendous indulgence was proclaimed to mankind is not disclosed, and that no explanation is given why knowledge of its summary cancellation was withheld from the countless millions affected thereby. The objectors do not understand that theological fictions, like legal, have their proper office in certain stages of social evolution, as necessary stepping-stones on which our race rises to higher things.

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[1] It cannot be too emphatically stated that, in the Catholic Church, divorce, in the modern sense of the word—the dissolution of the marriage bond—is never granted, and is never recognized. The common phrase, "the divorce of Henry the Eighth," has given rise to much popular misapprehension. It was not a divorce, as the term is now understood, but a declaration of nullity, which Henry the Eighth sought, and the Holy See refused. Among the many mistakes disfiguring the *Report on Divorce* of the Convocation of York, one of the least venial is the statement, "A few years ago Lady Mary Hamilton was divorced by the Cardinals of Rome from the Prince of Monaco." What Lady Mary Hamilton obtained, not from "the Cardinals of Rome," but from Leo the Thirteenth, after full judicial investigation, was a sentence of the nullity of her marriage with the Prince of Monaco, on the ground that it had not been freely contracted by her. *Metus*—even the reverential fear of a child for a parent—invalidates the nuptial contract, the essence of which is *the perfectly free consent* of the contracting parties.

But, as a matter of fact, the institution of marriage in our Modern Civilization rests not on argument, but on authority. The nations to which the Catholic Church taught the doctrine of Christ did not heckle their teacher; they received her as the prophet of God, and believed her on her bare word. The great religious revolution of the sixteenth century is congruously termed Protestantism. Its initiators differed widely upon a great many matters. But Henry the Eighth and Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, Knox and

Münzer, however varying their private judgments in things theological, were all agreed in protesting against the authority of the Pope, and in substituting for it their own. And when the authority of the Apostolic See was cast off, much of the doctrine and discipline which it upheld was mutilated. The doctrine and discipline of marriage did not escape this fate. In England, indeed, though the schism arose from the refusal of the Sovereign Pontiff to prostitute Holy Matrimony to the lust of a tyrant, the institution itself was left intact.[1] This, it may be observed in passing, was by no means due to Cranmer. His own history, perhaps, sufficiently explains his aversion from the Catholic doctrine of marriage. At all events, it is abundantly clear that he was as willing to relax the nuptial bond for the world in general, as to cancel it for his master. The legislation on divorce which he proposed to substitute, in the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, for the Catholic law, might have satisfied even Luther, one of the chief notes of whose teaching was the rejection of the old canons of sexual morality, or, as Heine concisely puts it, "the emancipation of the flesh." Luther's mind, powerful, indeed, but coarse and material in its view of all things, was unattuned to the noble and lofty ideas of the Catholic religion concerning the virtue of chastity, virginal and marital. His own teaching on that virtue may be found, by those who care to see it, clearly set forth in his famous sermon, *De Matrimonio*—a teaching of which Döllinger justly says that "the natural conscience of a mere Pagan would have rejected it with horror." His practice is sufficiently indicated by his "ignominious marriage," as Mozley calls it, by the lubricity of his reported conversation, and by the dispensation for polygamy given by him to the Landgrave Philip of Hesse.

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[1] In theory, but not in practice. Between the Reformation and the establishment of the Divorce Court (A.D. 1857) many marriages were dissolved by Act of Parliament, the Anglican bishops not protesting, and in some cases expressly consenting.

The earlier generations of the Lutheran sect appear to have followed its founder's views concerning the relations of the sexes *haud passibus æquis*. From the first, indeed, it allowed divorce for adultery and malicious desertion, as did also the sect founded by Calvin. But it was not until the eighteenth century that the dissolution of the matrimonial tie was accorded by Protestant consistories for such reasons as "uncongeniality," "irreconcilable enmity," and the like. In fact, as Protestantism developed, the pronouncements of its pundits concerning the bond of marriage became ever laxer. Nor was this laxity confined to its more rationalistic forms. Even the greatest of the Puritans, John Milton, in that masterpiece of eloquence, erudition, and invective, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, "pushes the Protestant licence," to borrow the phrase of his editor, very far. The position which he sets himself to establish is "that indisposition, unfitness, and contrariety of mind, arising from a cause in nature unchangeable, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, is a greater reason of divorce than natural frigidity, especially if there be no children, and that there be mutual consent."

This was, substantially, the position taken by the publicists of the French Revolution—the second act in that great European drama which opened with the Protestant Reformation. Of course, the foulness which they preached in their crusade against Christianity, would have been rejected with horror by Milton's God-fearing soul. Purity they regarded as "a new disease brought into the world by Christ;" modesty as "a virtue fastened on with pins;" Holy Matrimony as "a superstitious servitude." And their legislation, when they obtained the power to legislate, was the faithful expression of these opinions. Their great "reform" was to reduce marriage to a civil contract, terminable by the consent of the contracting parties. Other grounds of divorce enumerated by their law of 1792 were insanity, desertion, absence, emigration, and incompatibility of temper on the allegation of either husband or wife. The measure seems to have been successful even beyond the expectation of its authors. During the twenty-seven months following its enactment, six thousand marriages were dissolved in Paris alone, and in the year 1797 the divorces actually outnumbered the marriages. Duval, in his *Souvenirs Thermidoriens*, tells us—

> "People divorced one another with the least provocation; nay, they divorced without any provocation, and with no more ado than they would have made for an expedition to gather lilacs in the meadows of Saint Gervais, or to eat cherries at Montmorency. The husband had a mistress, and

was tired of his wife; the wife had a lover, and desired nothing better than to be rid of her husband. They informed one another of the state of the case, set out together for the city hall, acquainted the mayor that they could no longer bear each other, and on the same day, or the next, the divorce was granted for incompatibility of temper. And the children —what became of them? What did it matter? The spouses were free from one another; the most important thing was achieved. Moreover, it was not rare, on account of the ease with which marriages could be dissolved, to find couples who had been divorced five or six times in as many months. Occasionally very ludicrous things happened. Once two couples acted after the manner of La Fontaine's *Troqueurs*, that is to say, they arranged an exchange of husband and wife among themselves: and the two couples were on such good terms that the double wedding breakfast was held at their joint expense."

The Napoleonic Code somewhat curbed this bestiality, and at the Restoration the Catholic doctrine and discipline of marriage were reinstated in France. But the Third Republic has re-enacted divorce by the law of the 27th of July, 1884, carried by the persistent endeavours of M. Naquet: a measure which, though going beyond the corresponding legislation in England, is less licentious than the law of the First Republic.

The French Revolution is the immediate source of a number of sophisms concerning man and society which worked their way into popular favour throughout Europe during the last century, and now tyrannize as shibboleths. They are, one and all, underlain by that spurious individualism which is of the essence of Rousseau's teaching, and which the Revolution, happily described by Burke as "an armed doctrine," endeavoured to translate into fact. The atomism, real or imaginary, of certain unstable tribes in very low stages of civilization, was for Rousseau the true ideal of the family. It is a false ideal; but it is the ideal which so-called Liberalism has persistently endeavoured to realize. There can be no doubt that the attack on the permanency of marriage throughout Europe, which has already been crowned with so much success, is an outcome of this ideal—an ideal essentially anarchic. When the Divorce Court was established in England, that sagacious publicist, Le Play—whose writings, I fear, are hardly known in this country—saw in it "a symptom of the decline of public morality; "elle affaiblit," he observed, "dans l'esprit de la nation le principe de l'ordre supérieur."[1] But, of course, what has been accomplished here by the opponents of indissoluble marriage, falls far short of their achievements elsewhere. In Germany, "insuperable aversion" is recognized as a ground for divorce; so is "hopeless insanity," or "malignant inconsistency," or "quarrelsomeness," or "a disorderly mode of life," or "drunkenness," or "extravagance." In Sweden, "hatred, ill will, prodigality, drunkenness, or a violent temper," suffices. The Protestants of Austria may divorce one another for "violent dislike." In Switzerland, "marriage relations greatly strained" are recognized as a valid reason for dissolving the marriage. But in the last-mentioned country a still further "reform" is desired by the party of "progress," and an appeal, by way of referendum, to the "yea and no of general ignorance" is contemplated, with a view of legalizing divorce whenever "a profound disorganization" of such relations occurs.

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[1] *La Constitution de l'Angleterre*, vol. i. p. 193.

These are the fruits of the campaign against Holy Matrimony carried on in Europe by those who are called *libres penseurs.* Why they are so called I do not know; for, as has been truly said of them, "ils ne pensent que peu, et point librement." But it is to the United States of America that we must go if we would see divorce fully rampant. The causes for which it is granted vary in the different States, but are summed up in the *Report* of the Convocation of York as follows :—

> "Adultery is a cause in forty-six States; desertion, in forty-four States; disappearance, in forty-two; cruelty or fear of violence, in forty; imprisonment, in thirty-eight; drunkenness, intemperance, or habitual intoxication, in thirty-seven; impotency, in thirty-six; failure to provide, in twenty-one; sin before marriage, in thirteen; indignities, in seven; insanity, in five; joining the sect of Mother Lee, in three; when divorce has been obtained in another State, in three; living apart, in two; gross neglect of duty, in two; guilty of being a vagrant, in two; refusal of wife to move into a State, in one; turning wife out of doors, in one; habitual violent temper, in one; public defamation, in one; any other cause deemed sufficient by the courts, in one."

The American courts take a very liberal view of cruelty. It appears that they have granted divorce to a petitioning wife on this ground when her husband "did not wash himself, thereby inflicting great mental anguish on her;" when "he accused her sister of stealing, thereby sorely wounding her feelings;" when, "after twenty-seven years of marriage, he said, 'You are old and worn out; I do not want you any longer;'" when "he would not cut his toe-nails, and she was scratched severely every night;" when "he persisted in the use of tobacco, thereby aggravating sick headaches, to which she was subject." A petitioning husband, on the other hand, has obtained from them the dissolution of his marriage for such instances of cruelty as the following: when "his wife pulled him out of bed by the whiskers;" when "she upbraided him, and said, 'You are no man at all,' thereby causing him mental suffering and anguish;" when "she refused to keep his clothes in repair, and even to cook, and never sewed on his buttons;" when "she struck him a violent blow with her bustle."

Before I pass away from the subject of divorce in the United States, I should observe that the degradation of marriage in that country—the most ignoble feature of its still struggling civilization—is due to the prevalence there of "the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion," rather than to the direct influence of the French Revolution. President Woolsey—an unsuspected witness—in his work, *Divorce and Divorce Legislation*, testifies, "One thing stands out prominently, and that is that the commonwealths founded by the Puritans, and the parts of the other States settled by their descendants, seem to be the chief abode of divorces." This is what might have been expected. The Nonconformist conscience, while scandalized by what it foolishly labels

"State regulation of vice"—that is, the action of public authority to moderate and mitigate prostitution, and to guard the public health against the maladies propagated thereby—has ever tolerated loose views of the nuptial bond, and has not been shocked by the legislative sanction given to them in the United States. It may be noted, in passing, that eighty per cent. of the divorce suits in that country are brought by women, who, I suppose, are constitutionally inclined to excesses of individualism and the craving for novelty.

IV

Such is the condition into which Holy Matrimony has come. And the causes to which this is due are yet working, and with ever-increasing activity. Materialism, disguised and undisguised, is the fashionable philosophy of the day.[1] It is fatal to the idea of human personality, and, consequently, to the spiritual prerogatives of woman. It means for her, Dean Merivale has well observed, in his striking *Lectures on the Conversion of the Northern Nations*, from which I quoted in an earlier portion of this Chapter, "a fall from the consideration she now holds among us." It means that she must "descend again to be the mere plaything of man, the transient companion of his leisure hours, to be held loosely, as the chance gift of a capricious fortune."

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[1] For the proof of this statement I may refer the reader to my work *On Right and Wrong*, and particularly to Chapter I., and to the Appendix.

Such transient companionship, such loose holding, appear to many careful observers the substitute for Holy Matrimony which will be found in the world as Christianity becomes generally discredited; a consummation which they deem imminent. To quote at length even the more considerable of contemporary publicists who have expressed this view, would take me far beyond the limits of this Chapter. I can here cite only a very few words from three of them. Mr. Karl Pearson, in his learned and able work, *The Ethic of Free Thought*, writes, "Legalized life monogamy is, in human history, a thing but of yesterday; and no unprejudiced person can suppose it a final form. A new sex-relationship will replace the old. Both as to matter and form it ought to be a pure question of taste, a simple matter of agreement between the man and woman." Mr. Charles H. Pearson, in his most suggestive volume, *National Life and Character*, holds that as "the religion of the State" replaces Christianity, which he thinks it is swiftly and surely doing, it will be "impossible to maintain indissoluble marriage," and "the tie between husband and wife" will "come to be easily variable, instead of permanent." Similarly, Mr. H. G. Wells, in his singularly interesting *Anticipations*, deems it "impossible to ignore the forces making for a considerable relaxation of the institution of permanent monogamous marriage in the coming years;" and holds it "foolish not to anticipate and prepare for a state of things when not only will moral standards be shifting and uncertain, admitting of physiologically sound *ménages* of very variable status, but also when vice and depravity, in every form that is not absolutely penal, will be practised in every grade of magnificence, and condoned."

These prognostications of the return of Modern Civilization to the morals of the poultry-yard seem well warranted by the signs of the times. They rest, indeed, upon the assumption that the revolution in the relations of the sexes, steadily progressing since the destruction of the religious unity of Europe, will continue unchecked. Whether that assumption is correct, "only the event will teach us, in its hour." Of course, we must not forget that human affairs seldom advance for very long in a straight line. "Inest in rebus humanis quidam circulus." The future rarely corresponds with the forecasts of even the wisest. Still, as we look round the world, it is impossible not to recognize the strength of the forces which militate against marriage. I know well that we cannot count reason among them. The human reason, properly disciplined and correctly exercised, is capable of ascertaining the ethical principles necessary to enable man to arrive at his natural ideal—the harmonious development of all his powers in a complete and consistent whole. And from those principles is derived the true norm of matrimony so well expressed by the great jurisconsult of ancient Rome: "Conjunctio maris et feminæ et consortium omnis vitæ; divini et humani juris communicatio." A state of life involving the fusion of two personalities, and fraught with consequences most momentous to both, and to society, its unity and indissolubility issue from the nature of things in their ethical relations, as I noted in a former page. Such is the conclusion of reason. But instinct points another way. It points to polygamy, it points to concubinage, it points to promiscuity, for the gratification of the capricious sexual appetite. And the tendency of a popular school of philosophy is to ignore the very existence of reason, in the proper sense of the word; to make it, practically, a function of nerves and cells; to enthrone instinct in its place. But apart from that, how many men are capable of following reason as the guide of life? Of using it to bring into subjection what Plato called "the wild beast within us"? For the vast multitude the only effective curb of instinct is religion.

And what are the religions of the world doing?—what is Christianity, even, doing, in all its types and travesties—to meet the passionate attacks upon Holy Matrimony? Attacks made everywhere and in every form, from the scientific treatise to the silly tale, from the philosophical prelection to the problem-play. We have seen, in the foregoing pages, the heavy indictment which in this matter lies against the Eastern Church and against Protestantism generally. In the Anglican Communion, no doubt, there are many men of good will who view with dismay the contemporary assault upon marriage, the growing derogation from its strictness, the increasing decline in the moral tone of women, and consequently of society. But what can they effect in a Church divided against itself, where bishop differs from bishop, and provincial synod contradicts provincial synod, upon this grave subject? A Church which is a mere multitude of individuals, for every one of whom his own private judgment, or inclination, is the ultimate arbiter of faith and morals? A Church "set up," as Cardinal Newman said, "in an Act of Parliament," and the puppet of a Parliamentary majority, whose ministers are bound to adapt themselves to the law of the land, and the decisions of its tribunals concerning marriage, as concerning all matters of doctrine and discipline? The only real witness in the world for the absolute character of Holy Matrimony is the Catholic Church. And whether men will hear, or whether they will forbear, she warns them that to degrade indissoluble marriage to a mere dissoluble contract, to a mere regulation of social police, to a mere material fact governed by the animal, not the rational nature, will be to throw back Modern Civilization to that wallowing in the mire from which she rescued it.

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